Mar. 18, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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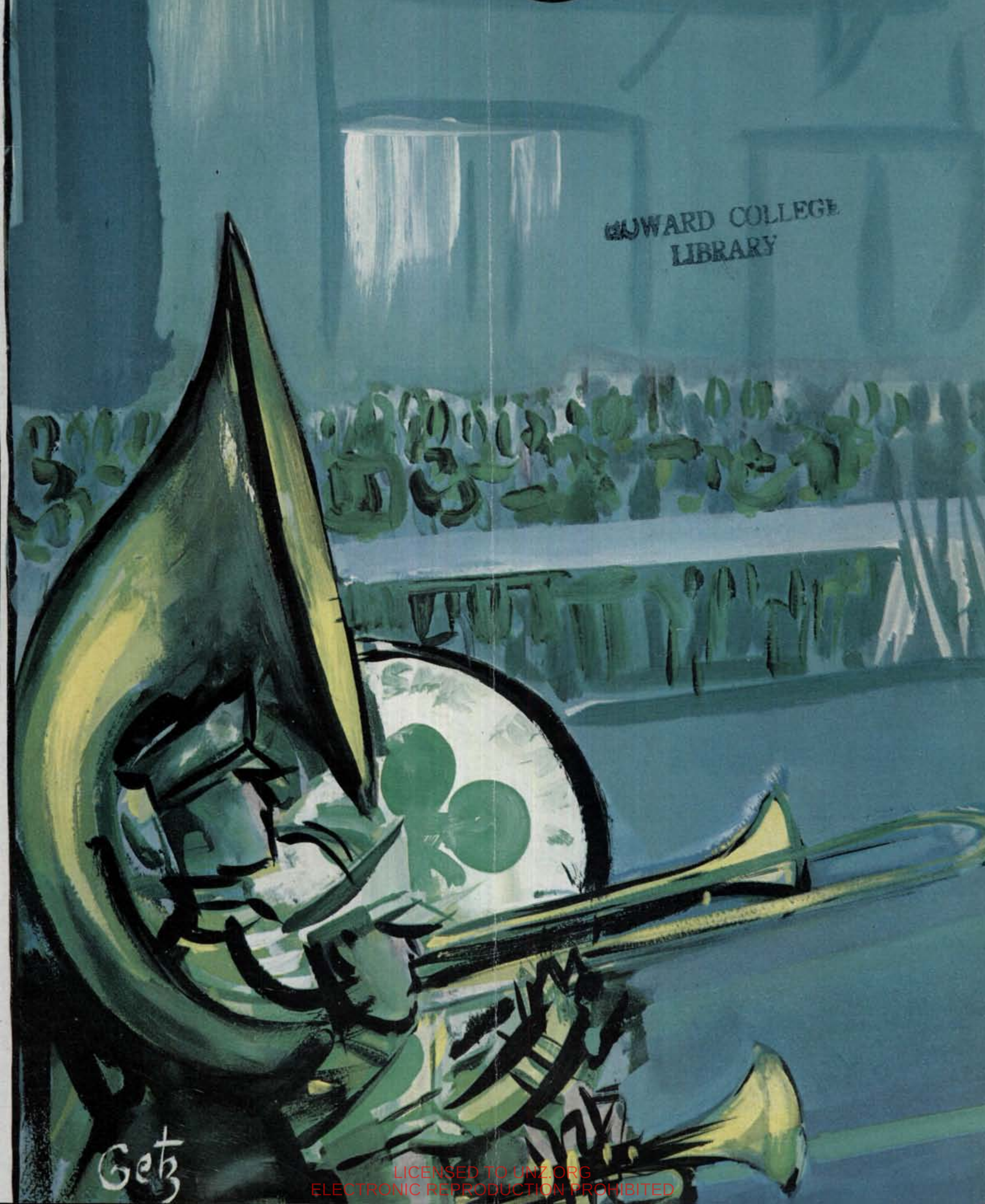

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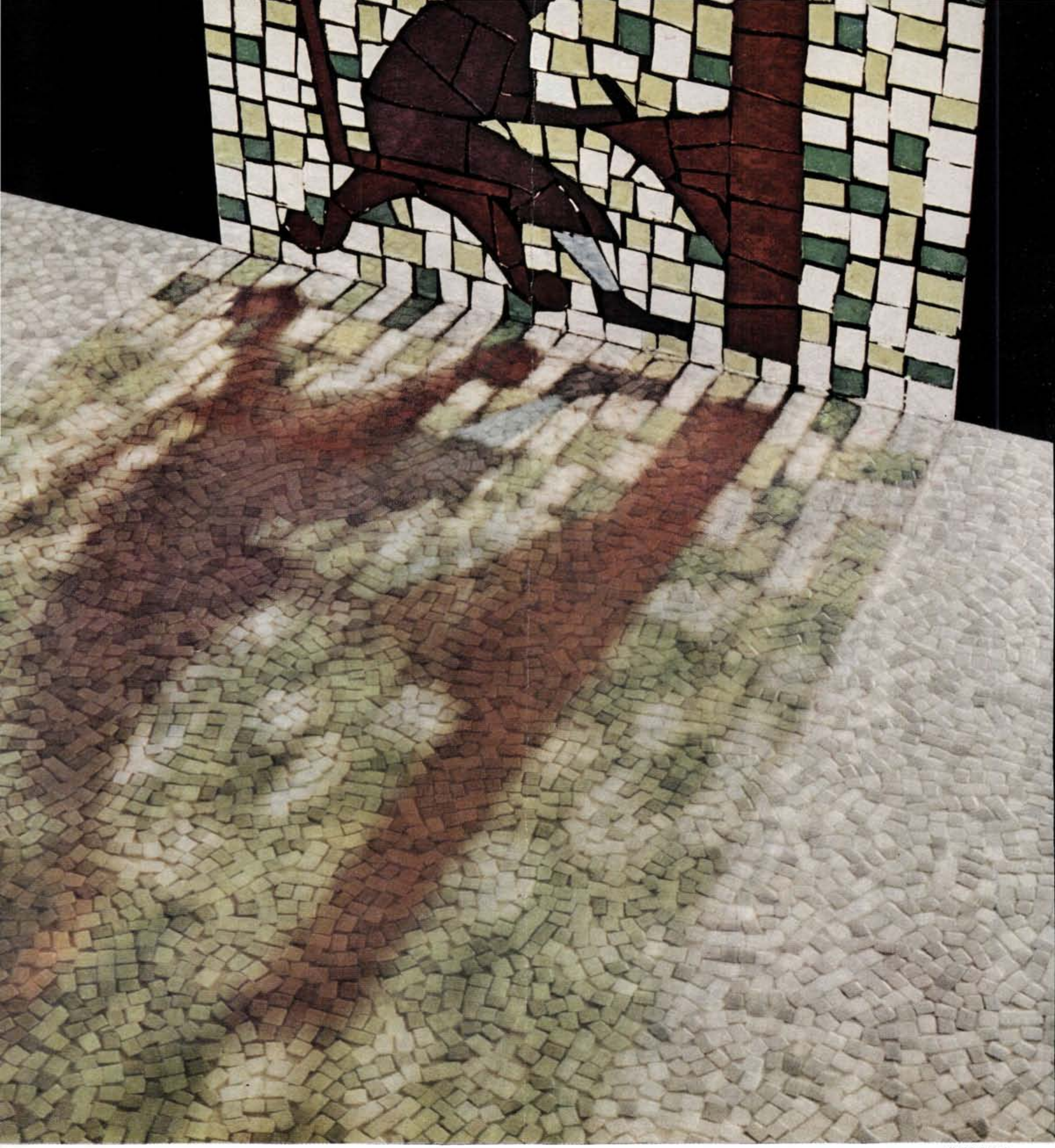

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—Loring Mandel's melodrama, an adaptation of the Allen Drury novel, deals with political shenanigans in Washington when a group of conservative senators tries to prevent a professor who has shown some Leftist leanings in the past from becoming Secretary of State. None of the characters—and there are more than thirty of them—has much substance, and the playwright's ideas of governmental procedure are highly implausible. However, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy make an exciting group of Senatorial battlers. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in the drama. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Becket—Portraying, respectively, the Archbishop and the King in Jean Anouilh's dishevelled account of the twelfth-century struggle for dominance between Church and State, Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn employ such different styles that they never do blend their performances satisfactorily. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 25.)

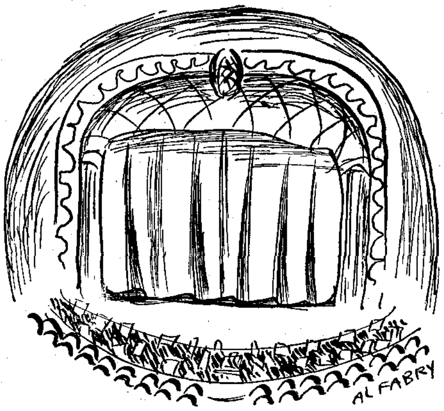
Come Blow Your Horn—The comedy by Neil Simon about the gay doings of a pair of youths in revolt against their father, who wants them to forget about girls and get busy in the artificial-fruit business. The drollery is very limited, and Hal March, Warren Berlinger, and Lou Jacobi, playing the sons and father, respectively, are only sporadically amusing. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Critic's Choice—A laggardly business in which Henry Fonda functions as a newspaper drama reviewer driven to distraction because his wife has written a play that he considers abominable but that he thinks he should review. Mr. Fonda and such fellow-performers as Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton try hard, but they are only occasionally amusing. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A confused and labored attempt by Dore Schary to make a religio-mystery drama out of a novel by Morris L. West. It has to do with the adventures of a dying priest who has been sent by the Vatican to a small town in southern Italy to investigate the career of a late resident whom the natives consider worthy of sainthood. Leo Genn and Sam Levene head the cast. The play was directed by Mr. Schary. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Mary, Mary—Plenty of good jokes are sprinkled through this comedy by Jean Kerr, and the acting—by Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell—is top drawer. The plot, though, which has to do with the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest, isn't long on originality. Joseph Anthony's direction is brisk, and Oliver Smith's set is pleasing. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Rhinoceros—All kinds of droll and perceptive observations about the human race by Eugene Ionesco, who doesn't approve of conformity of any kind and establishes his case with enormous ingenuity. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach stand out in a remarkable cast, and Joseph Anthony, who directed the show, and Derek Prouse, who translated it from the French, are also to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers, and they are all excellent—Angela Lansbury, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Andrew Ray, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a very taxing role. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Under the Yum-Yum Tree—Lawrence Roman's comedy about a San Francisco maiden who is happy to share quarters with her fiancé but wants him to keep his distance. It's all pretty arch, and while Sandra Church is now and then diverting as the determined virgin, and Dean Jones reasonably helpful as her frustrated suitor, it is Gig Young, as a libidinous landlord, who provides the play's most antic moments. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 19.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** A *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Suzanne Pleshette and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tenth man:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **toys in the attic:** Lillian Hellman's play about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Patricia Jessel, Maureen Stapleton, and Robert Loggia star in it. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Big Fish, Little Fish—Jason Robards, Jr., and Hume Cronyn in a comedy by Hugh Wheeler. The director is John Gielgud and the producers are Lewis Allen and Ben Edwards, in association with Joseph I. Levine. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

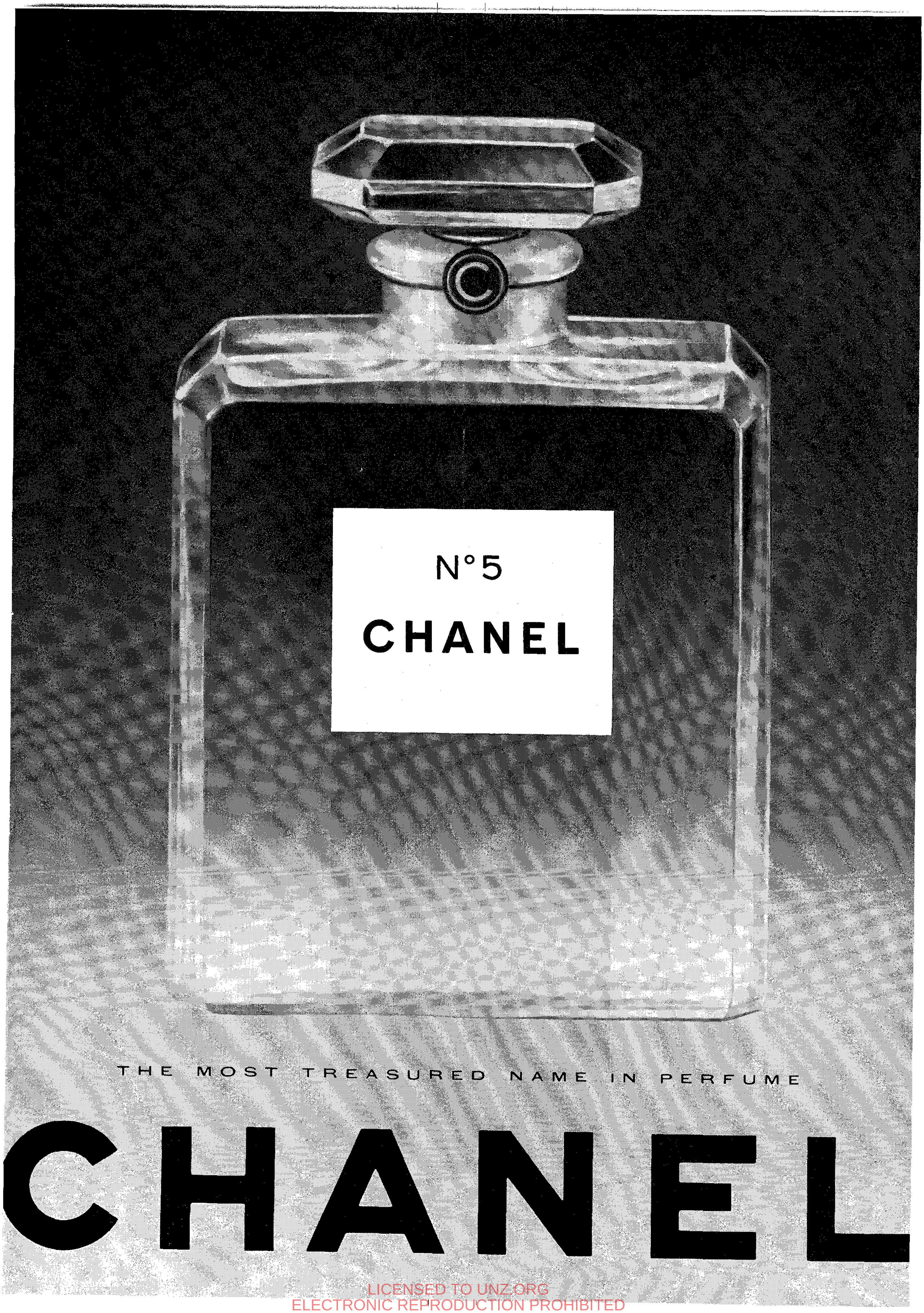
MUSICALS

Camelot—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving, even though such lively types as Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart had a hand in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal, an agile type, is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, ex-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 5, March 18, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.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CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

cept Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—The very amusing Carol Channing doing a number of lighthearted and lightweight turns, with the assistance of Jules Munshin and four Frenchmen billed as Les Quat' Jeudis. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), this show about a snoopy parson given to exploring the haunts of sinners in old Manhattan is quite tumultuous but not very funny. Maurice Evans heads the large and boisterous cast, and the show has some clever settings by Cecil Beaton. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

13 Daughters—Don Ameche as an Oriental in *nineteenth-century Hawaii, faced with the* problem of getting his numerous daughters married off. The girls are pretty, the sets are pretty, but the book, music, and lyrics, by Eaton Magoon, Jr., are rather ordinary. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A saga of the petroleum belt that is short on melody and wit but introduces some spectacular stage effects. Lucille Ball appears as a ruffian young woman preoccupied with making a fortune in oil, and Keith Andes, Don Tomkins, Howard Fischer, and Clifford David also participate. The music was provided by Cy Coleman, the lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, and the book by N. Richard Nash; Michael Kidd is responsible for the direction and choreography. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIORELLO!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GYPSY:** The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecdysiastic heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 25.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a couple of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. Alan Schneider's direction easily matches his materials, and the results are just about impeccable collaboration. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

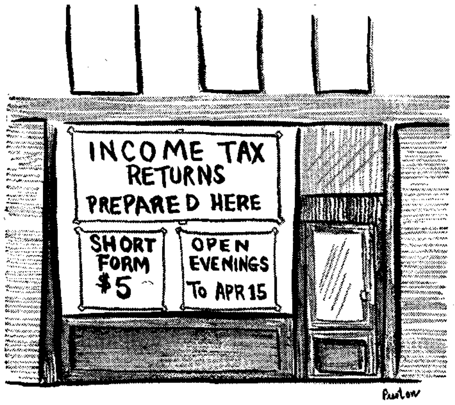
The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Thursday and Friday, March 16-17, and Tuesday, March 21, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Friday, March 24, at 9:30.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A civil-rights play, inhabited by symbols, about a couple of college students (one white, one Negro) and a comely, deerlike girl, who is played by Joan Hackett. The author, Michael Shurtleff, likes such West Coast phrases as "walk proud through the land." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Double Entry—Jane Connell, a flighty blonde whose face, voice, and body seem always at war with each other, appears only too briefly in the second of the one-act light operas—"The Bible Salesman" and "The Oldest Trick in the World"—that make up the evening, and when she does, all becomes lunacy and light. Jay Thompson is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics of both offerings. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Elsa Lanchester, Herself—A boisterous, rather dull recital of about a dozen songs, ballads, and the like, which suggests that the one-man, or one-woman, show takes more than bravery.



(41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hamlet—Shakespeare's tragedy, with Donald Madden at the head of a cast directed by Stuart Vaughan. Opens Thursday, March 16. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 7.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

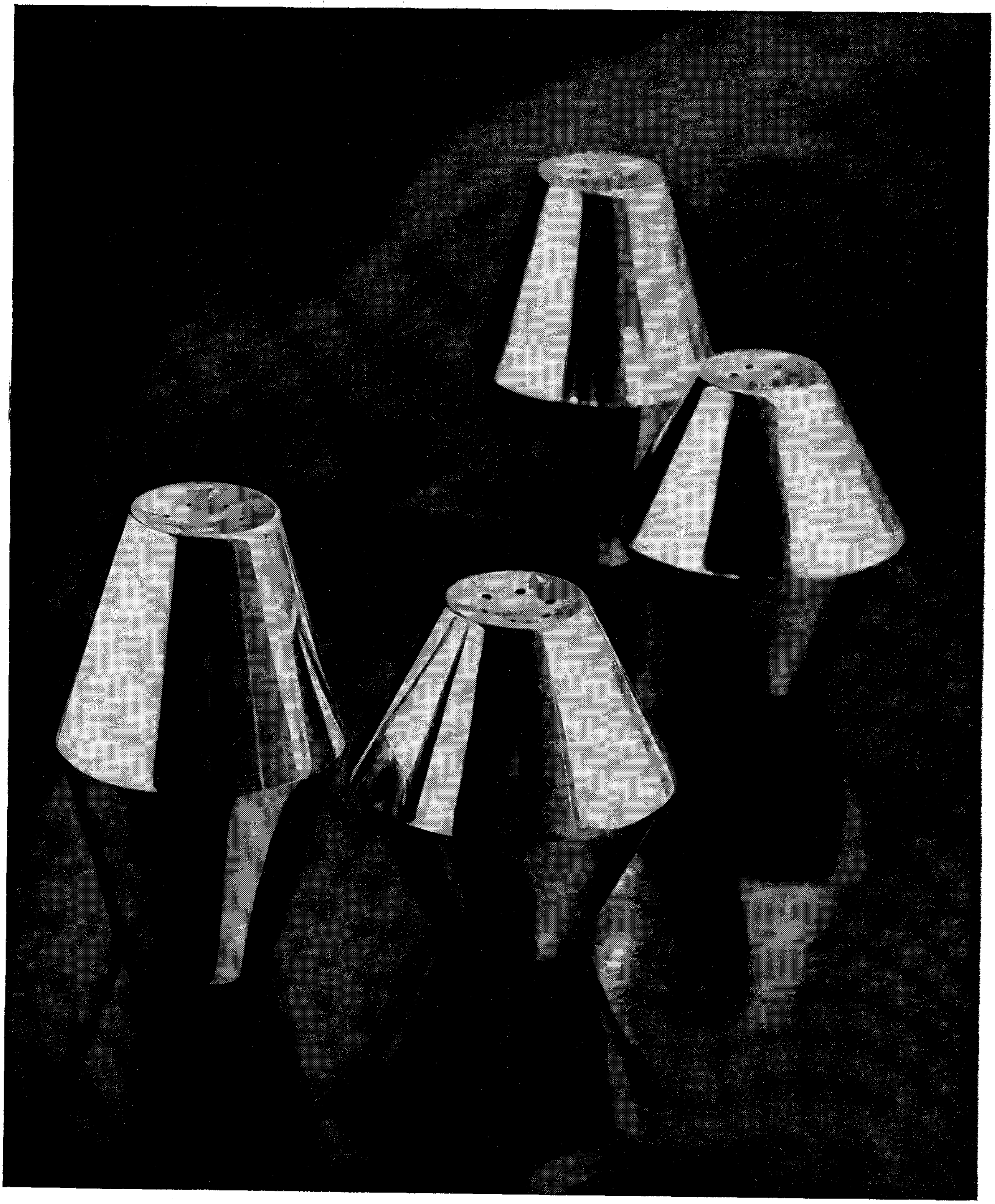
Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two very good sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Moon in the Yellow River—A symbolic play, written in 1930 by Denis Johnston, about the difficulties that arise when an Irish revolutionary (country mouse) tries to blow up a powerhouse run by a German engineer (city mouse). The setting is Ireland and the cast a good one. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays



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Roots—Not a slice of life but life as it is lived among the poor in Norfolk, England, where the dialect approaches the consistency of butter and where the interim silences are even denser. Arnold Wesker, who is just twenty-eight, is the author, and while he has tape-recorder ears, he forgets that bucolic banality needs some sort of revving up if it is not to be just that. The cast is brave and full of vowels. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—President McKinley liked it. In the cast are Gerald Price and Nancy Andrews. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Two for Fun—Mata & Hari, the husband-and-wife pantomime team, in a satiric revue, with music by Lothar Perl and Silvio Masciarelli. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. OR 9-6244. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 26.)

A Worm in Horseradish—A comedy by Esther Kaufman. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.... ¶"Oh, Oysters!," a small revue that has lost its way in a jungle of semantics, is courageously and sometimes amusingly carrying on every evening except Monday at eight-thirty on the stage of the Village Gate, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). An afterpiece is provided, at around ten-thirty, by Herbie Mann's band, which is mostly drums on a wild but rhythmic rampage.

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 16: "Ivesiana," "Agon," "Episodes, Part II," and "Modern Jazz."... ¶Friday evening, March 17: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶Saturday evening, March 18: "Fanfare," "Apollo," and "The Figure in the Carpet." ... ¶Sunday matinée, March 19: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶Sunday evening, March 19: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "The Figure in the Carpet."... ¶Tuesday evening, March 21: "Fanfare," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Firebird."... ¶Wednesday evening, March 22: "Variations from Don Sebastian," "Electronics" (première), "Ebony Concerto," and "Symphony in C."... ¶Thursday evening, March 23: "Variations from Don Sebastian," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Dix," and "Firebird."... ¶Friday evening, March 24: "Firebird," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶Saturday matinée, March 25: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Con Amore," and "Fanfare."... ¶Saturday evening, March 25: "Serenade," "Medea," "Creation of the World," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 9.)

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19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MISCELLANY

The Importance of Being Oscar—Micheál MacLiammóir in a one-man show that he adapted from the plays, letters, and poems of Oscar Wilde. Presented by S. Hurok and Roger Stevens for a four-week engagement. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. of Broadway. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Final performance Sunday matinée, April 9.)

Magic Show—An evening of hocus by some talented pocussers of the Society of American Magicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—It looks like a perpetual Academy Award night, which may or may not be the end of a perfect day. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play dance music for anyone to whom this pageantry is not enough.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Waltzes by Strauss, and the words that go with them, are being distributed about the Cotillion Room by Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, and a perky new nasturtium named Lorna Ceniceros. The excuse is an hour's reprise of "Rosalinda" minus, happily, most of the plot. It is front and center at dinner-time every evening, and additionally at supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Plenty of dance music is tossed off, too, during the night. "Rosalinda's" going-away party is set for Sunday, March 19; on Tuesday, March 21, "No, No, Nanette" is to be resuscitated. Closed Mondays.... ¶Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The happy talk of Ted Straeter's flowing covey of minstrels and the brisk persiflage of Mark Monte's exemplary band make the Persian Room glow in the dark of night. At dinner and supper there is Marguerite Piazza, a voice of great experience and a certain gaiety. Closed Sundays.... ¶Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode.... ¶The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is mildly punctured now and then by the dance orchestras run by Irving Conn and Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, which is built around a dance floor large enough for ice hockey, is instead filled with people gliding gently, for the most part, to the circumspect work of Jimmy Palmer's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—When, at fashionably late mealtimes, Felicia Sanders takes the floor to sing, lightning often plays around her head, such is her fervor. Her recital hall is the baronial Maisonette. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The next thing to utter seclusion is anyone's for the asking in the Columns, a moonlit terrace whose tables are widely, widely spaced. Dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's little orchestra does the 3/4 and 4/4 honors, and Marco Rizo's threesome translates direct from the Latin. Closed Sundays.... ¶There's more room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the equally widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The twin colonies belowstairs (the Embassy Club and the Knight Box) are still a débutante's delight. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight or so. Both caravansaries are closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Denise Darcel romps through the dinner and supper hours in a handsome evening coat and not very much breath—an animated performance for which a libretto is frequently advisable. The sonorous orchestra of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi's band do dance music all evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, Michael Zarin's band turns out music that is sedentary from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, and dance-tune after that, except on Sundays, when the music is all dance-tune, from eight to one.

Note—From a windowside seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, New York seems more and more a Lilliputian bazaar. There's intermittent non-dance music by Michael Forman's

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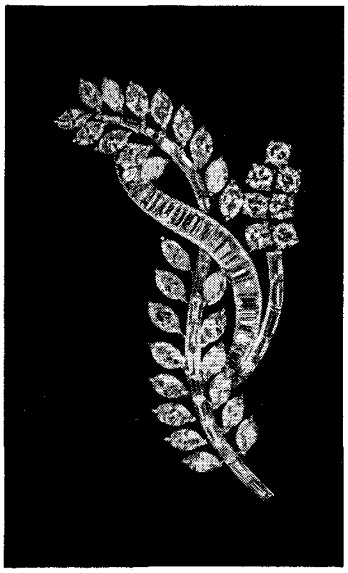

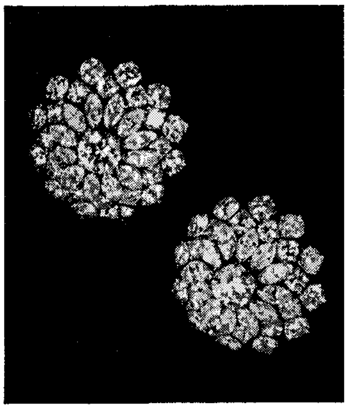

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): "*J'y suis, j'y reste*" is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. Murray Grand's amiable East Fifties piano, which begins at eight, moves after ten-thirty into the Plush Room, a tiny and happy spa in which Jane Harvey, all of whose songs are hand-tailored, gives every lyric its just deserts. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Children of all ages, and none of them introverts, at play. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz on piano from five-thirty to eight; Mr. Printz and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday that has been going on, daily except Sundays, for years. No one is more expert at threading the mass of celebrants than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, which is on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week, from Tuesday through Saturday, he stages, in miniature, the full-blown murder mysteries for which the likes of Leoncavallo used to write the scores. Additionally, from Thursday through Sunday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri, the original occupant of the premises, was obviously a merry old soul, to judge by the toy drawbridge, moat, and armor he left behind. The only one of his fiddlers three still extant is Norbert Faconi, whose tableside manner is par excellence. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards at large, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instrument but generally easy on the ears. The theme is flamenco. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. Parlor piano is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. George Feyer, its usual distributor, will be replaced (but only from Monday through Saturday, March 20-25) by Ira Brant. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away *leis* by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The art work on the walls is in general quite up-to-date, but the piano and songs of Cal Bostic, who bobs up again and again after ten, is just good old-fashioned whoop-de-do. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the voices and instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by the guitar and piano that lurk within. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, is in the charge of a new guitarist, Gustavo Lopez, who does night-dreaming music. No sound on Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe and back, is spending this winter at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park. He's around from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, and Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Vienna, it is plain, is really international, for the balladists are on loan from Iceland, Pakistan, Outer Mongolia, Sheepshead Bay, and even (in the person of perky little Vicky Autier) Paris. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with seven-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. Rowan and Martin, a pair of jollifiers who are now a nationally advertised product, leave Tuesday, March 21, to be succeeded by the Gaylords, a pair of ditto ditto, but none of the young ladies will by straying from the reservation. Dancing. Closed Sunday, March 19. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Nat King Cole, a pied piper who can lead his songs over the hills and far away, is the court minstrel at the moment. The court is further graced by the presence of eight lovely wards in chancery, whose guardian must have told them that ballet is all play and no work. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, a cheery girl whose collection of aspersions is second to none, absolutely never hangs up the "No Casting Tonight" sign. Also on hand: the Cumberland Three, whose mixture of folk music and showmanship is just about the best compromise between the two art forms, and Phil Leeds, one

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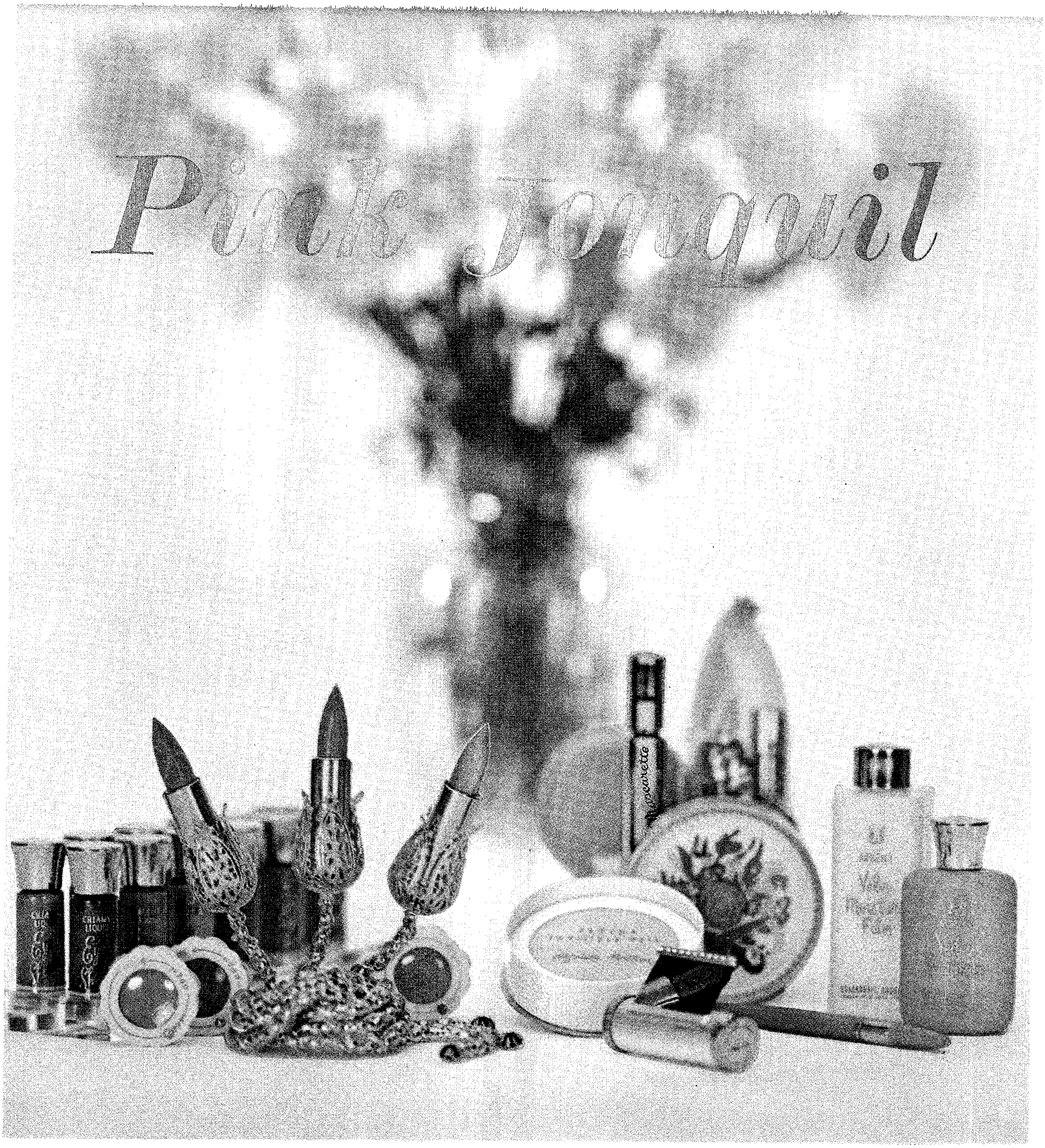

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of our best philosophical humorists. Mr. Leeds will be succeeded on Friday, March 17, by Dick Gregory, an issues-of-the-day commentator who's been setting Chicago night life on its one ear. The background is the volatile Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites casual tone poems from six to eight, and there are sometimes milkman's matinées of piano and/or trio. No music Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," which is Julius Monk's most recent and most pungent white paper on the state of the nation, pays its disrespects at nine-fifteen and midnight. The *farceurs* in the revue are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The silly season of Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, who play tricks not only with bass and piano but with voice, is in full flower. Their foolishness is supplemented by the keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al., are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine, the foolishness at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Phyllis Diller, or Calamity Jane, makes it noisily but cheerily plain that no one's life is worth living. In addition, there are the tried-and-true old family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor. Peter Daniels and Loumel Morgan administer the interlude piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," the second-story occupant of this Village playpen, is a tongue-in-cheek study (after all, it's mostly pantomime) of many forms of human frustration, executed by a set of three inventive young people. Seminars at nine and twelve; Tuesday is their night off. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the footsteps of the mighty Carmen Amaya there is passion, persuasion, and just plain *ambiance*. She and her fiery troupe inhabit the back room. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the fevered songs of Domingo Alvarado convert the alcove they occupy into one of our best music rooms. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a Bureau of Standards for all girls who aspire to sing in public, goes about her recital with the calm that comes with a few decades of experience. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also occupied by Sam Hamilton, her permanent equerry, and Don Evans, a pair of young men capable of putting any piano into a state of beatitude. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky, the trumpet man from Bunker Hill, is having a reunion with Mr. Condon, the banjo man from Indiana. The subject: Chicago jazz with the bark left on. Bob Wilber is one of Mr. K.'s aides. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gerry Mulligan, whose big band is in midair between symphonic splendor and brass tacks, is withdrawing his horde on Sunday, March 19, and the duet comprised of Lee Konitz and Jim Hall, who are almost too cool even for March, departs the same night. Tuesday, March 21, brings aboard the foursome of Stan Getz, our No. 1 invisible performer for ever so long, and the threesome of Junior Mance, who really needs two pianos to contain his entire portfolio of handiwork. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Saturday, March 18, is the time to retire for the extrovert quartet of merry-andrew Tyree Glenn. What ensues, for the next fortnight or so, is hardly worth mentioning. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are whooping it up, and sometimes gagging it up, for the sake of that dear old Southland. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): "It was only yesterday . . . ," as presented—sometimes sentimentally and sometimes raucously—by Benny Goodman and company, which includes Red Norvo, Zoot Sims, and John Bunch in the band, and Maria Marshall and Jimmy Rushing on the vocals, most of them thunderclaps. This time, Mr. G.'s innovation is a girl drummer—Dottie Dodgion, a pretty and competent child. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Flip and hip is the piano of Billy Taylor, who runs one of the most persuasive of the new-era trios. He takes his post inside the oval bar around ten. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) and the Salt City Six (off duty Mondays), with a Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday assist by Sol Yaged's fivesome. On Saturdays, by the way, the room upstairs is open to accommodate the Coles and Mickey Sheen's fivesome. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Slide Hampton's octet, at times an interesting experiment in sound effects, and the quartet of Philly Joe Jones are now occupying this underground driving range. On Thursday, March 23, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis's quintet will succeed the Joneses. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rest of the world seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. Sonny Stitt's quartet, which can go far away and far out on its own power, holds the podium. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Joe Bushkin, on whose piano the first note ever struck in this big, bustling chophouse was sounded, is back home with two sidemen, one of them the eminent Jo Jones. Buck Clayton, whose horn likes to do things the hard, solid way, has a foursome in tow. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Bourbon Street Six, which believes that the past is dear but never dead. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A part of the Village where the iceman cometh, and every night, too. Right now, the fare involves Gigi Gryce's sextet, whose pet instrument seems to be the candy cane. Tuesday is the Gryce night off. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, all stops and all corks will be pulled out by Red Allen, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Tony Parenti, Buster Bailey, Gene Sedric, Johnny Letman, Bob Hammer, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

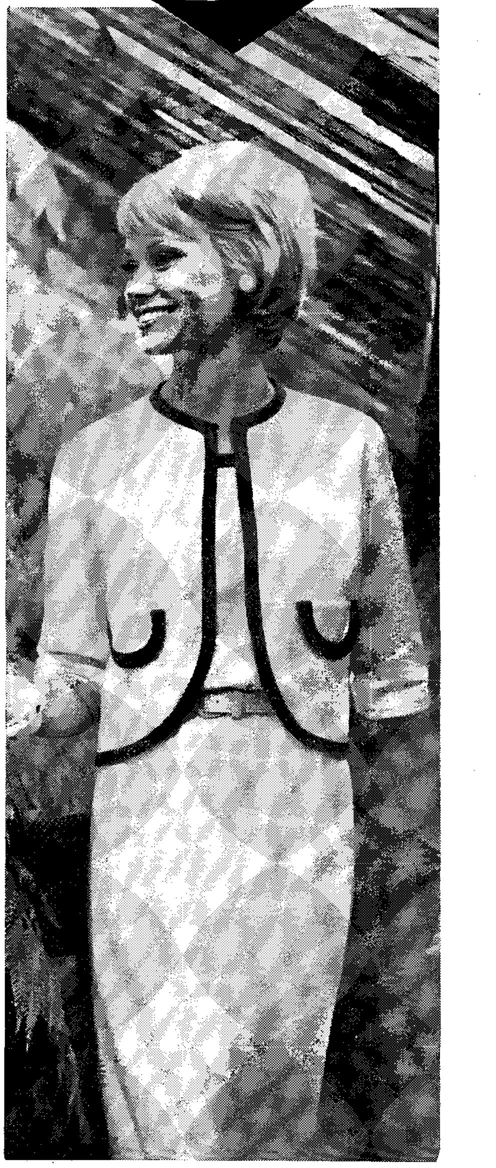
GALLERIES

WILLIAM BAZIOTES—Abstract Expressionist oils; through April 8. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

HARRY BERTOIA—Abstract sculptures in copper, brass, and stainless-steel wire; through April 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD BOYCE—Figures and groups of figures, mainly in clay; through Saturday, March 25. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

GANDY BRODIE—Portraits, still-lifes, landscapes,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and cityscapes; through Saturday, March 25. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Byron Browne—Paintings and drawings, all variations on the human figure; through April 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Doris Caesar—Bronzes, mostly nudes, in her gaunt, attenuated manner; through April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Alexander Calder and Joan Miró—Mobiles by the former and paintings by the latter, in an unusually spirited and colorful exhibition; through April 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claudia Carrel—Non-objective paintings and collages; through March 31. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

James Coggin—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through March 29. (Carmel, 82 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Angelo di Benedetto—Abstract paintings; through April 8. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Figures, landscapes, and interiors; through April 8. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Frank di Gioia—Paintings of Little Italy, in New York, and other subjects; through Friday, March 17. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Genre paintings and drawings; starting Friday, March 17. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred M. Duca—Sculptures in bronze, steel, and iron; through April 8. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Bernard Dufour—Figure paintings chiefly, by a School of Paris artist; through April 8. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Max Ernst—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures of the twenties and the fifties make up an exhibition that is running simultaneously with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through April 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—Oils, water colors, and wood blocks inspired by the architecture of Paris and New York; through March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elias Friedensohn—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 1. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Joseph Glasco—Abstract paintings and sculptures, more Cubist in style than formerly; through Saturday, March 18. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Leon Golub—Paintings, almost all heads and torsos; through April 1. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Emilio Greco—Deftly stylized sculptures and drawings by an artist long prominent in Rome. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 25. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Sidney Gross—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Thursday, March 23. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Timothy Hennessy—Large, heraldic abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists, in a handsome showing that coincides with his eighty-first birthday; through Saturday, March 25. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur Kaufmann—Still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes; through April 1. (New Masters, 16 E. 69th St.)

Fred Lancome—Figure sculptures in wood and bronze; through Saturday, March 25. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Octave Landuyt—Figurative paintings by a Belgian artist; through April 1. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Leonard Lane—Pictures of coastal areas of Nova Scotia and Florida; through Saturday, March 25. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Seymour Lipton—Welded-metal sculptures; through April 8. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 25. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

André Masson—A retrospective dating from 1924 to 1960, in the first full-length showing of his paintings here in several years; through Saturday, March 25. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Noland—Abstractions; through April 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

John Opper—Abstractions; through April 1. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Stephen Pace—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tobias Schneebaum—Semi-abstract oils; through Saturday, March 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Kurt Sonderborg—Abstract paintings and drawings; through April 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

Dorothea Tanning—Intricately patterned, colorful abstractions; through Saturday, March 18. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Antonio Tàpies—Large abstract paintings by one of the younger Spanish artists; through April 8. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Tworkov—Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Saturday, March 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Harvey Weiss—Sculptures in welded bronze and brass; through April 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Harold Weston—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—Masks and statues (in ivory, wood, and bronze) from thirty African tribes, ranging from the Sudan to Angola; through March 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Alexander Dobkin, Philip Reisman, and Elizabeth Olds, plus drawings by George Luks; through Saturday, March 18. . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: New work by four new artists—Ay-O, Rodger Lapelle, Claes Oldenburg, and Robert Smithson; through Saturday, March 25. . . . **CAMINO**, 89 E. 10th St.: A fifth-anniversary exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by past and present members, including Kenneth Campbell, Leon Smith, and Sal Sirugo; through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.). . . **CASTELLANE**, 19 E. 76th St., and **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings by, among others, Walt Kuhn, Arthur B. Davies, Everett Shinn, and William Glackens; through April 8. (The Castellane Gallery is closed Mondays.). . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The March show consists of paintings chosen by Adja Yunkers, Karl Schrag, and Anthony Toney; through March 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.). . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Self-portraits and portraits of other artists by Eastman Johnson, Reginald Marsh, Julian Levi, and others; through Saturday, March 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 10.). . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Selections from recent and forthcoming shows by (to mention a few) Ben Benn, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Jules Kirschenbaum; through April 8.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings, collages, and drawings (by Klee, Picasso, Rothko, and others) lent by writers, artists, and architects, including Gilbert Seldes and Jacques Lipchitz; through Saturday, March 25. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Courbet, Chagall, and Rouault; through April 15. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: René Acht, Modest Cuixart, Terry Frost, and other painters; through Saturday, March 18. . . . **E. & A. SILBERMAN**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Schiele, Gris, Klee, and Miró; through April 1. . . .

SLATKIN, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Many-Sided Artist," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and/or prints by eight French artists, including Bonnard, Gauguin, and Degas; through April 1.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of fourteenth- to eighteenth-century Italian drawings by, among others, Michelangelo, Pollaiuolo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Canaletto, on loan from major Italian collections; through April 9. . . . ¶ "The Splendid Century," an exhibition of French seventeenth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and tapestries (by Poussin, La Tour, Puget, and others) lent by museums and churches throughout France; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through May 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Ernst showing at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and others; through April 23. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of gold, jade, and bronze objects, as well as ceramics and pottery sculpture, from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-221 A.D.); through March 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The artists include Braque, Chagall, Duchamp, Gris, Léger, and Picasso. Through April 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Byron, Keats, and Shelley," an exhibition of manuscripts, letters, first editions, and related materials; through April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A memorial exhibition of wall hangings by Mariska Karasz and ceramics by Katherine Choy; through Sunday, March 19. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area of New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-sixth annual exhibition, comprising nearly two hundred and fifty items in various mediums by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 19. (Daily, except St. Patrick's Day, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of the works of thirty-four contemporary American painters and sculptors who are candidates for art awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Joe Lasker, Reginald Pollack, and Leonard Baskin. Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

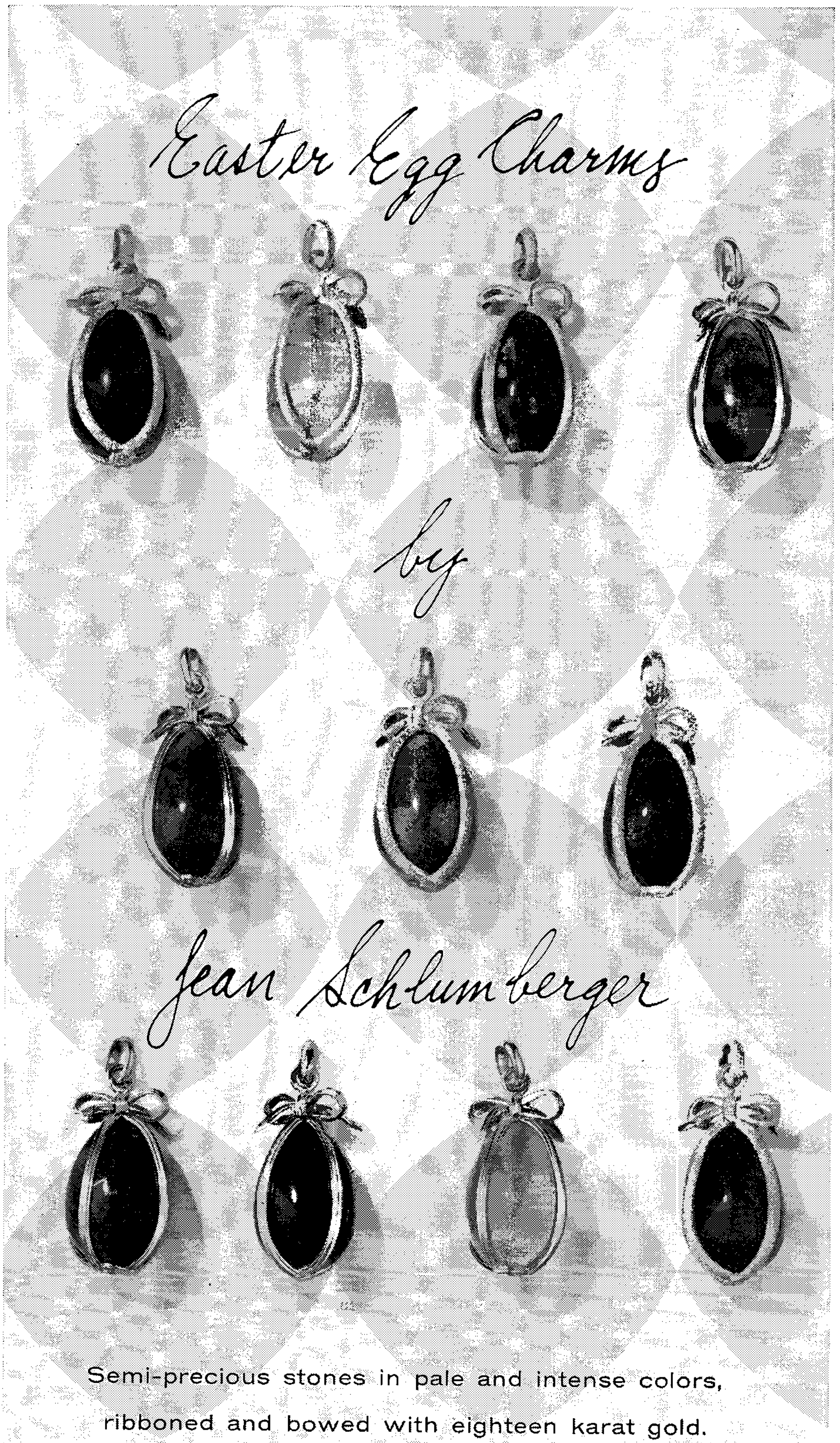
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and monotypes by Maurice Prendergast, honoring the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through April 2. . . . ¶ A single room-filling sculpture by Herbert Ferber, designed to be walked into; through April 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 16, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Eugenio Fernandi, Giorgio Tozzi, and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Robert Merrill.... ¶ Friday, March 17, at 8: "Elektra," with Inge Borkh, Jean Madeira, Gladys Kuchta, Hermann Uhde, and Ramon Vinay.... ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 1:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann. (A benefit for the Vassar Club of New York scholarship fund; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307.) ... ¶ Monday, March 20, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Roggero, Hermann Uhde, Kurt Baum, and Ralph Herbert.... ¶ Wednesday, March 22, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Ramon Vinay, Hermann Uhde, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Thursday, March 23, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, Giorgio Tozzi, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Free Milk Fund for Babies; for tickets, call CO 5-7460.)... ¶ Friday, March 24, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, and William Wildermann.... ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 2:30: "Elektra," with Inge Borkh, Leonie Rysanek, Jean Madeira, Hermann Uhde, and Ramon Vinay.... ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Mary Curtis-Verna, Laurel Hurley, George London, Charles Anthony, and Ezio Flagello.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, March 16, at 8:30, and Friday, March 17, at 2:15 (both with Glenn Gould, piano, and Marni Nixon, soprano); Saturday, March 18, at 8:30 (no soloists); Sunday, March 19, at 3 (with Glenn Gould, piano, and Marni Nixon, soprano); and Thursday, March 23, at 8:30; Friday, March 24, at 2:15; Saturday, March 25, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 26, at 3 (all with William Masselos, piano).

Ars Nova Orchestra—Robert Mandell conducting, with Nancy Chase, soprano. The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Music in the Making—Howard Shanet conducting a symphony orchestra in a program of works by Ruth Anderson, Morton Feldman, Karl-Birger Blomdahl, and Gail Kubik, with Carroll Glenn, violin, and Leonid Hambro and David Tudor, pianos. The last in a series of concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, March 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Gladys Kriese, contralto; Robert Nagy, tenor; Mac Morgan, baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing an all-Cherubini program, with members of the Choral Art Society. The final concert of the season. (Town Hall. Monday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting, with Vida Chenoweth, marimba, and Roman Totenberg, violin. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Raya Garbousova, cello. The final concert of the season. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Hermann Furthmoser directing two different programs. (Town Hall. Friday, March 24, at 8:40, and Saturday, March 25, at 2:40.)

RECITALS

Eric Friedman—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program with the Festival Orchestra conducted by Thomas Dunn. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.... ¶ Town Hall. Tuesday, March 21, at 8:30, a Bach-Vivaldi program, also with Gerald Tarack, violin.)

Stoddard Lincoln—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

David Lloyd—Tenor. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-61—The fourth in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Richards Fredericks, baritone; Douglas Nordli, piano; and composers Donald Erb, Aaron Copland, Norman Dello Joio, Roger Goeb, and Teo Macero. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, March 19, at 8.)

Camilla Williams—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Zaremba—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Sunday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Robert Gerle and Albert Fuller—In the last of three programs of Bach and Mozart sonatas for violin and harpsichord. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Noel Lee and Paul Makanowitzky—In the last of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano-and-violin sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Yfrah Neaman and Artur Balsam—In a program of Bach sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The last concert in the series, this one by the Claremont Quartet, with Joan Wall, mezzo-soprano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Berl Senofsky—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 25, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Florentino Fernandez vs. Marcel Pigou, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 19, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, March 20, through Wednesday, May 31. The Swift, Monday, March 20, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 25. ... **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, March 30. The John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, March 25.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25, from Monday, March 20, through Saturday, May 20.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **new york philharmonic**: Leonard Bernstein and others conducting, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 18, at noon.)... **little orchestra society**: Thomas Scherman conducting the final children's concerts of the season, with Reginald Gardiner, monologuist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 25, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Ballet—The Brooklyn Civic Ballet presenting "The Nutcracker," "Masquerade," and "Les Petits Riens." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 18, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "The Rabbit Who Wanted Wings," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.)... **EAST END THEATRE:** "Hans and the Tulip." (85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3.)... **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturday, March 18, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, March 19, at 1.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays and Wednesday, March 22, at 1.)... **PACE-DUNHAM PRODUCTIONS:** "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.)... **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "It's So Nice to Be a Fish." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call UN 1-5770.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Rip van Winkle." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 25, at 3.) ... **THEATRE EAST:** "Red Riding Hood." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Our World and the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"The Great Adventure," a full-length nature film, made in Sweden. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, March 18, at 2. Admission is free.)

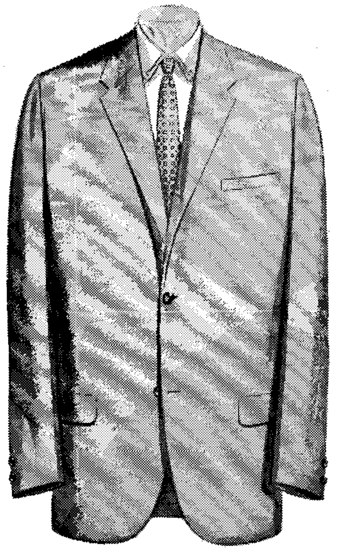
Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

St. Patrick's Day Parade—Starts at noon on Friday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 96th Street.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, at 1:45: Georgian furniture; paintings, drawings, and sculpture by such artists as Raeburn, Gilbert Stuart, and Jacob Epstein; objects of art; and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Hiram J. Halle.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 21-22, at 1:45: First editions, standard sets, autograph letters, and illuminated manuscripts; from the library of the late Charles H. Morse.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—The camera is the star of this almost plotless Soviet account of a young soldier's short leave from the front, but what a venturesome, memorable star it is in the hands of director Grigori Chukhrai! The principal actors, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, are so young and so appealing that one willingly forgives the excessive simplicity of their brief love story. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and St. Patrick's Day at 2. Reserved seats only.)

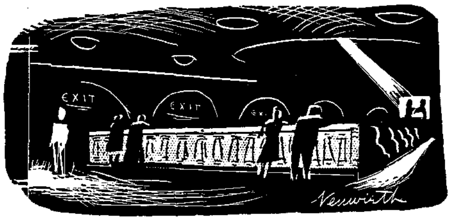
Breathless—A New Wave import from France that deserves all its superlatives. The story, about an attractive, dangerous young car thief and his American paramour, is less important than the manner of the film, which makes all its telling points by implication and sheer style. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are sad and winning as the lovers, and Jean-Luc Godard, by writing and directing this *chef-dœuvre*, establishes himself at once as the most exciting film-maker west of Ingmar Bergman. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Don Quixote—A chance to see a magnificent Russian actor, Nikolai Cherkasov, in a consistently subtle and affecting performance as Cervantes's mad, sad knight. Director Grigory Kozintsev is equally impressive for his color photography, which is just as well, since the story itself never builds up much dramatic steam. This Soviet movie was filmed in the Crimea and suffers from a sloppily dubbed translation. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch. You'll need sustenance around about the middle of the third hour, because goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight—The Swiss they are a tranquil lot, but it seems that an occasional homicidal maniac can turn up amongst them, even as amongst us, and give the police a bad time. Heinz Ruhmann brilliantly enacts the role of a conscientious police inspector, Gert Frobe is a convincing murderer of little girls, and the scary pursuit takes place against an enchanting Alpine background. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 19-21.)

The Love Game—A trio of attractive young people in Paris are more or less living together but are not as happy as they should be, since the girl wishes to marry one of her young men, the young man refuses to go along with her plans, and the second young man is plainly doomed to remain a friend to both. Their plight isn't very desperate and is constantly interrupted by rounds of joyous lovemaking. The director, Philippe de Broca, has produced a true comedy, full of invention and guaranteed to make you laugh out loud. French, of course. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 19-21.)



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The Misfits—Clark Gable's last performance and Marilyn Monroe's best performance make this picture about a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand worth seeing, in spite of a soft and sentimental script by Arthur Miller. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, and director John Huston give notable support in a losing cause. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through March 21. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; March 19-21.)

The Rest Is Silence—"Hamlet," transposed into modern dress and modern German prose by Helmut Kautner, who not only produced and directed it but wrote the script. Although the picture is sometimes static and fey, Hardy Kruger and Ingrid Andree, as Hamlet and Ophelia, turn in interpretations of these well-spaded roles that are about as striking as any that come to mind. The setting is contemporary Germany. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 17.)

The Sundowners—Local fauna—kangaroos, koalas, dingoes, and thousands of sheep—share top billing with some travel-poster scenery in this almost too wholesome tale about a family of Australian drovers. Director Fred Zinnemann has concentrated on the countryside, but there are also excellent performances by Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr. Really a film for children, but it's a dour grownup who won't find some pleasure in it. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 18, tentative. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 21, tentative.)

Take a Giant Step—Johnny Nash gives a fine performance as a spirited Negro boy whose education really starts on the day he is bounced from school. The script is rather uneven, but its lively and touching moments just about balance out its awkward ones. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through March 21.)

Tunes of Glory—A splashy, old-fashioned, sometimes off-center film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls down his world about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A broad and happy farce, showing exactly how to break out of a progressive British prison, steal a truckload of diamonds, and break back in again, all in the same night. Peter Sellers is wickedly funny as the chief jailbird, and he gets talented help from Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 16.)

I'm All Right, Jack (1960)—An English film in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are described. With Peter Sellers, Margaret Rutherford, and Ian Carmichael. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 22. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 22, tentative.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 16.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 16-19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Western Film"—Through March 18: "The Testing Block" (1920), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Starting March 19: "Hands Up!" (1926), directed by Clarence Badger, with Raymond Griffith. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.) . . . **Note:** On Thursday, March 16, at 8:30, there will be a showing of "The Mystery of Picasso" (1956), a documentary film. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Absent-Minded Professor," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, Sundays, and St. Patrick's Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through March 21: **TAKE A GIANT STEP.**
From March 22: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 22 (tentative): "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 21: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.
From March 22: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 18 (tentative): "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
March 19-21 (tentative): "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Your Past Is Showing!," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
From March 22 (tentative): **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 18: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.
March 19-21: **THE MISFITS.**
From March 22: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 20: "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.
From March 21: "The Days of Thrills and Laughter," a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, and such.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 21 (tentative): **THE SUNDOWNERS.**
From March 22 (tentative): "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 21: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.
From March 22: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 21: **THE MISFITS.**
From March 22: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and "Passport to China," Richard Basehart.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
March 16-19: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival; and "The Great Man Votes," revival, John Barrymore.
March 20-22 (showings at 7, 8:40, and 10:20): "8 x 8," revival, a Surrealistic film with Jean Cocteau, Marcel Duchamp.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 18: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.
March 19-21: **THE LOVE GAME**; and **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.**
From March 22: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 18 (tentative): **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "Your Past Is Showing!," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
From March 19 (tentative): "Flesh and the Devil," revival, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 21: **THE MISFITS.**
From March 22: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and "Passport to China," Richard Basehart.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 21: "Marie-Octobre" (in French), Danielle Darrieux; and "Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.
From March 22: **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 21: "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.
From March 22: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 18: "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford; and "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.
March 19-21: "The Wreck of the Mary Deare," revival, Gary Cooper, Charlton Heston; and "The Gazebo," revival, Glenn Ford, Debbie Reynolds.
From March 22: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and "Passport to China," Richard Basehart.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 22: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "None But the Lonely Heart," revival, Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 21: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier.
From March 22: **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 16: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE INFORMER**, revival.
From March 17: **THE REST IS SILENCE** (in German); and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 21: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.
From March 22: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 21: "Marie-Octobre" (in French), Danielle Darrieux; and "Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.
From March 22: "The Confessions of Ina Kahr" (in German), revival, Curt Jurgens; and "Scampolo" (in Italian), revival.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 18: "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford; and "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.
March 19-21: "This Island Earth," revival, Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue; and "The Land Unknown," revival, Jock Mahoney.
From March 22: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and "Passport to China," Richard Basehart.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through March 21: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.
From March 22: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.

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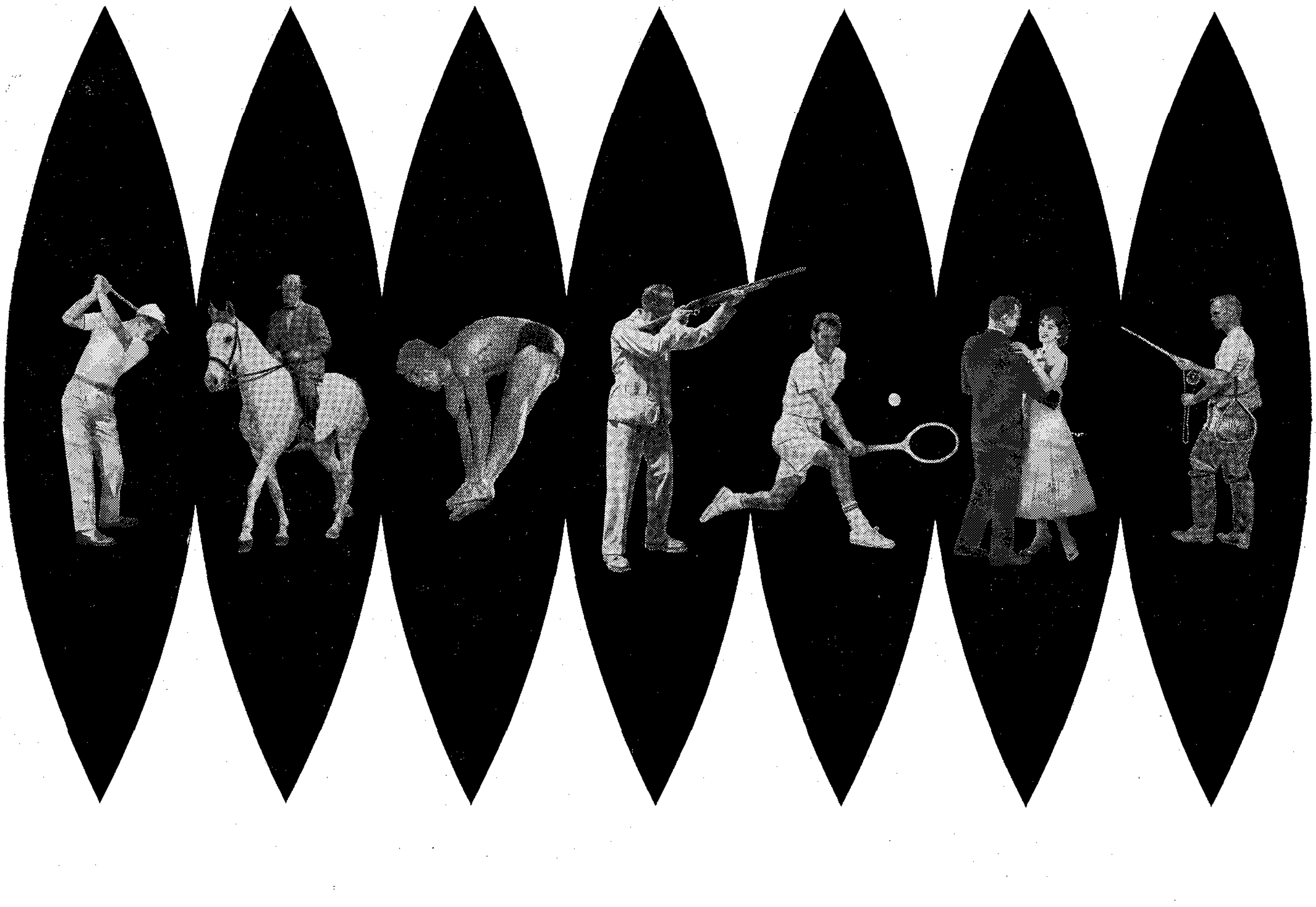

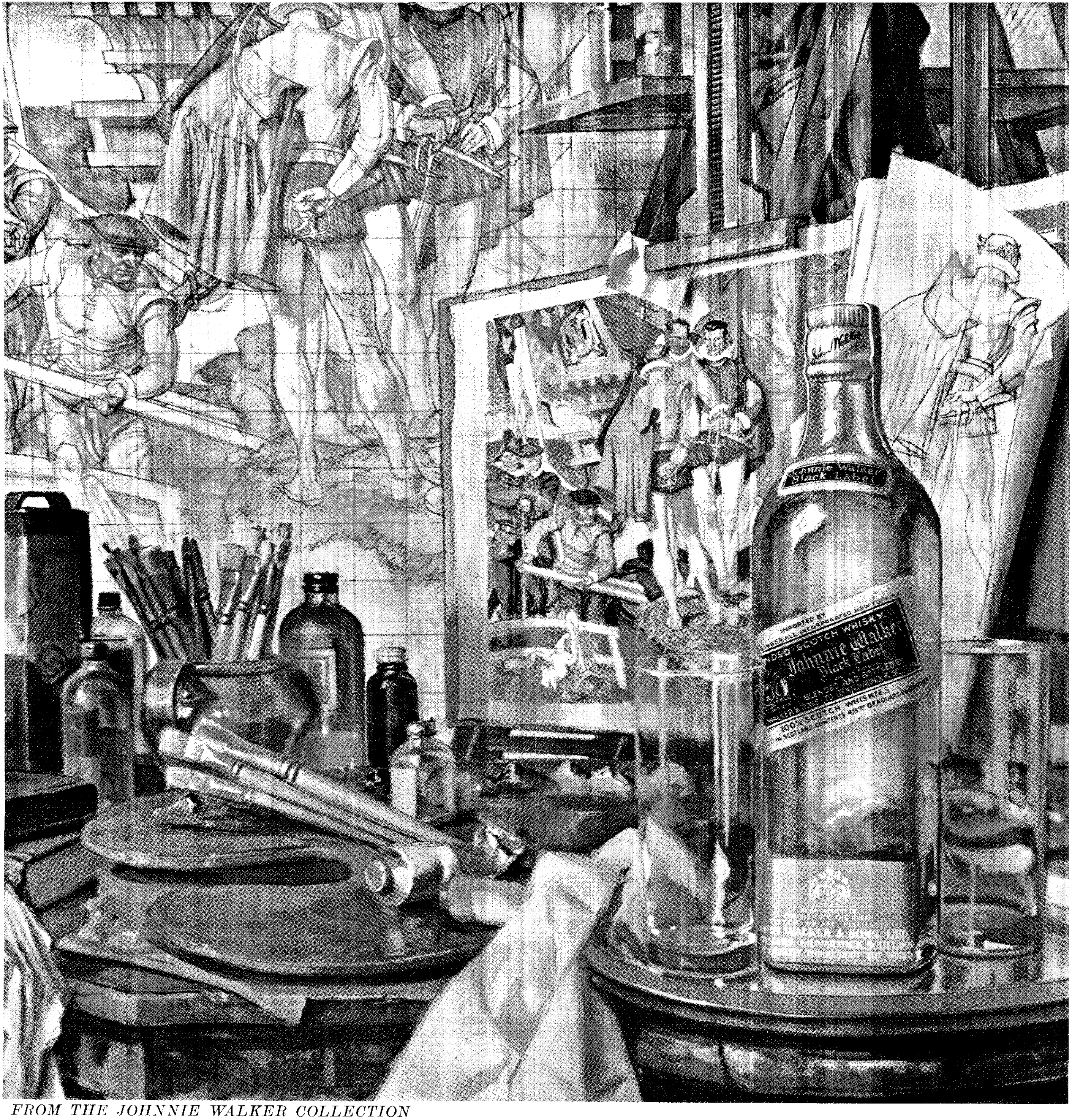

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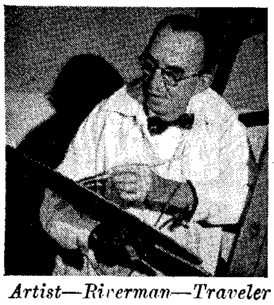

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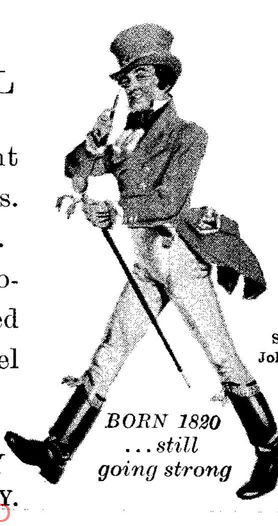

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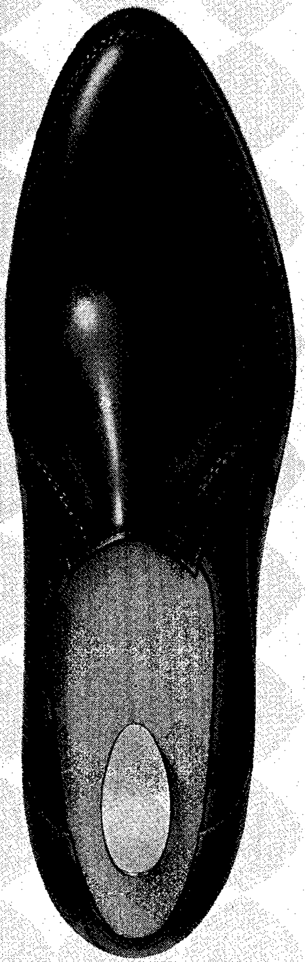

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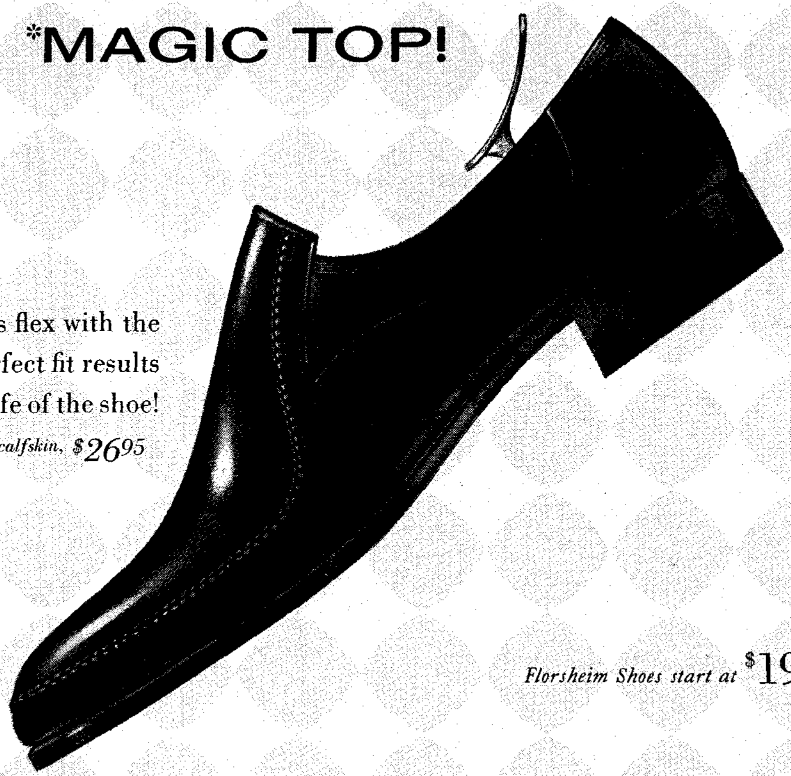

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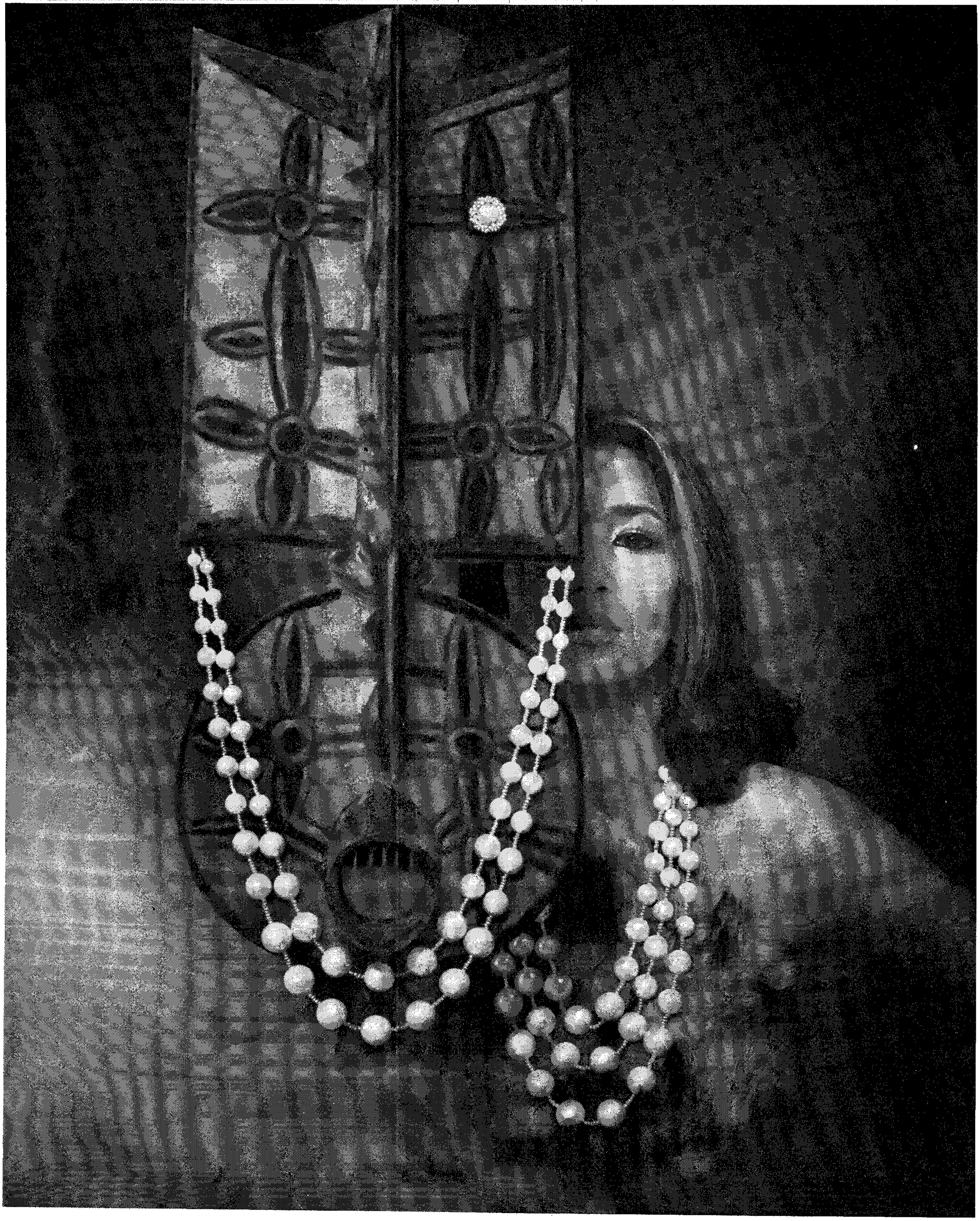

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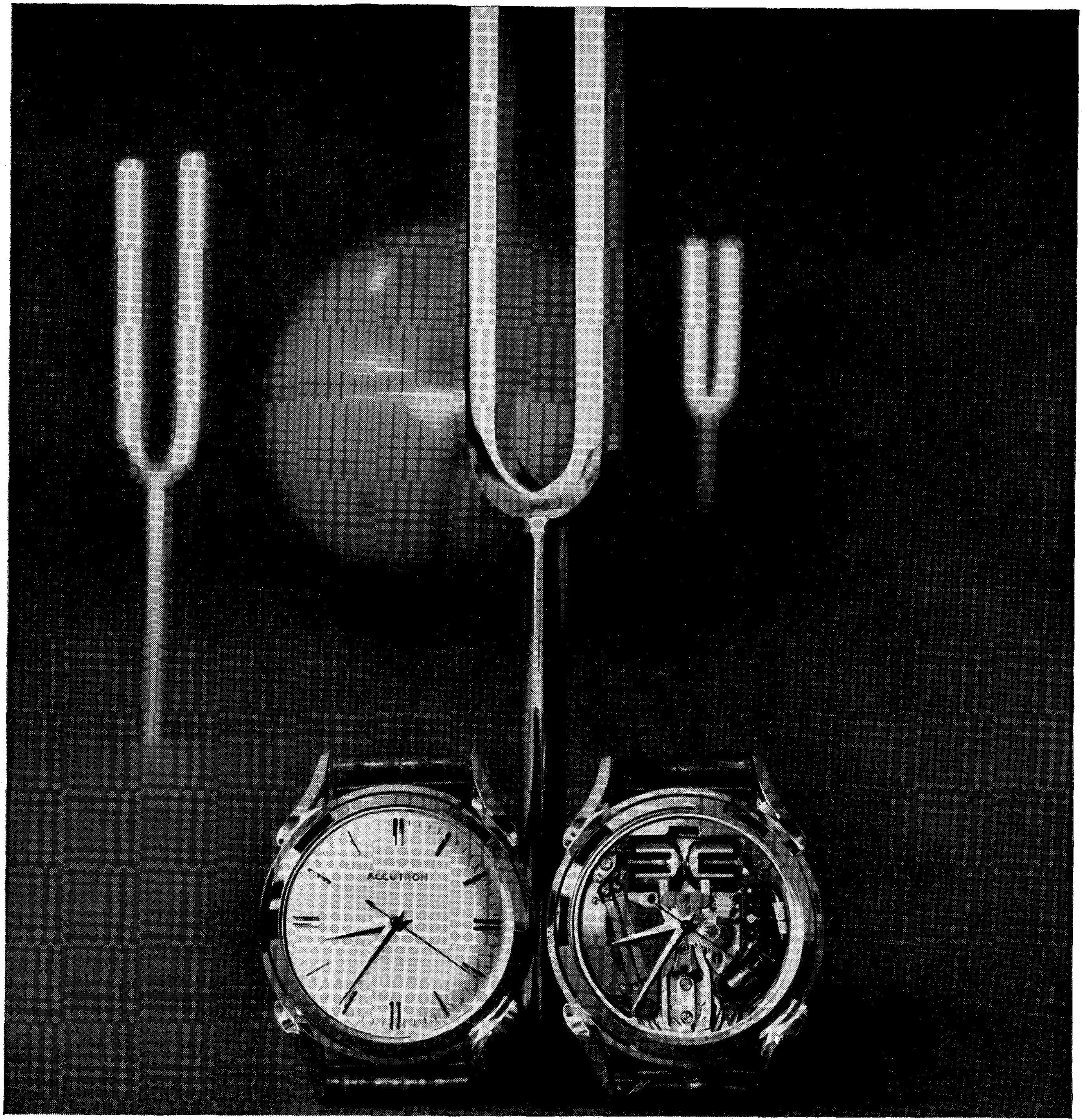

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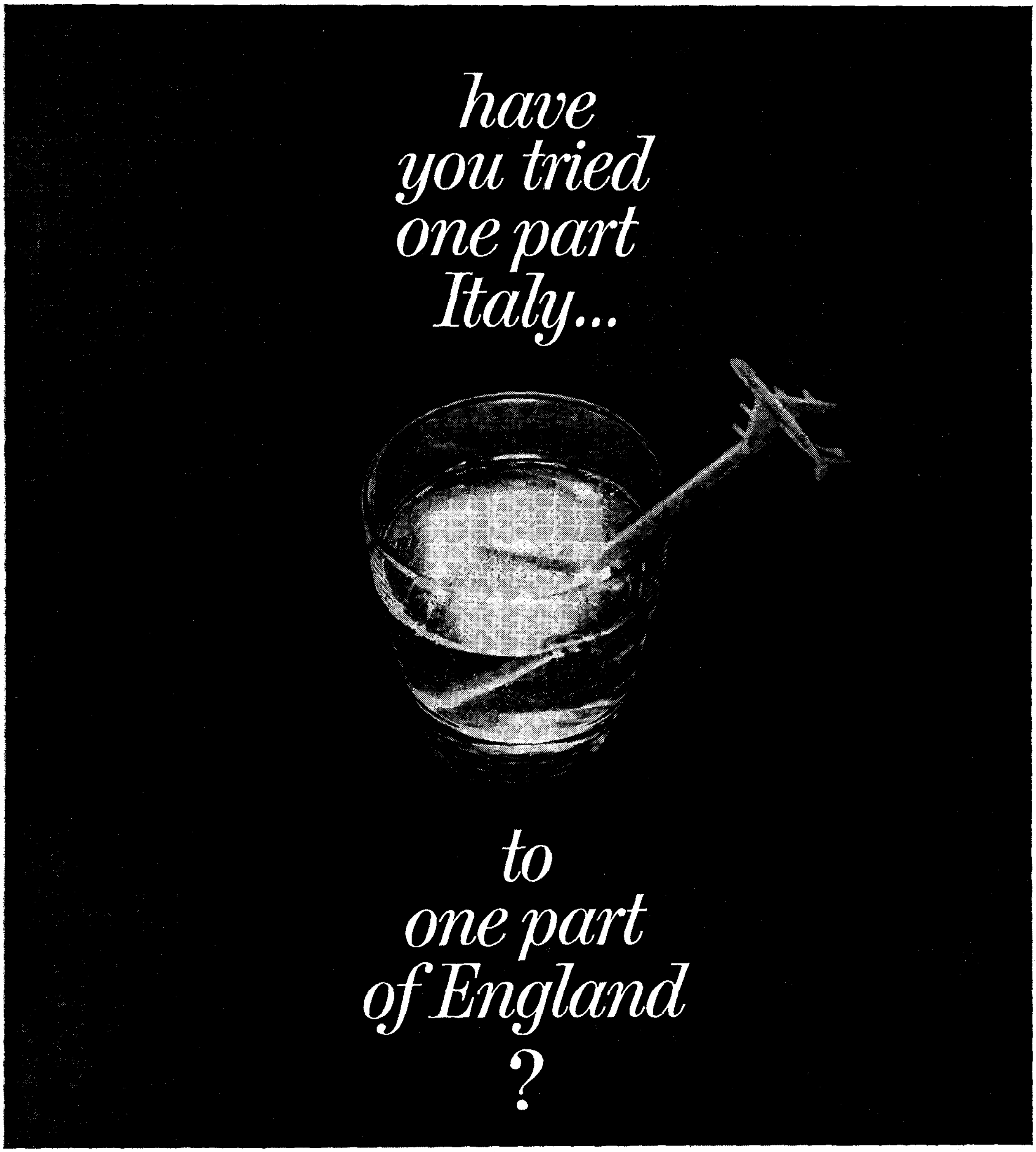

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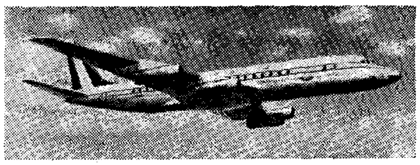

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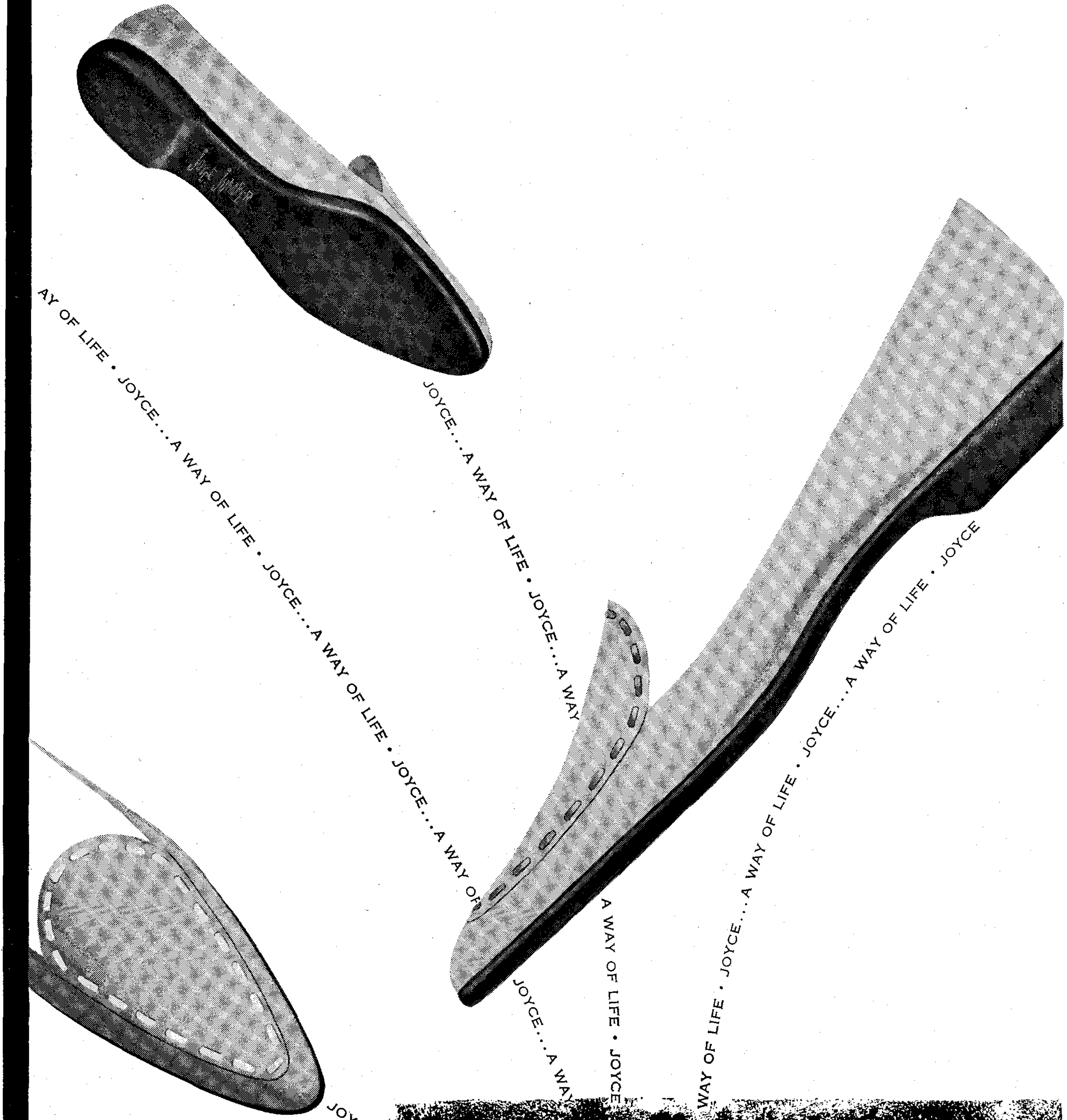
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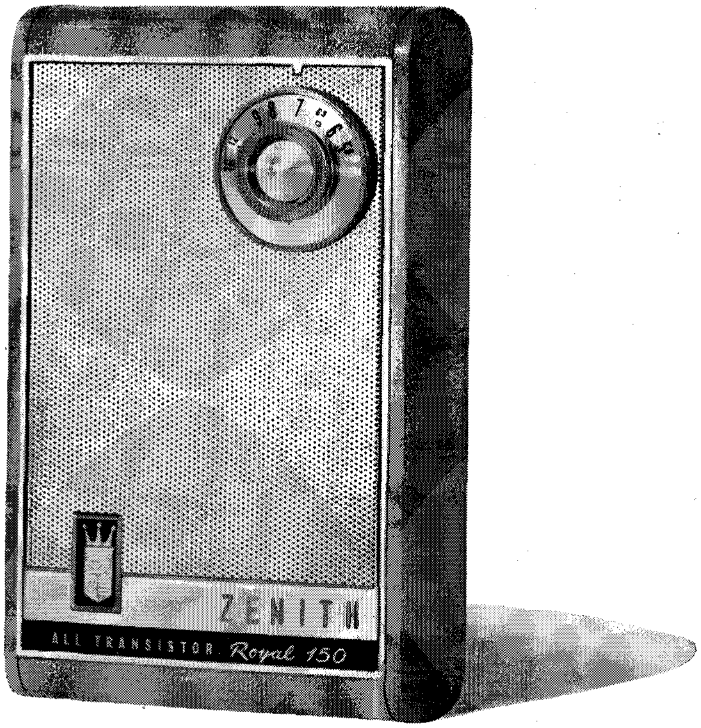

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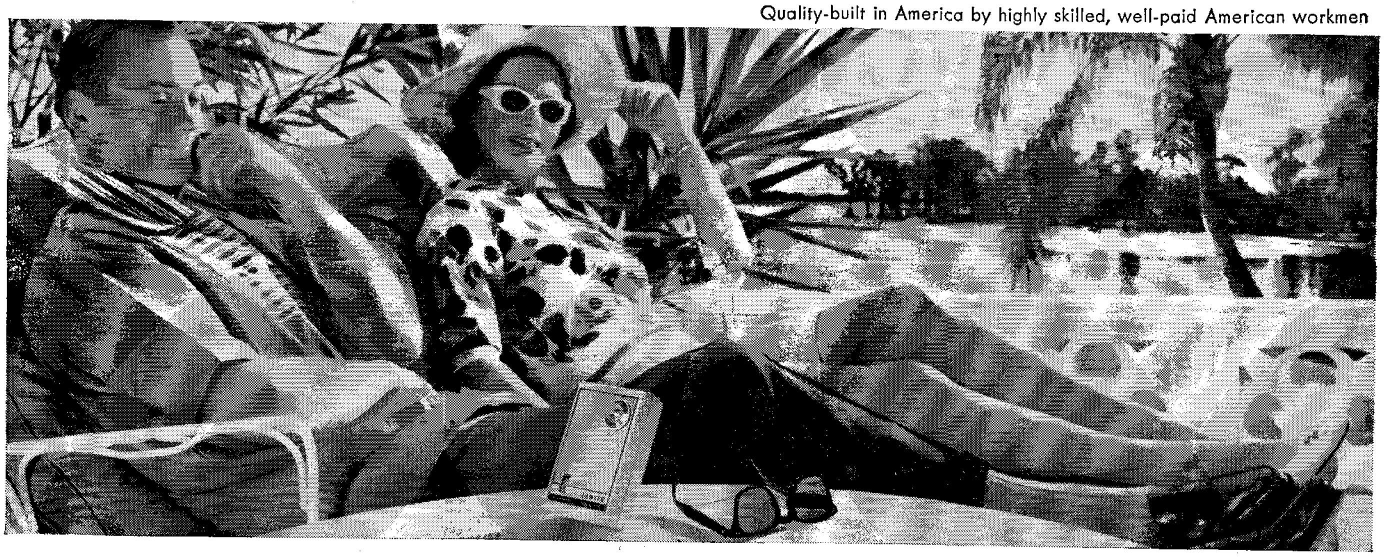

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GARDEN NOTE: A five-year-old lass of our acquaintance is convinced that Geiger counters are used for finding geraniums.

Museum Preview

WE'RE rarely involved in a project whose execution requires more than a few hours, so it's always a source of awe to us to run into a man who takes on an assignment that calls for decades to accomplish. Such a long-range planner is Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, chairman of the Department of Anthropology of the Museum of Natural History, who some fifteen years ago, when he was forty-four, conceived the idea of a Hall of the Biology of Man for his institution—one that would begin with a consideration of man's place in the process of evolution, his prehistoric ancestors, and the characteristics that relate him to and distinguish him from other forms of animal life, and go on to a detailed exposition of the workings of the human body. A grant from John D. Rockefeller III was obtained, and work on the actual exhibit, which will open Tuesday, started six years ago. We inspected it the other day, in the company of its progenitor, now a rangy, youthful fifty-nine. Threading our way among ladders, painters, and sawhorses, we paused at a twenty-one-by-fourteen-foot ceramic-tile mural that depicted, in a huge spiral, two billion years of evolution, from a simple one-celled creature to *Homo sapiens*. "Completely designed and fired at the Museum," Dr. Shapiro said, and proceeded to show us an assortment of fossil remains of prehistoric man. Accompanying these were fourteen sculptured reconstructions of prehistoric human heads, reflecting cranial development. "Here," he said, pointing to an empty space, "we will show how the human structure has been modified by the assuming of erect posture, how this affected the pelvis and the foot, and how the increased size of the brain affected the architecture of the skull. Now we come to living man."

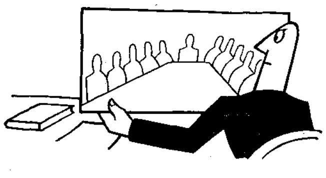
Throwing our shoulders back, we examined a plastic model of a basic cell, three feet in circumference, and went on to similarly gargantuan models of specialized nerve, bone, skin, muscle, and connective-tissue cells. Next came the reproductive system. "This will have a model of a uterus, beautifully carved, with Fallopian tubes and ovaries," Dr. S. said, of an empty case. "It will show the fertilized ovum moving from the ovary to the uterus. It will show the egg *moving*." *We* moved, next, to the development of the placenta, already installed, and the growth of the fetus. Real fetuses, preserved in plastic and ranging from nine weeks to seven months, were *in situ*, but the actual birth of the baby still awaited installation. Dr. Shapiro said that six plaster models would take care of this. Exhibits illustrating respiration, circulation, the workings of the nervous system, and so on followed; they included actual organs encased in plastic—a heart, a kidney, a pair of lungs—as well as some sensational enlargements. "We've enlarged one nephron two hundred times," Dr. Shapiro said, indicating a nine-foot-long tube surrounded by a network of capillaries. "The nephron is the functioning unit of the kidney. A kidney has around a million nephrons. This was a terrific technical job. Professor Jean Oliver, of the Downstate Medical Center, in Brooklyn, spent twenty-odd years teasing out a nephron. He turned over his working drawings to us."

We concluded our tour with a look at "Transparent Woman"—a life-size plastic model showing each of the lady's internal organs. "They'll light up in turn while a continuously playing recorded lecture explains their function and relationship," said Dr. S., opaque in tweed coat and flannel trousers. "This hall, devoted to organic man, is to be the first of five. The others will show human behavior, social organization, and the growth and development of civilization. They'll take *years* to produce."

We wished him a long life and departed.

Meetings

WHENEVER a new administration takes over in Washington, we're prompted to wonder how many of its leading figures already knew each other, how many had never met before. To satisfy our curiosity in this respect—and, we hope, provide a nice, complex footnote to future histories of the time—we've undertaken an examination of the Kennedy Cabinet, and what a beguiling crisscross of old and new relationships we've uncovered! To begin with the President, the only two members of his Cabinet whom he didn't know before he began thinking of them *for* the Cabinet were Dean Rusk and Robert S. McNamara—oddly, the men who were to fill what are generally considered the most important Cabinet posts. Mr. Rusk was invited to the Kennedys' home in Georgetown on December 8, 1960; the two men presumably hit it off, and Mr. Rusk's appointment as Secretary of State was announced on December 12th. Mr. McNamara was

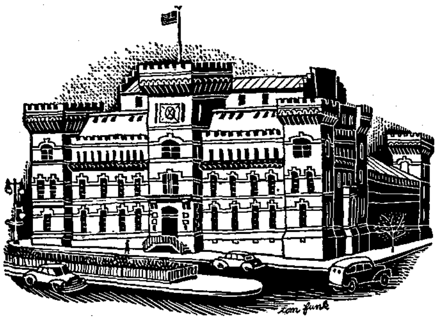


also invited to Georgetown on December 8th, and his appointment as Secretary of Defense followed in five days.

The eight remaining Cabinet members Mr. Kennedy has known for lengths of time ranging from thirty-two years—a fairly startling figure, for reasons that will become apparent—to almost two years. His almost-two-year-old friend is the Postmaster General, Mr. J. Edward Day, whom Mr. Kennedy met in Los Angeles in April, 1959, when he addressed a group of business and professional men called the Democratic Associates; Mr. Day, then a vice-president of the Prudential Insurance Company, was chairman of the group. Mr. Kennedy met his future Secretary of the Treasury at the commencement exercises at Harvard in June, 1956; C. Douglas Dillon, '31, was there in his official capacity as a member of the Board of Overseers, while John F. Kennedy, '40, was there to receive an honorary degree. A few weeks later, at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, Mr. Kennedy met his future Secretary of Commerce, Luther Hodges. Mr. Kennedy had been called to the platform to nominate Adlai Stevenson for President, and Mr. Hodges, then Governor of North Carolina, was on hand to second the nomination. Mr. Kennedy met Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall in 1955, during Udall's first term in Congress, and he met Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman that same year, when Freeman, then Governor of Minnesota, paid a visit to Washington. The President's friendship with Abraham A. Ribicoff, his Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, dates back to 1949, when they were both congressmen—Mr. Ribicoff a new boy and Mr. Kennedy a veteran of two years in the House. It was also in 1949 that the President encountered his Secretary of Labor, Arthur J. Goldberg, for the first time; Mr. Goldberg appeared as a witness before the House Education and Labor Committee, of which Congressman Kennedy was a member. The President was eight and a half years old when his brother, the Attorney General, was born, on November 20, 1925, but his earliest recollection of him goes back only thirty-two years. (Taking one's time about becoming aware of additions to the family group is perhaps a characteristic of big families; in any event, the President has been quoted as saying, in all seriousness, "The first time I remember meeting Bobby was when he was three and a half, one summer on the Cape.") Mr. Kennedy met his Vice-President, who attends all Cabinet meetings, in 1953, shortly after being elected to the Senate. Lyndon B. Johnson was, of course, already a prominent figure there.

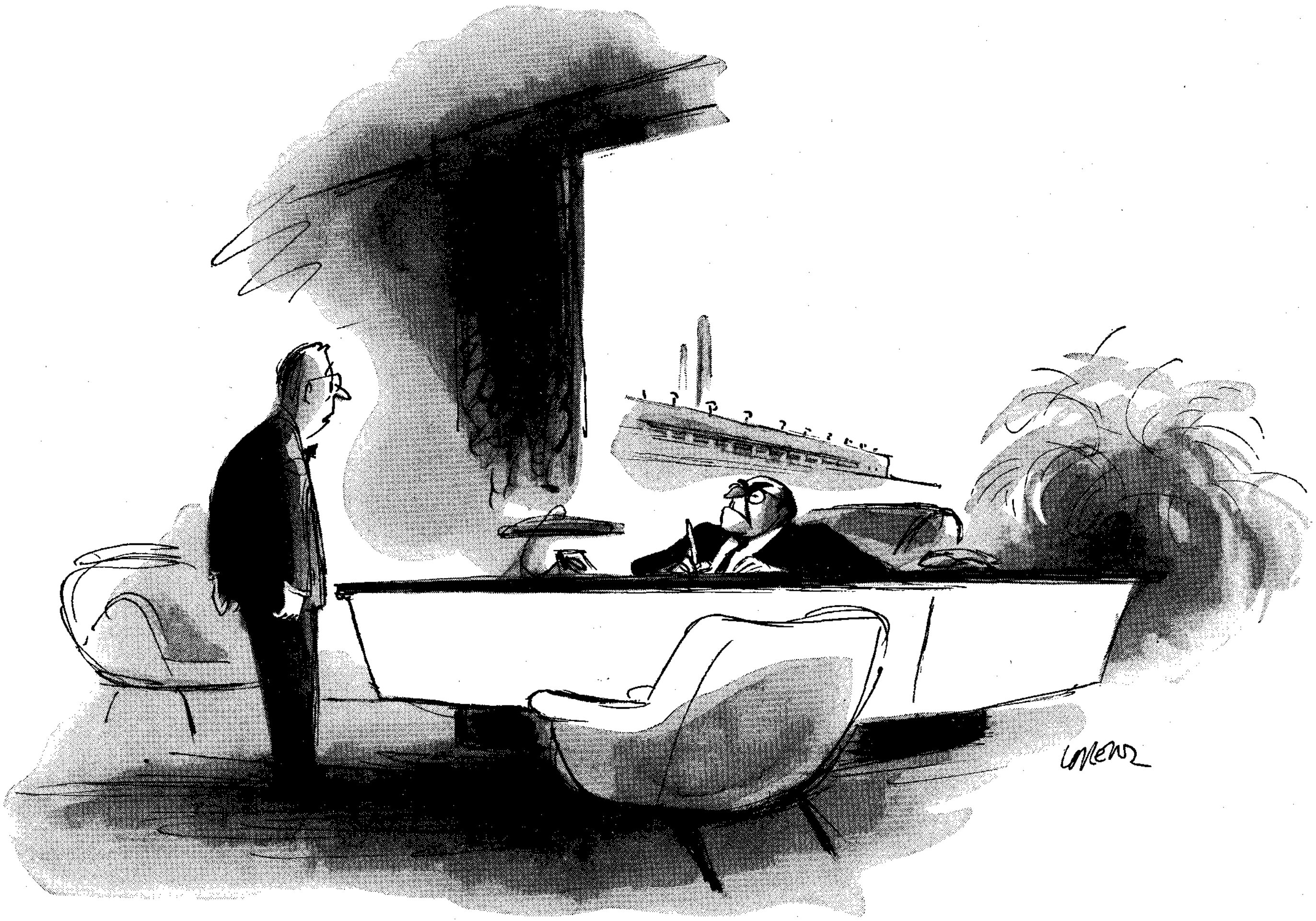
The present Vice-President of the United States met the then vice-president of Prudential during a visit to Los Angeles in October, 1960, and the rest of the Cabinet he met in Washington: Mr. Rusk in 1948, when the Secretary of State was Director of the State Department's Office of United Nations Affairs; the Messrs. Ribicoff and Freeman in 1949, the former being, as we have seen, a Congressional newcomer, and the latter having come to Washington in his role as State Chairman of the Minnesota Democratic Party; the Messrs. Goldberg and Hodges in 1950, when they were in and out of Washington as private citizens; Robert Kennedy in 1953, when he was appointed assistant counsel to the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations; Congressman Udall in 1955; Mr. Dillon in 1957, when he retired as Ambassador to France in order to enter the State Department; and Mr. McNamara late last December, just after his appointment to Defense.

Mr. Rusk met Mr. Ribicoff in 1949, when, as Assistant Secretary of State, he testified before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, of which Congressman Ribicoff was a member; met Mr. Hodges in 1956, when, as president of the Rockefeller Foundation, he journeyed down to Raleigh to talk over some notions about higher education with the North Carolina State Board of Higher Education, of which Governor Hodges was the ex-officio director; met Congressman Udall in 1959, at a private foreign-policy conference held at the Cosmos Club, in Washington; and met Mr. Dillon, a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held in Williamsburg on December 6 and 7, 1960—a meeting from which Mr. Rusk proceeded to Georgetown and his new destiny. (At the time, Mr. Dillon was being much more prominently mentioned than Mr. Rusk as a candidate for Secretary of State.) Mr. Rusk met Robert Kennedy and Robert McNamara later in December, and met the Messrs. Freeman, Day, and Goldberg on Sunday, January 15th, at a brunch party given by Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg at their home in Washington. This brunch—a regular Sunday-morning affair *chez* Goldberg, at which sturgeon, lox, bagels, and eggs are served, washed down with coffee and screwdrivers—was also the occasion of the first meetings of the Messrs. Day and Goldberg, Day and Udall, and Udall and Goldberg.



Mr. Dillon first met Mr. Ribicoff when the latter, risen from congressman to Governor of Connecticut, attended the 1957 Governors' Conference, at Williamsburg, at which Mr. Dillon, then Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, delivered an address. Mr. Dillon met Mr. Udall in the spring of 1959, at a foreign-policy seminar for freshman congressmen, of which the (by this time) old Congress hand Udall was one of the sponsors; met Governor Freeman that same spring, at a National Conference on International Economic and Social Development; and met Governor Hodges four months later, in the course of bringing President Eisenhower's greetings to the 1959 Governors' Conference, held in Puerto Rico. Mr. Dillon met Mr. Goldberg in May, 1960, when Mr. Goldberg turned up at the State Department to help settle a longshoremen's strike against an Egyptian ship, the Cleopatra, languishing in the harbor here, and he was introduced to Robert Kennedy in June at a dinner party given by the pundit Joseph Alsop at his home in Georgetown, but it wasn't until the morning of the Inauguration that he met the Messrs. McNamara and Day; this tardy encounter took place in the President's Room at the Capitol, where the Cabinet members gathered before marching out through the rotunda to the Inaugural platform. The President's Room was also the scene of first meetings between Mr. McNamara and the Messrs. Day, Udall, Freeman, Hodges, and Ribicoff; between Mr. Day and the Messrs. Hodges and Ribicoff; and between Mr. Udall and Mr. Hodges. Think of the handshakings that must have gone on! It makes us wince.

Mr. McNamara and Robert Kennedy had met on December 13th, which was the occasion of Mr. McNamara's second visit to the President-Elect's house in Georgetown and the day his appointment to the Cabinet was announced, and Mr. McNamara and Mr. Goldberg had met early in January. Robert Kennedy met Mr.



"Gee, Dad, why can't I finalize something once in a while?"

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Day on December 16th, when the two men, accompanied by a representative selection of Robert's children, flew down to Palm Beach in the Caroline. Mr. Day's appointment was announced the following day. Robert Kennedy made Mr. Goldberg's acquaintance over lunch at the Metropolitan Club, in Washington, in 1953, when Mr. Goldberg was counsel to the Ethical Practices Committee of the C.I.O. Robert met his colleagues Hodges and Ribicoff at the 1956 Convention and his colleagues Udall and Freeman at the 1960 Convention, which was also where Mr. Udall met Mr. Ribicoff. Mr. Freeman met Mr. Goldberg in 1948, at the home of friends in Washington; met his then fellow-Governors Ribicoff and Hodges at the 1955 Governors' Conference, in Chicago—this was also the occasion that brought Mr. Ribicoff and Mr. Hodges together for the first time—and met Mr. Udall when the latter delivered a pro-Kennedy speech at the Minnesota State Democratic Convention in the spring of 1960. He met Mr. Day at a dinner at the Hotel Sheraton-Park, in Washington, six days before the Inauguration.

Mr. Goldberg met Mr. Hodges in a pleasantly conventional fashion toward the middle of January, over lunch in the executive dining room of the Department of Commerce, and met Mr. Ribicoff in a pleasantly unconventional fashion when, one day shortly before *the* day, Governor Ribicoff came up behind Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg as they were strolling along the street outside the Mayflower Hotel and introduced himself.

We top off this thick plumcake of a footnote with Adlai Stevenson, who, as United States Ambassador to the United Nations, isn't a member of the Cabinet but who, by order of President Kennedy, enjoys a Cabinet rank second only to Dean Rusk's and is entitled to attend all Cabinet meetings. Mr. Stevenson and the Vice-President share the distinction of having known the greatest number of their colleagues in pre-Cabinet days; both men knew not only the President and each other but nine of the ten members of the Cabinet. Mr. Stevenson met the Vice-President way back in 1933, when Mr. Stevenson was working in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and Mr. Johnson was secretary to Congressman Richard M. Kleberg. Mr. Stevenson met Mr. Day and Mr. Goldberg in 1939, when he and they were practicing law in Chicago; met Mr. Dillon in 1941, in Washington; met Mr. Rusk in 1945, also in Washington; and met Mr. Ribicoff in the early hours of the morning of January 21, 1949, in the lobby of the Hotel Statler, after the Truman Inaugural Ball. Mr. Stevenson met Mr. Hodges and Mr. Freeman at the 1952 Democratic Convention, shook Mr. Udall's hand while campaigning in Tucson that fall, met Robert Kennedy in the course of the 1956 campaign, and met Mr. McNamara in the handshaking festival on Inauguration Day. As for the President, Mr. Stevenson first met him in San Francisco in 1945; Mr. Stevenson was serving as a delegate to the first United Nations Conference, and a tall young man, formerly a lieutenant commander in the South Pacific, dropped in to watch the proceedings.

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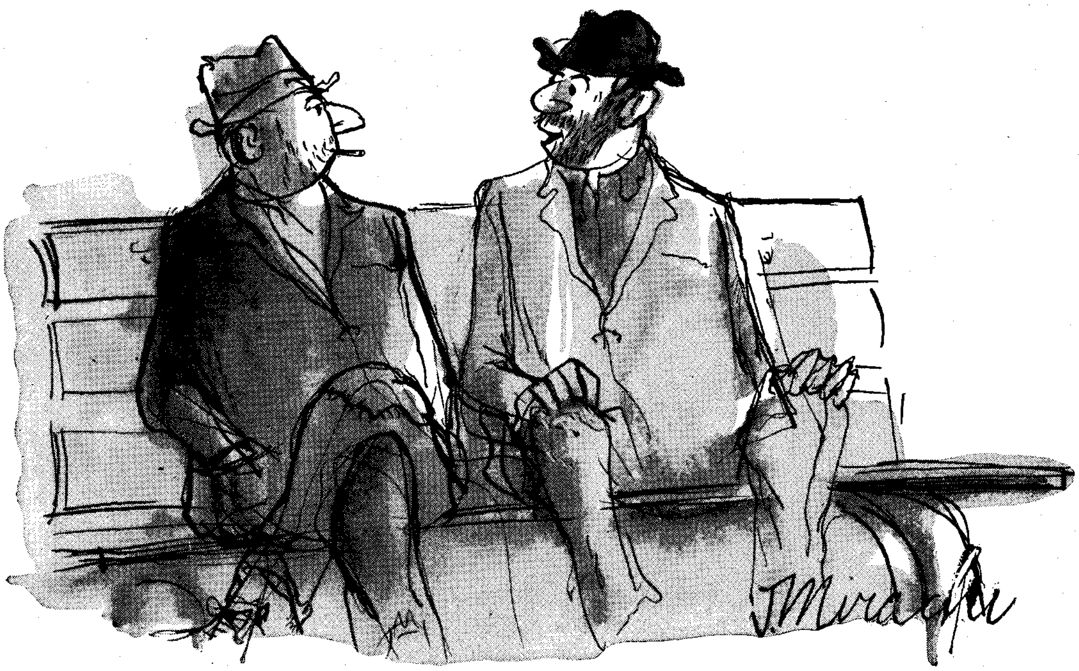
MEN and women who are handy around the house may wish to take note of a shop on Third Avenue, just below Twenty-fifth Street, in



"I enjoy talking to a man like you."

whose window is a sign that says: "WE FIX ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS."

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Henny

WHEN, last week, we received an austerely engraved invitation to the Plaza's Persian Room to see Henny Youngman, the first stand-up comedian to be engaged there since the place opened, in 1934, we determined to nab Mr. Youngman a couple of days before his historic appearance. We found him in his favorite hangout, the Stage Delicatessen, at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, wearing a black mohair suit, a white voile shirt, and a black-and-maroon striped necktie. He was drinking coffee, eating a macaroon, smoking a cigarette, and haranguing his table companion, who was the Stage's owner, Max Asnas. Mr. Asnas, as everybody in show biz knows, is small and round, and has the voice of a frog. Youngman, as everybody in show biz also knows, is a big, awkward, good-natured, warmhearted, mannish-looking boy of fifty-five and the favorite comedian of most old-school, pre-intellectual comedians.

"Max, where you going to eat?" Youngman was saying. "Go to the Colony, Max."

Max stayed put, and we sat down.

"Henny, did you hear the story of the wife who says to her husband—" Max began.

"Probably," Youngman interrupted. To us he said, "I've got the biggest collection of wife jokes. One-liners. Short jokes. I believe in making them short. Short and plain, so people don't have to figure out too much. Like 'You take my wife. Please.' "

We laughed.

Youngman looked happy. " 'My wife has an even disposition. Miserable all the time,' " he said.

We laughed.

Youngman looked happier. " 'My wife is on a diet of coconuts and bananas. She hasn't lost any weight, but can she climb a tree!' I make them short and plain. I go after the masses."

"Why?" we asked.

"The masses deserve it," he said. "Besides, I discovered thirty years ago, when I started in this business, that if I told long jokes and they flopped, I used up all the time I was on, so I made everything brief. Like 'Look at my mohair suit. It used to take three years to get a suit shiny, and now you buy it ready-made shiny.' If it flops, I'm in the middle of telling another one anyway. It's my style. I started it on my first job in the mountains, at the Swan Lake Inn, which was owned by my cousin Herman Davis."

"You think he started with strangers?" Max said to us. "He started with *relatives!*"

"It's much harder with relatives," Youngman said. "You have to be funny all day long. I've been very lucky, the way I've always been able to break up the guys in our business. Red Skelton is wonderful. When he meets me on the street, he kisses me. If a guy is funny, I holler. Milton Berle always mentions my name for luck. Max," he said to Asnas, who was smiling dreamily, "steal me a hunk of cake."

Max obligingly went off, and Youngman continued, "I know Max over thirty years. He used to feed me when I was broke. My daughter lives right around the corner. We eat at the Stage. She's married to Jack Kelly, the jazz pianist. I have a grandson, Larry. Four. The love of my life. Every time I'm back from the road, I stop in to see Max. I just came back from Milwaukee, where I appeared at a wedding. A fabulous affair, at the Brynwood Country Club. Somebody in the padlock business. His daughter. I was paid fifteen hundred dollars, plus expenses. I gave them a good time. I talked about my marriage. I said, 'Every man should be happily married whether he likes it or not.' I talk that way naturally. It's my style. You have to have a backlog of jokes that can be used any time."

"When did you start?" we asked.

"In London, March 16, 1906, my birthday."

Max placed a dish of glossy brown raisin-studded pastries, glistening like high varnish, before him, and went away.

"We moved to Brooklyn when I was six months old," Youngman said. "My father was a display-card writer for Martin's Department Store. My mother used to be a schoolteacher in Riga, Latvia. Mama is the life-of-the-party type. She's in her eighties, lives in our old house in Borough Park, not too far from my home, on Ocean Avenue, and often travels around the country with me and Sadie, my wife, when I'm on the road. We drive to Vegas. For twenty-five years I wouldn't fly. On account of my religion. I'm a devout coward. Mama is quite a clown. She's always on. She's got jokes like 'Two elderly women meet, and the first says, "What did you do to your hair? It looks like a wig." The second old lady says, "It *is* a wig." So the first says, "You know, you could never tell!" ' I was brought up in Bay Ridge. I took up the fiddle at twelve and studied for nine years, with Mr. DiTrinis, who had a big, elegant Italian mustache and wore tails for my lessons. I went to P.S. 2 and then to Manual Training High School. I was always breaking up the class saying funny things, and was supposed to go to the detention room in the basement. Instead, I always went to the Prospect Theatre or Loew's Metropolitan, for fifteen cents, and later to the Palace. I memorized everybody's act—Eddie Cantor, Lou Holtz, Frank Tinney, Al Jolson, George Jessel, Dave Vine, Pat Rooney. At parties, I was always a riot, doing the acts, and I couldn't keep quiet in high school. So I was thrown out and went to Brooklyn Vocational High School and learned printing. I used to print cards for musicians and sell them two hundred for a dollar. I played fiddle at weddings and dances. Then I got a job on one of the smaller vaudeville circuits, Al & Belle Dow—it hit places like Shamokin, P-a.—for forty dollars a week. I played the Kentucky Club, was house m.c. at the Brooklyn Fox, and in 1930 I worked in the Yacht Club. I was an overnight sensation with all the material I had gathered for the past eight years. Like 'I'll never forget the day I was born. I cried like a baby.' "

He was interrupted by a pat on the cheek from a lean man, who asked him what his act at the Persian Room was going to include.

"Same formula," Youngman said. "The fiddle, tell jokes, talk topical. I'll tell some new Off Broadway jokes. Like 'I got in a cab and said, "Take me to an Off Broadway theatre," and the driver said, "You're *in* one." ' "

The well-wisher gave him another pat on the cheek.

"How did your engagement at the Plaza come about?" we asked as the well-wisher took off.

"I was the first one who had the nerve to ask for the job," Youngman said. "I called up Neal Lang, the manager of the Plaza, and said, 'Why don't you put a comedian in?' He said, 'When you're in the neighborhood, drop in to see me and we'll talk about it.' I said, 'I'm *in* the neighborhood. I'm downstairs.' So we talked. Any one of the stand-up comedians could play there. All they have to do is put on tails in respect to the image of the fabulous chantootsies. Berle, Jessel, Jan Murray, Archie Robbins, Syd Gould, Harvey Stone, Morey Amsterdam, Jack Durant, Don Tannen, Jack Waldron. All great comedians."

We were joined by an apple-cheeked young man with thick, gleaming black hair in a modified Kookie Byrnes style, who wore an approximation of a black mohair suit, an approximation of a white voile shirt, and a dark necktie. Youngman drew him down to the table. "Dave Vine," he said, introducing us. "He wants to be a comedian. Billy Vine, Dave's father, who just passed away, was a great comedian." He turned to Vine and said, "I used to see your grandfather, the first Dave Vine, in vaudeville. I'll never forget the way he used to come out carrying his cap, his coat, his galoshes, and he'd say—"

" 'I don't trust those actors back there!' " Dave Vine said, in chorus with Youngman. "I never saw him, but I heard about it."

"Why do you want to be a comedian?" Youngman asked, and immediately gave his own answer. " 'It's better than working.' The only reason I won't discourage you is I know you were brought up in the business."

"It's something I love," Dave Vine said. "I'm getting up a routine to go out with to the hotels in the country this spring and summer."

"Remember, you've got to come out and do jokes reasonable for your age," Youngman said. "About college. About rock 'n' roll. You can't do wife jokes."

"I have a kid-brother joke," Dave Vine said politely.

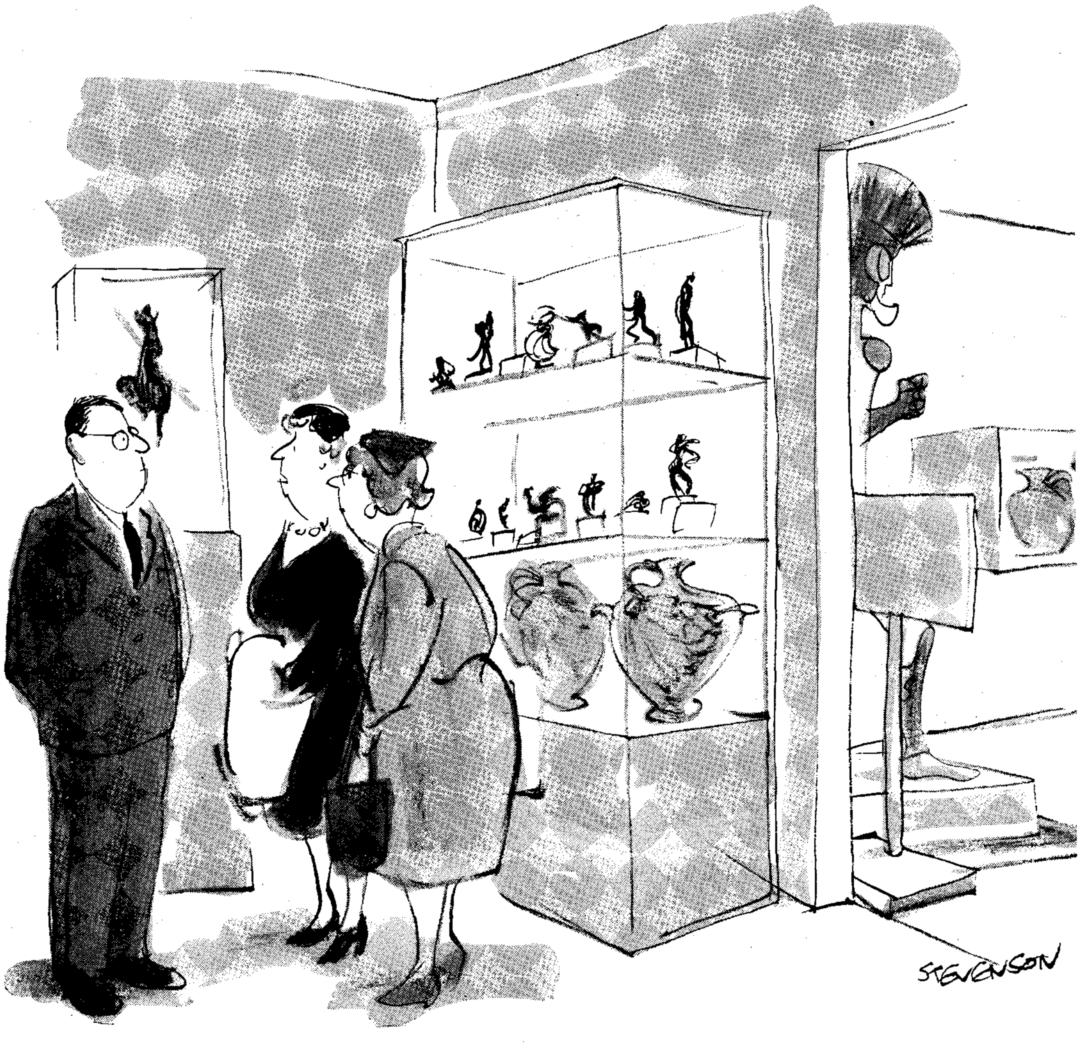
"Speak right into the mike," Youngman said, offering him a round, varnished pastry on a fork.

"I come out and say, 'How do you like this outfit I'm wearing? It's my brother's. His hunting outfit. He's *hunting* for it.' "

Youngman laughed. "Add 'I got up *earlier* than my brother,' " he said. "Make it plain."

Objects

A RATHER formal Englishman, a friend of ours who is giving some lectures at Harvard, took several of his shirts and stiff collars to a laundry in Cambridge the other day and was waited on by a teen-age girl whose high standard of courtesy is a thing of which her fellow-countrymen can all be proud. After staring at the collars and turning them over and over in her pretty little hands, she said softly, "And what, may I ask, sir, please, are these?"



"Are most of these genuine?"

PLUS ÇA CHANGE

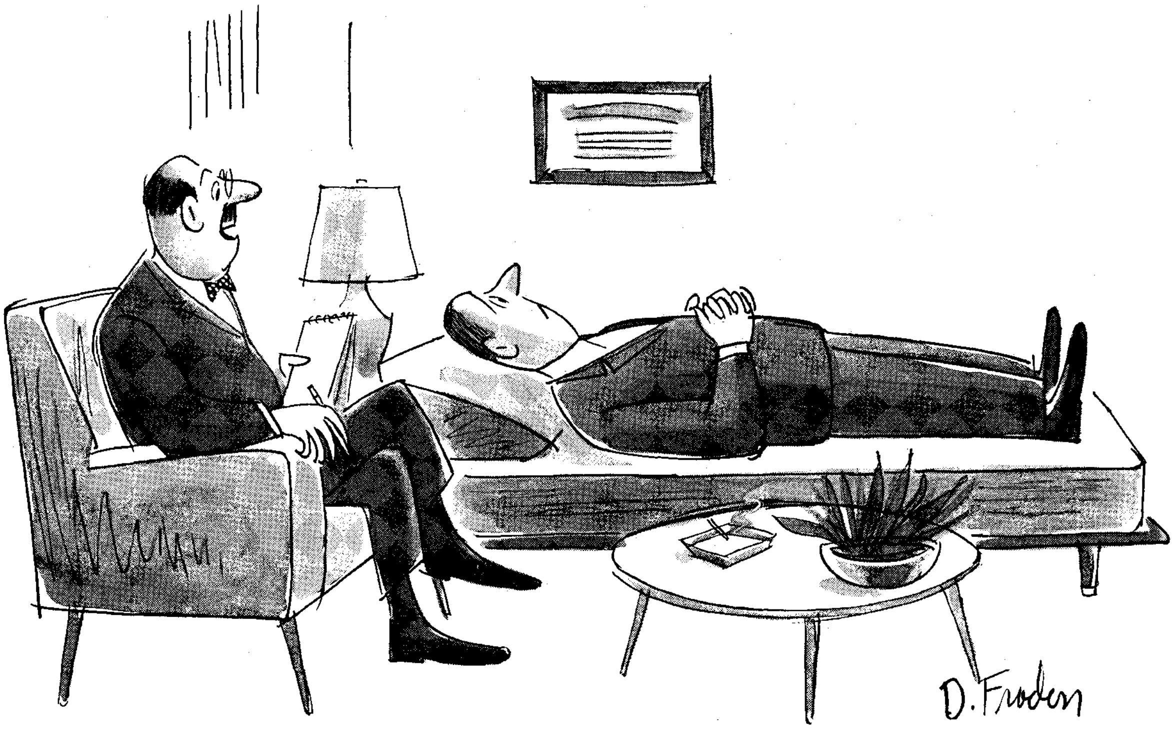
OF all the hamlets strung along the Delaware River between Trenton and the Water Gap, none, I daresay, offers less sustenance to the eye or spirit than Loutsville, New Jersey. From whatever quarter of the compass one approaches it, one is seized by an almost palpable miasma, an ineradicable conviction of doom. The main street, a sombre parade of groceries, lunchrooms, and package stores, straggles a scant two blocks from a taproom at one end of town to an alehouse at the other, and the inhabitants, as a rule, follow suit. Most of them, while ambulatory, are too spent to engage in physical labor, and, in any case, Loutsville's economy—a chicken hatchery and a weaving mill—is so flaccid that it absorbs only a handful of the townsfolk. The remainder either circulate about mournfully chronicling their operations, past and impending, or congregate in the taverns to discuss their eligibility for relief. The prospect of attaining it in Loutsville, save in the narrowest material sense, is nil.

I was all the more startled, therefore, to detect a slight but unmistakable aura of change in the place on returning to it recently from a sojourn abroad. In three decades of residence across the river in Pennsylvania, I had come to accept Loutsville's stagnation as inevitable and progressive, and what I saw electrified me. A new five-and-ten-cent store, with a façade of mustard-yellow asphalt shingles that dizzied the vision, had blossomed out of the erstwhile barbershop. Next to it was a gay little boutique of chromework and plate glass housing a cut-rate dry cleaner, and, cheek by jowl, a matching jewel box, curtained in asbestos, occupied by a dance instructor. It seemed a dubious augury that the three should be closed in midmorning—bankrupt a month after their inception, I discovered later—but they certainly spruced up the thoroughfare. The wave of renovation, it developed on further scrutiny, had also engulfed Brimmer's stationery store, in the adjoining block. The entrance had been refurbished in knotty pine, a display of green plastic tableware had been substituted for the sun-baked caramels in the window, and a gaudy nut-roasting machine, its enamel pans heaped with cashews, had been installed near the cash register. Mr. Brimmer, apart from a new set of dentures, appeared unchanged; peering through the door, I could see him still propped up against a showcase like one of Madame Tussaud's waxworks, staring into infinity and brooding over his pancreas.

The major alteration wrought in my absence, though, greeted me when I reached my objective, the Loutsville National Bank. A morose little dungeon with a brown sandstone front, the bank had crouched for years between the town pharmacy and an extravagant Victorian dwelling, all gingerbread, stained glass, and castellated turrets. The tenants of the latter, a series of osteopaths and chiropractors, had been successively disbarred for malpractice, and a series of Third Avenue decorators had plundered the house of its curlicues. On its former site I now beheld a drive-in area contiguous to the bank, presumably enabling depositors to transact their affairs at the wheel. A stark cement-block wing, resembling a bomb shelter, debouched into it; visible within, a hairless young man was tallying long strips of lollipops kept as *douceurs* for clients' children. To lend an air of consequence to the parent structure, there had also been added an ante-bellum portico of fake brickwork supported by four gigantic columns. The effect, if not quite as impressive, was strikingly reminiscent of a West Coast tourist attraction I remembered from the thirties—Eddie Cantor's mansion in Beverly Hills. Resolved to kick aside any aged servitors who might accost me knuckling their polls, I strode up to it, shouldered open the fourteen-foot door, and stepped into the vestibule.

The contrast between the showy exterior and the havoc inside was, to put it mildly, formidable. All that remained of the bank as I had last known it was the vault; the rest—the tellers' cages, the bookkeeping section, the executive cubicles—had been demolished, leaving an echoing rectangular void littered with rubble. Off in a corner, an enclosure improvised from several sawhorses displayed a sign identifying it as the manager's temporary office. The official behind the desk, a plump, tallowy party with eyes of flint and a permanent frown stencilled on his forehead, bore no resemblance to the fatherly old gentleman who

"If you don't like my hat, say so! But stop calling me Comrade!"



"What makes you think Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and all that bunch are so happy?"

had humored my overdrafts in the past. As he shifted his gaze from the caller he was engaged with, I felt a current of Arctic air pass between us.

"Yes—what's the difficulty?" he demanded, with the clear implication that, whatever it was, it was insuperable.

"Why—er—nothing, actually," I said, feigning the type of insouciance spies exhibit near fortifications. "I—I merely wanted your advice about a financial matter, so to speak."

"Involving a loan?" he asked suspiciously.

I gave him a coy blend of smirk and shrug to signify that even if it did, the amount at stake was paltry.

He nodded toward an adjacent chair. "Be right with you," he said, and turned back to resume his colloquy. "Now, then, Schwabacher, what were you saying about those ball-points?"

"Just this, Mr. Cheesewright," said the other, leaning forward earnestly. "Nadir Novelty's been supplying banks and business houses across the nation with giveaways for building customer confidence since 1959, but we've never had such sensational results with an item. I tell you, depositors go wild about it, and no wonder. Think of it—a pen with a gauge that shows exactly how much they've got in their account!"

"Humph," said Cheesewright, openly skeptical. "Let's have a look at it."

"Coming up," said Schwabacher. He dug into the briefcase in his lap and extracted a pen with a serrated protuberance on its cap. "See this tiny celluloid dial with the numbers? Well, each time you add to or subtract from your checking account, you twist the dial to conform, giving you a handy, instantaneous report on where you stand."

"Yes, and everybody else in town," the manager grunted. "We may be a small community here, Schwabacher, but we're self-respecting. Take that man there," he said, jerking his thumb in my direction. "God knows whether he's solvent or not, but he'd like us to think so. Suppose he had a pen sticking out of his pocket showing a balance of only thirty-seven dollars?"

The figure was so close to my own estimate that I felt a sudden mantle of perspiration spring to my face. Fortunately, both Cheesewright and the salesman were too absorbed to notice, and plunged into discussion of an alternative souvenir—a plastic thermometer, the gradations of which were measured in dollar signs. This the banker vetoed as equally unfeasible; whenever the temperature dropped, he declared, the recipient would be unpleasantly reminded of imminent penury and might visit his spleen on the donor. Confronted with such monolithic sales resistance, Schwabacher threw in the sponge. He uttered a sharp animadversion on the ingrained conservatism of rural financiers and their crabbed refusal to move with the times, and, zipping up his briefcase, flung out.

The interview had evidently had a salutary effect on Cheesewright's spirits, for when he swung around toward me his scowl had vanished. "That young man's a hustler," he commented. "He's got gumption, which is more than most of these spineless chumps you see hereabouts. I like to do business with a live wire, even if I don't buy anything."

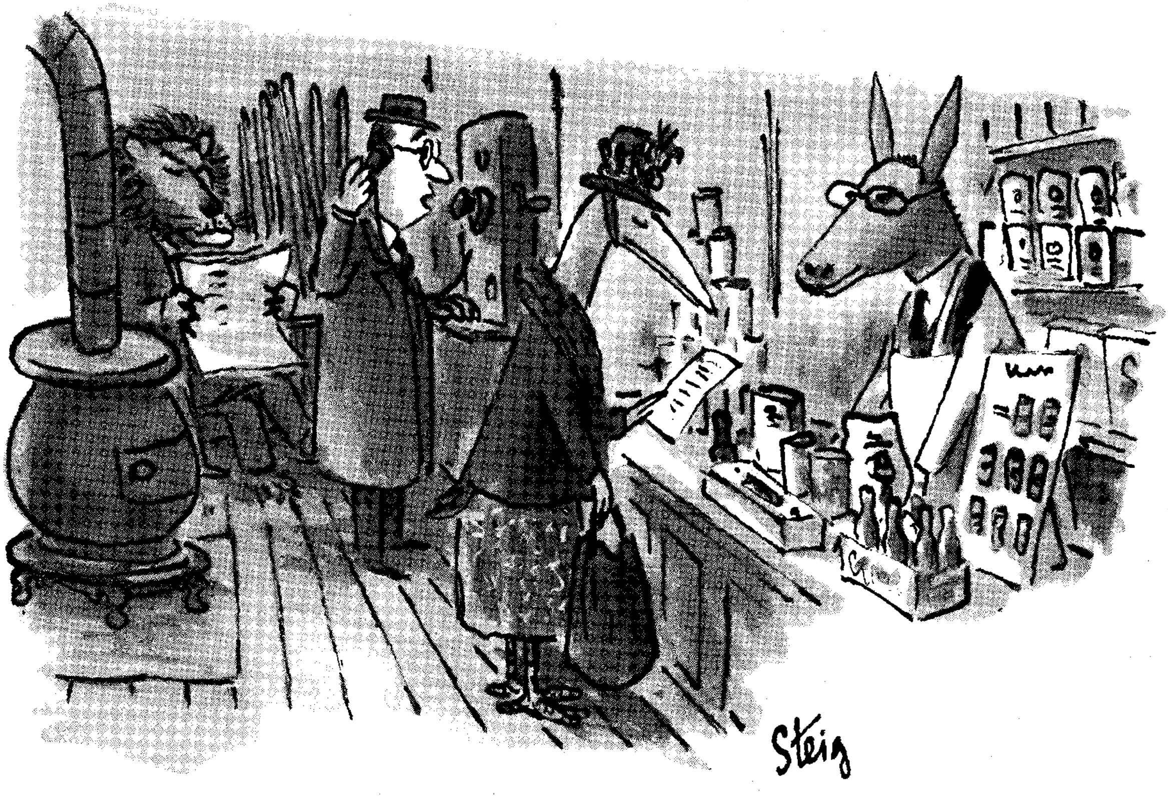
Unable to grasp his logic but eager to ingratiate myself, I hastened to agree. "A person's got to be an awful good judge of character in your job, I bet," I said, with warm understanding. "Well, sir, I tell you the reason I dropped in. I had in mind to buy a television set, to replace one that was stolen, and I wondered if you—that is, the bank, or you acting in behalf of the bank, I mean, you being the manager, or, rather, the successor to the manager I used to know, Mr. Pindyke, and a lovely man he was, too—so I hoped, or, rather, wondered, whether the bank as a whole, and you as a whole, would be agreeable . . ." My throat constricted under his unwavering gaze, and I croaked wordlessly.

"You wish us to finance the set—that it?" asked Cheesewright, his eyebrows starting to beetle again. I nodded brightly, and there was an ominous pause. "What assurance do we have that you could meet the payments?"

"Well," I said, bridling, "after all, I'm hardly a stranger in these parts. I've been a depositor here twenty-five years—bought two cars through you people—"

"O.K., no need to fly off the handle," he said, and opened the filing cabinet at his elbow. "We'll soon determine the truth of that." Half expecting him to produce a lie detector, I was somewhat relieved to see a manila folder emerge. "Your name?"

I told him, and by the time he had finished deliberating over the flimsy summarizing my history, I knew I was on a lee shore and breaking up fast. The expression on his face as he glanced up, nevertheless, was not quite as merciless as I anticipated. He seemed a trifle puzzled. "These automobiles you spoke of," he said. "You're aware, of course, that they were second-hand?" I blinked at him, vainly trying to comprehend the relevance of his question. "What I'm



"Nobody here seems to know how I can get back on Route 22."

getting at," he pursued, "is that in each case you chose to buy a second-hand car rather than a new one. Is that correct?"

"I—I guess I couldn't afford anything else at the time."

"Nonsense," said Cheesewright harshly. "It's got nothing to do with money—you're simply averse to improving your standard of living. Look at this transaction back in '53, for instance. Why did you purchase a used refrigerator?"

"They stole our other one," I faltered.

"That place of yours is certainly a robbers' den," he observed. "You ask me, I'd say you were a pretty poor risk for a new TV set. . . . It *was* a new one you wanted to buy, wasn't it?"

"Why—er—not exactly," I said, feeling my cheeks grow pink. "I mean, the party that had it took excellent care of it. The cabinet just gleams."

"There you are!" Cheesewright's tone was triumphant. "Precisely my point! You don't want the better things of life—you're content with the slapdash, the makeshift, the second-rate. Where's your pride, man?"

"Gee whillikers, you may be right," I confessed sheepishly. "My wife always says I settle for skimmed milk instead of cream."

"That woman knows you inside out," he asserted. "You got to expand your horizons, get a whole fresh approach. What about a nice little sailboat to skim up and down the Delaware, for example? Or a new pool for your guests to splash around in, come the dog days?"

"Say, that sounds nifty," I said. "Well, by George! I didn't realize you folks were prepared to loan money for luxuries like those."

"Who said we were?" asked Cheesewright, instantly glacial.

"But I understood you to say—"

"I don't know what you understood, Buster," he broke in. "I'll tell you this much, however. If you think we stay in business by financing second-hand TV sets for every passing hayseed, you're in the wrong pew. Furthermore, it's mighty lucky you came in when you did, or I'd have had to issue a summons for you." He held out the flimsy, stabbing his forefinger at a notation. "Here, look at this."

The entry was succinct and unequivocal. Far from possessing a balance of thirty-six dollars, I owed the bank a sum slightly in excess of four hundred and ninety. The account, it appeared, had lain dormant since 1941, accumulating a monthly service charge of two dollars, year in and year out, with grim regularity. Under the circumstances, there was only one possible solution, which I adopted forthwith. I buried my face in my hands and burst into convulsive sobs. And then occurred one of those miracles that revive one's faith in humanity. Touched in some hidden wellspring of compassion, Cheesewright tore my flimsy to bits, buried *his* face in his hands, and also broke down. After our emotion had exhausted itself, he gently drew up a promissory note for the full amount, which I signed, and, conducting me to the portico, he bade me adieu. As for the TV set, I figure we'll do without for the time being. The minute I pay off the Loutsville National, I plan to take a good second-hand trip abroad.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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LATE REFLECTIONS

Old and sick, you turn away from mirrors, whether
They show the mocking face years have stained and withered
Or reflection quails at the coward's mean gesture.
Images of body and soul. What is the soul?
A feather blown by odd weathers of shine, of shade.
And the body? Is shaper and shape of the soul.
Sick, the pair live by the clock in a placeless time;
Old, they live in a futureless place, where odors
And a few fragrances are lingering features.
Hard to remember, the shape before it was fixed
As it will be in death, and as hard to believe
The remembered was once pure possibility.
In our grandparents' days, not blind superstition
But the love that illumines reason required that,
After a death in the house, mirrors be covered.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

THE CHILDREN'S TRANSPORT

THE children were not due to assemble until nine in the evening, but my suitcase stood ready at the door of our apartment all day.

"Pick it up and see if you can carry it," my father said.

I lifted the suitcase against my leg and leaned my weight away from it. "I can carry it," I said.

It was December, 1938. I was ten years old. I was going away on the first transport that the Vienna Jewish Committee had organized to rescue Jewish children from Austria.

"I have to pack her enough food to last till they get to England," my mother said. "How can I pack enough food to keep two days?" Her face was red. All that day my mother's face looked dark and hot, as if she had a fever, but she moved about as on any ordinary day and her voice sounded ordinary; she even joked. She said we were going to pretend it was the first day of the month. Before Hitler had taken Austria and my father had lost his position at the bank, the first of the month had been payday and the day I was allowed to choose my own fanciful supper, against a promise that there would be no fussing about food during the rest of the month. But today my appetite had no imagination. I said I didn't want anything. "I don't mean for now. I mean to take with you," said my mother. She was watching me, needing me to want something that she could give me. I searched around in my mind, wanting to oblige her. "*Knackwurst*?" I said, though I could not at the moment remember exactly what kind of sausage that was.

"*Knackwurst*," said my mother. "You like that? I'll go down this minute and get you one." But at that moment the doorbell rang.

All day my school friends came to say goodbye, and friends of the family, and aunts and uncles and cousins. Everyone brought me bonbons, candied fruit, dates, sour sweets, and chocolates we called cat's tongues, and homemade cookies, and Sacher *Torte*. Even my Aunt Grete came, though she was angry with my parents because I had been sneaked onto the transport and her twins were to be left behind.

My father tried to explain. "This is just an experimental transport, don't you see. They don't even know if they can get across the German border, and Lore only got on because her mother's cousin's fiancée happens to work on the Committee and did us a favor. I could hardly ask her for more."

"Naturally. How could you be expected to ask for help to save someone else's children?" Aunt Grete said. She had a long and bitter face. "But maybe Lore can ask people once she gets to England. She can tell about her cousins Ilse and Erica, who had to stay behind in Vienna while she got away. Maybe she can find a sponsor for them."

My father said, "I've given her a list of names to write to as soon as she gets to England. There's a friend of my brother Max's who has cousins living in America for many years. She's going to write to them, aren't you, and there's a family called Grossman in London who might be related, though they spell their name differently from us, and there is the Jewish Committee. You'll write to them, won't you?"

I stood in the center of my circle of relatives, nodding solemnly. I said I would write letters to everybody and I would tell the *Engländer* about everything that was happening and would get sponsors for my parents and my grandparents and for everybody.

"Well, well," my aunt said. "She can certainly talk, can't she!" and she got up. She embraced me and kissed me and, despite being mad at me, she wept bitterly.

(I never saw Aunt Grete again. I met Erica in 1946 in London, where she had a job as nursemaid to an English family. She told me that Ilse had got to Palestine illegally and was in a *kibbutz*. They had both tried to get a sponsor for their mother before the war closed the frontiers, but Aunt Grete had been arrested in her hallway early in 1940 and sent to Poland. Erica showed me a snapshot taken some months before her mother's death and brought out at the end of the war. It was a dim, dog-eared picture. The figure was curiously balanced; the stuff of the right sleeve collapsed under the shoulder as if there were no arm inside it. Erica watched me staring at it. "What do you think?" she said. But I would not believe what I saw. "It's a very poor snapshot," I argued. "You can't tell anything from this. It's a trick of the light." Erica took the picture out of my hand. She said, "Maybe you're right." She studied it for a while and then put it back in her purse.)

When Aunt Grete left the apartment, it was after seven and my nervous father said we should be going, but my mother cried out; she had forgotten to get the *Knackwurst*. "I'm going to run down," she said, and already she had flung her coat about her, but my father blocked her way.

"Are you an idiot? Do you want her to miss her train!"

"She wants a *Knackwurst!*" my mother cried.

"Do you know what time it is? Suppose you get arrested while you're out!"

I had never before seen my parents standing shouting into each other's faces. I kept saying "I don't really want any *Knackwurst*," but they took no notice of me.

"She likes *Knackwurst*." My mother wept. She skipped around my father, who was a large, slow-moving man, and she ran out through the door.

My father still ignored me. He stood by the window. He went to the bathroom. He opened the hall door and looked out. He checked his watch.

My mother came back with her triumphant, beaming, sad red face. Nothing had happened—no one had even seen her. She had got a whole sausage and had made the man give her an extra paper bag. She called me to come and look where she was putting it in my rucksack, between my sandwiches and the cake.

"Let's go, for God's sake," said my father.

We went over the Stefanie Bridge on foot. I walked between my parents. Each held a hand. My father talked to my mother about going to the Chinese Consulate in the morning.

"Daddy," I said. "Daddy, look!"

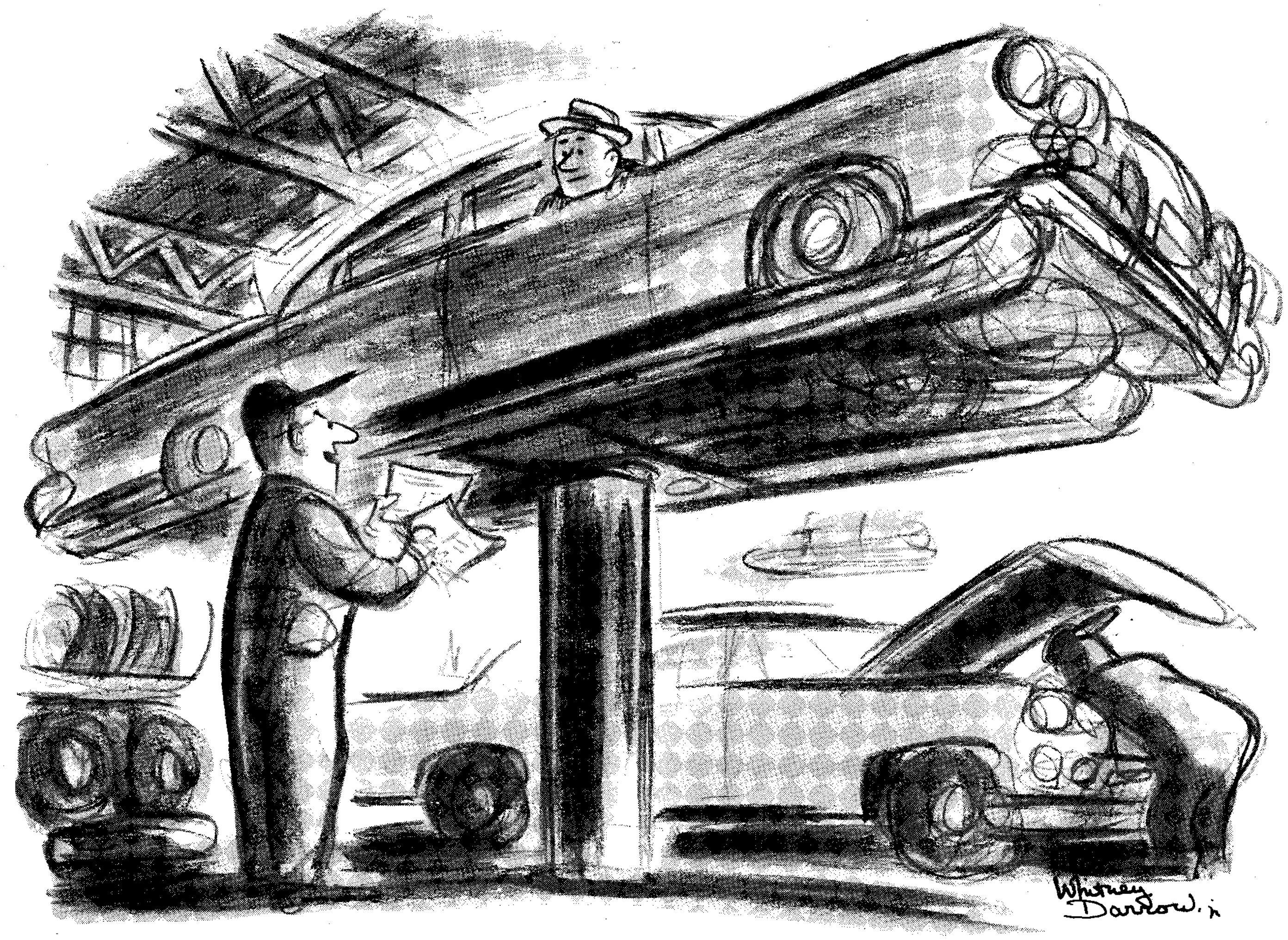
My mother was saying to my father, "Grete mentioned something about getting into Holland."

I tugged at my mother's hand. "Look at the moon," I insisted. There was a white moon shivering in the black water of the Danube underneath us, along with a thousand pretty lights from the bridge.

My father said, "Holland is too close, but I'll go and see, if there's time. I'll do the Chinese Consulate first thing."

They kept talking to each other over my head. I was hurt. They were making plans for a tomorrow in which I would have no part. Already they seemed to be getting on very well without me and I was angry. I withdrew my hands and walked by myself.

We got into a tram. Across the aisle there was another little Jewish girl with a rucksack and a suitcase, sitting between her parents. I tried to catch her eye in order to flirt up a new friend for



"Now then, here is an unpaid bill from last November for two snow treads, oil, gas, and wheel alignment."

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myself, but she took no notice of me. She was crying. I said to my mother, "I'm not crying like that little girl."

My mother said, "No, you are being very good, very brave. I'm proud how good you are being."

But I had misgivings; I rather thought I ought to be crying, too.

THERE were six hundred children. The assembly point was a huge empty lot behind the railway station in the outskirts of Vienna. I looked among the hundreds of children milling in the darkness for the girl who had cried in the tram, but I never saw her again, or perhaps did not recognize her. Along a wire fence, Committee members from the Congregation stood holding long posts bearing placards; flashlights lit the numbers painted on them. Someone came over to me and checked my papers and made me stand with the group of children collecting around the placard that read "150-199." He hung a cardboard label with the number 152 strung on a shoelace around my neck, and tied corresponding numbers to my suitcase and rucksack.

I remember that I clowned and talked a good deal. I remember feeling, This is me going to England. My parents stood with the other parents, on the right, at the edge of the darkness. I have no clear recollection of my father's being there—perhaps his head was too high and out of the circle of the lights. I do remember his greatcoat standing next to my mother's black pony fur, but every time I looked toward them it was my mother's tiny face, crumpled and feverish inside her fox collar, that I saw smiling steadily toward me.

We were arranged in a long column four deep, according to numbers. There was a confusion of kissing parents—my father bending down, my mother's face burning against mine. Before I could get a proper grip on my suitcase, the line set in motion. The suitcase kept slipping from my hand and bumping against my legs. Panic-stricken, I looked to the right, but my mother was there, walking beside me. She took the suitcase, keeping at my side, and she was smiling so that it seemed a gay thing, like a joke we were having together. Someone from the Committee, checking the line, took the suitcase from my mother, checked it with the number around my neck, and gave it to me to carry. "Go on, move," the children behind me said. We were passing through great doors. I looked to my right; my mother's face was nowhere to be seen. I dragged and shoved the heavy suitcase across the station floor and bumped it down a flight of stairs and along a platform where the train stood waiting.

THERE was a young woman in charge inside our carriage. She was slight and soft-spoken. She walked the corridors outside the compartments and put her head in and told us to settle down. We asked her when we were going to leave. She said, "Very soon. Why don't you all try to go to sleep? It's past eleven." Still the train stood in the station. I saw my mother's cousin's fiancée on the platform, looking in the window. I remember standing on my head for her. She smiled upside down and mouthed something. I wiggled my toes.

It was after midnight when the train left the station. There was only room enough for four of the eight girls in the compartment to stretch out on the seats. I was the smallest one. I remember that

I had the place by the window and I kept trying to fit my neck into the corner and at the same time shield my eyes with an arm, a hand, or in the crook of an elbow against the electric bulb in the corridor, which burned through my closed lids. The chattering of the children subsided little by little until there was no sound except the noise of the train. I have no notion that I went to sleep, except that I was awakened by a flashlight shining into my face, and in its light, behind it and lit like a negative, was a girl's face. She said it was time for someone else to lie down in my place. And before I had altogether picked my stiff limbs out of that corner, this other person was creeping into it. The girl who had wakened me was pretty. She said I could sit with her on her suitcase. I liked her awfully. I copied the way she sat with her elbows braced on her knees, her chin cupped in her hands, quite still. I thought, This is me, awake, watching the children sleeping. I watched the black outside the window turn a queer, beautiful blue that faded into gray and presently lightened to a dead white. The bulbs in the corridor still burned a foolish orange. The sleepers humped shoulders to hide their faces from the light. In the next compartment someone was whispering. Someone let out a laugh and was quickly shushed. A girl in my compartment sat straight up, stared for a moment, and seemed to go back to sleep, except that her eyes stayed open.

The girl on the suitcase asked me if I wanted to go to the lavatory and wash my face. I wandered down the corridor, peering into every compartment door to see people sleeping. In the lavatory there was a glass sphere over the washbowl. If you turned it upside down, green liquid soap squirted out. If you stepped on the pedal that flushed the toilet, a hole opened and you could look through it at the ground tearing away underneath. I played until the knocking at the door became so violently impatient I had to let the others in.

By the time I got back to my compartment, everyone was up. Everyone was talking. The children were eating breakfast out of their paper bags. I didn't feel like *Knackwurst* for breakfast and it was too much trouble to eat a sandwich, so I had candied pear and three cat's tongues and a piece of Sacher *Torte*. A big girl said we had left Austria during the night and were actually in Germany. I looked out, wanting to hate, but there was nothing out the window but cows and fields. I said maybe we were still in Austria. It was important to me, because I was collecting countries. Born in Austria, I had vacationed in Hungary and visited relatives in Czechoslovakia, which was three countries I had been in, and Germany would make four. The big girls said it was so Germany. I looked out of the window, not understanding.

As the morning advanced, the noise swelled. Everyone seemed to be jumping. In the next compartment, a tall, vivacious girl had organized a game. I went in and found a place to sit, but I couldn't understand the rules, so after a bit I organized the small girl sitting beside me into playing ticktacktoe on the outside of her paper food bag. Just as we were getting interested, the morning was over and we had to go to our own compartments to eat lunch. I made her promise faithfully that she would stay right there and play with me after lunch, but I never went back to find her.

The train had become deadly hot. A trance fell. We ate silently. I found I couldn't bear the taste of the sausage, and I thought I would eat it for supper. The sandwiches had become too dry to eat, so I had some dates and cat's tongues and a piece of cake and then I sat and sucked some candy. I noticed again the noise of the train, which had been quite drowned out in the commotion of the morning, and I fell asleep.

I woke in the late afternoon. I blamed myself for having slept all kinds of sights away. Now I would stay awake and watch. I concentrated on the little girl sitting opposite me. She held a suitcase on her lap. Her snub-nosed profile was outlined against the gray of the window. I kept my eyes on her for such a long time that her face looked as if I had known it forever. She would not talk with me, and I went back to sleep.

I looked for the little girl when I awoke, but I couldn't tell which one she was. I studied all the children in the compartment. None held a suitcase on her lap. The lights in the compartment had been put on and the window was black again. I went back to sleep.

I started up as the train rode into a station and stopped. The big girl said this was the border and now the Nazis would decide what to do with us. She told us to sit as quiet as we could. There was much walking about outside. We saw uniforms under the lights on the platform. They entered the train in front. I held myself so still that my head vibrated on my neck and my knees cramped. Half an hour, an hour. We knew when they were in our carriage; we felt a sinking under their added weight. They were coming toward us down the corridor, stopping at each compartment door. Then one of them stood in our doorway. His uniform had many buttons. We saw the young woman who was in charge of our carriage behind his shoulder. The Nazi signed to one of the children to come with him, and she followed him out. The young woman turned back to tell us not to worry—they were taking one child from each carriage to check papers and look for contraband.

When the little girl returned, she sat down in her place and we all stared at her. We did not ask her what had hap-

EUGENE IONESCO'S
RHINOCEROS
STARRING
ZERO MOSTEL
ELI WALLACH

pened, and she never told us. The carriage rocked; the Nazis had got off. Doors slammed. The train moved. Someone shouted, "We're out!" Then everyone was pressing into the corridor. Everyone was shouting and laughing. I was laughing. The doors between carriages opened and children came spilling in. Where there had been only girls there was suddenly a boy—two—three boys. Dozens of boys. They pulled hats out of the recesses of their clothing, like conjurers, and the hats unfolded and set on their heads were seen to be the hats of forbidden Scout uniforms. The boys turned back the lapels of their jackets and there were rows of badges—the Zionist blue-and-white, Scout buttons, the *Kruckenkreuz* of Austria—and it was such a gay thing and it was so loud and warm I wished I had a badge or a button to turn out. I wished I knew the songs that they were singing and I sang them anyway. "Wah, wah, la la," I sang. Someone squeezed my head; I held someone around the waist and someone held me; we were singing.

The train stopped in a few minutes; we were in Holland. The station was brightly lit and full of people. They handed us paper cups of hot tea through the windows, red polished apples, chocolate bars, and candy—and that was my supper. When the train started up once more, a hundred children from our transport who were staying in Holland (the advancing German Occupation was to trap them there before the end of the year) stood ranged on the platform—the smallest, who were four years old, in front, the big ones in the back. They were waving. We waved, standing at the open windows, and all along the train we shouted "God bless Queen Wilhelmina" in chorus.

Inside the train the party went on, but I could not stay awake. Someone shook me. "We're getting off soon," they said. I heard them, but I could not wake up. They strapped my rucksack onto my back and put the suitcase in my hand. I was lifted down from the train and stood on my feet in the cold black night, shivering. I remember thinking that now I was in Holland, which made five countries, but it was too dark to see it and I wondered if it would count.

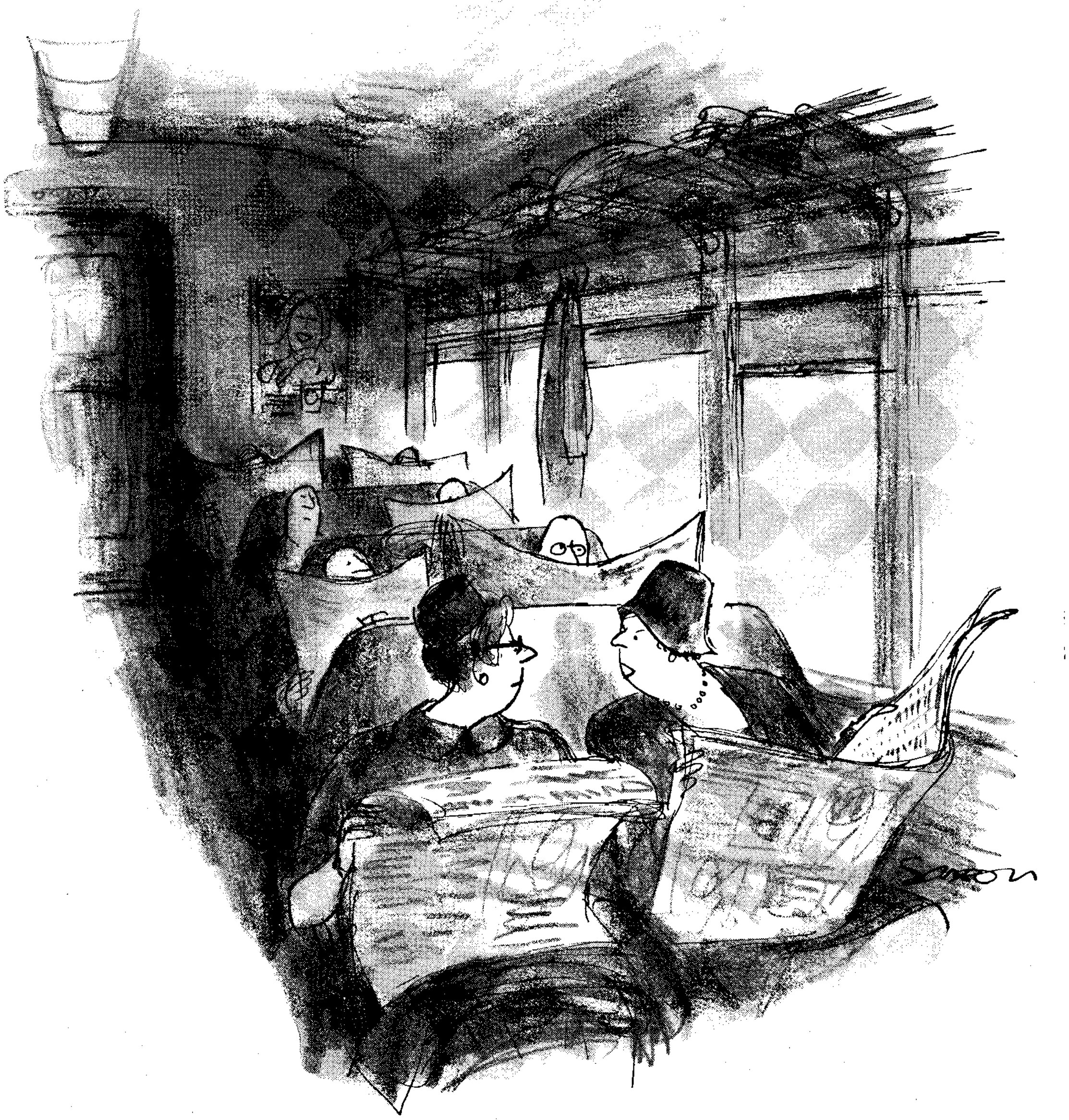
"Why don't you go after the big fish?"

INSIDE the ship, I lay between white sheets in a narrow bed, wide awake. I had a neat cabin to myself. I had folded my dress and stockings with fanatical tidiness and brushed my teeth to appease my absent mother. A big Negro steward came in with a steaming cup, which he placed in a metal ring attached to the bedside table. I said, "Is that coffee for me?," to let him know that I spoke English. He said, "It's tea." I said, "Brown tea?" He said, "English tea has milk in it." I searched in my mind quickly for something more to say to keep him with me. I asked him if he thought I was going to get seasick. He said no, the thing to do was to lie down and go to sleep at once and wake up on the other side of the Channel in the morning. And then he put the light out, wished me a good night, and said, "Remember now, you sleep now."

When I was alone, I sat up and prayed God to keep me from getting seasick and my parents from getting arrested, and I lay down and woke next morning on the English side of the Channel, with the boat in dock. For years I wondered if I could count having been on the ocean, since it had all taken place in my own absence.

We waited all morning to be processed. We waited in the large, overheated crimson smoking room. It had little tables and chairs so heavy that they wouldn't budge, however hard we tried to rock them. For breakfast we finished what was in our lunch bags. I had to throw my sandwiches in the wastepaper basket—they were so dry they curled—but when I came to the *Knackwurst*, which was beginning to have a strange smell about it, I remembered my grandmother had always said that there was always time to throw things out. I put the sausage back in the bag.

Newspapermen had come aboard.



"I don't think anybody knows if they're ahead in the market unless they simply sell everything and see."

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All morning they walked among us flashing bulbs, taking pictures. I tried to attract their attention. I played with my lunch bag—a little refugee looking for crumbs. Not one of them noticed. I tried looking homesick, eyes raised ceilingward as if I were dreaming. They paid no attention. I jumped happily; I tried looking asleep with my head on the table. I forgot about them. I was bored. We fidgeted and waited.

My number was called late in the morning. I was taken to a room with a long table. Half a dozen English ladies sat around it. Before them were stacks of paper. One of the papers had my name on it. It even had my photograph pinned to it. I was pleased. I enjoyed being handed from one lady to the next. They asked me questions. They smiled tenderly at me and said I was finished and could go.

I stood in the corridor and wondered where. The boat seemed almost deserted. I walked up some stairs and through a door and finally came out into the open air onto a damp deck. There was a huge sky so low it reached down to the ground in a drizzle as fine as mist. A wide wooden plank stretched between the boat and the wharf. There was no one about to tell me what to do, so I walked across the plank.

I stood on land that I presumed was England; the ground felt ordinary under my feet, and wet. A workman was piling logs. I stood and watched him. I don't know if it was a man or woman who came and took my hand and led me into a shed so huge and vaulted it dwarfed the three or four children who were at the other end and swallowed the sound of their walking. I was told to find my luggage. I walked among the rows of baggage; the floor was covered with it from end to end. It seemed utterly improbable that I should come across my own things. (It never occurred to me to follow the numbers until I came to 152.) After a while, I sat down on the nearest suitcase and bawled.

Some grownup came and took my hand, and led me to my belongings, and showed me the way to the waiting room. It was full of children and very warm. The photographers were there taking pictures. I had given them up, though I did make one last effort. I pulled my suitcase a little away from the wall and sat on it, looking dreamy.

It seems to me that then and for weeks to come I was in a state of excitement and at the same time constantly sleepy. Scenery and faces shift; we were always waiting. At the wharf we waited for hours. There was another railway carriage, a new station, other platforms where we stood in columns four deep, photographers taking pictures. At the end of the day, we arrived at Dovercourt. There was a fleet of double-decker buses waiting to take us from the station to a workers' summer camp where we would stay while the Committee looked for foster homes. I began to take notice again. I had never seen double-decker buses before. Here at last must be something English. I remember asking if I might ride on top. I sat on top and in front, and was the first to see through the dull gray winter dusk the camp, like a neat miniature town on the edge of the ocean. I remember wishing, as we drove in, for some glow of sunset, some sight, some drama to mark our arrival.

The buses drew up in front of a huge structure of glass and iron, and we all got out. Inside, it was big and hollow, like a railway terminal. We sat with our baggage at long trestle tables, more than half asleep, while a small man with an enormous bald brow stood on a wooden stage, out in front, and talked through a megaphone. He explained that he was the camp leader. He called us by number, divided us into groups of four—three small children, and one older one to be our councillor—and told us to go and leave our things in the cottage assigned to us and come right back to have our supper.

The camp consisted of a couple of

hundred identical one-room wooden cottages built along straight intersecting paths. To the right, at the bottom of every path, we could see the flat black ocean stretching toward the horizon over which we had come. Back of us was England.

Our little cottage had little curtained windows that gave onto a miniature veranda. We thought it was sweet. We squealed, choosing our beds. The councillor, a thin girl of fourteen or fifteen, held her nose and asked what the horrid smell in here was. "Whew!" said all the little girls. "What a horrible smell! What can it be?"

I knew it was my sausage, and was badly frightened. Like a pickpocket whose escape has been cut off, I mingled with the crowd. I held my nose, looked ostentatiously in corners, and helped curse the dirty, idiotic, disgusting person who was responsible for stinking up the place. It felt so good to be mad at someone I almost forgot it was me we were yelling at.

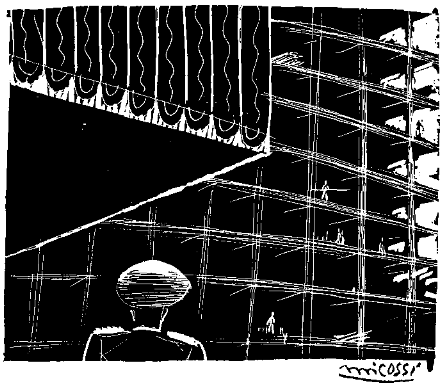
"All right, everybody!" said the councillor. "Let's go, then."

I told her I didn't feel very well and did not want any supper. I would stay in the cottage and go to bed. As soon as the others were gone, I fetched the brown paper bag out of my rucksack and looked the cottage all up and down for some place, some corner where a sausage could be hidden so as not to smell. I kept thinking that I would presently find such a special niche for it. Meanwhile it was cold in the unheated cottage. I took off my shoes and got under the blanket. I laid my head back against the chilly little pillow. I got up again. I thought of starting a letter to ask someone to be a sponsor for my parents, but instead I went and knelt at the bottom of the bed with my elbows on the window sill and looked out. In the direction of the assembly hall the sky glowed with light. I wished I had gone along with the others. I was thinking of putting my shoes back on and going to look for my roommates, when I heard them coming along the path and I remembered my sausage. Now it seemed that what I needed was a long stretch of time to take care of it—and here were feet already on the veranda steps. The door opened. I was lying between the sheets, breathing hard, having just in time skidded the *Knackwurst* into the corner under my bed.

The children did not let me forget it. The councillor, who slept next to me, said "Phew! Phew!" I hummed a song to show I did not feel myself meant in the least, and one of the little girls asked me if I had a stomach ache, to be making such a horrible noise. The councillor giggled. Finally, they went to sleep.

During the night the temperature dropped; the memorable, bitter winter of 1938 had set in on England's east coast. By morning, the water in the sink in our cottage was a solid block of ice. The tap merely sputtered. We could not wash our faces, and we set out guiltlessly for breakfast with unbrushed teeth and our absent mothers not even betrayed.

Outside, the vicious cold wind from the ocean knocked the breath out of us. We bucked it with lowered heads. The hall had been constructed for summer use. At our first breakfast, we watched the snow that had seeped between the glass squares of the roof and the iron framework fall in delicate drifts through the indoor air. It sugared our hair and shoulders and settled briefly on the hot porridge, salt kippers, and other wrong, strange foods. It was rumored that one of the girls had had her toes frozen off. We were fascinated. It seemed right that the weather should be as unnatural as our circumstances. (As long as we stayed in that camp, we slept in our stockings and mittens and we wore our coats and caps all day.)



My mind during that first breakfast was on my sausage. I had to do away with the sausage without doing away with it. It was difficult to focus on the problem; I kept forgetting to think about it, yet, all the time, the place where the sausage lay on the floor against the wall, under the bed, remained the center of my guilt, a sore spot in my mind.

I ate in nervous haste. I meant to get to the cottage before the others came back, but when the meal was done we all had to sit and listen to the camp leader make announcements through his megaphone. He told us the camp regulations—that the ocean front was out of bounds, that we were to write letters to our parents, that we must stay in hall because some English ladies from the Committee were coming to choose children to go and live with families in different parts of England. We were going to learn to dance the *hora*, he said, for the ladies.

The trestle tables had been cleared away. There was some ragged singing going on. "Dance!" said the camp leader to a small circle of children he had collected in the center of the hall. He bobbed at the knees like a tennis player waiting for a serve. His eye roved the hall. He went trotting from one group of children to another. "Come on, everybody! Let's show the English people how we can dance!" No one moved. The camp leader wiped his brow. He took off his jacket and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. His arms were covered with a perfect sleeve of hair. I was

THE MUD-DAUBER WASP

I take heart, breaking in-
to the drab little pueblo
of a dauber wasp. Inside,
wrinkled as a raisin
and rigid as Pharaoh
embalmed and mummified,

the dauber's pupa-doll
sits in its shroud or pod—
a mere seed of a thing,
a bean, cold as the wall
it crooks against, and god-
forsaken now, though spring

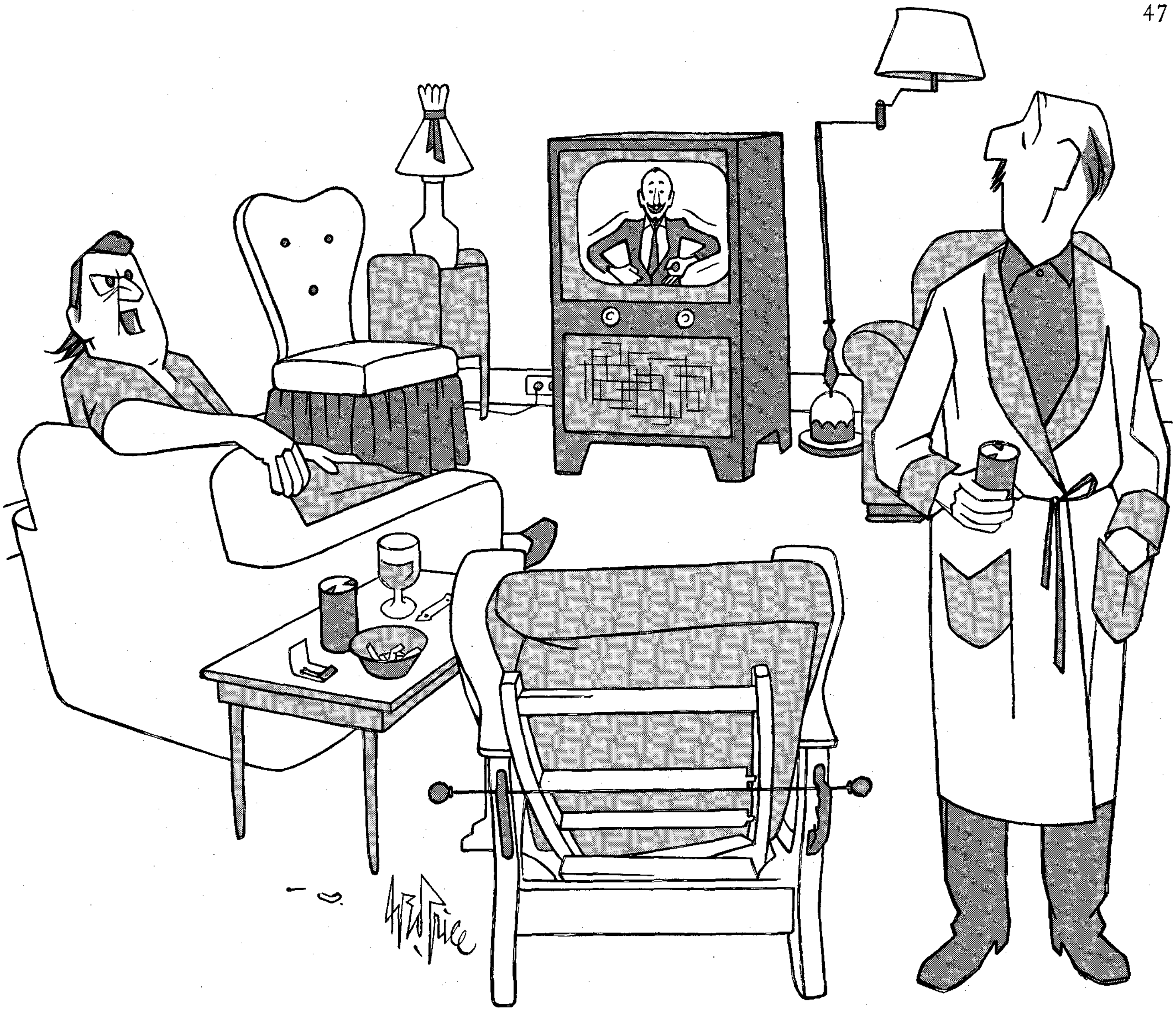
comes in a week. And god-
forsaken anyway,
for all entomologies—
or maths, or rockets—could
coerce its crumb of clay
to a metamorphosis.

And yet the first warm days
suffice. A shudder in
the faint—magnetic field?—
and undifferentiate clay's
quick, visual, wearing thin
wings; and at last, unsealed,

it flies away. Small wonder
Pharaoh lay spiralled in
a caul of similar kind
when he went underground. Or
that I take heart—who've been
bowed down, and barren of mind.

—Peter Kane Dufault

• •



"If you don't want to sing along with Mitch, what do you want to do?"

• •

rooting for him. I would have gone myself, but I didn't know how the dance went and I wasn't sure when he said "everybody" if he meant me.

I went and stood with some children watching workmen install two extra stoves. They were big black stoves with fat black L-shaped chimneys that carried the smoke out through the roof. When the stoves were lit, they created rings of intense heat in which we stood all morning jostling for places, for the warmth made no inroad on the general chill.

The camp leader had found some of the older children who knew how to do the *hora*. They danced in a ring, their arms around each other's shoulders. I looked for the camp leader and saw him standing with a group of ladies in fur coats. He had put his jacket back on. He was bowing and bobbing his head to the ladies. He walked them all around the hall. They stopped and talked to some of the children. I stalked the party with my eyes. I would ask them about getting a sponsor for my parents and the twins. They were moving toward me. I felt flushed; it came to me that I did not know the words to say to them. A cloud of confusion blocked the ladies from my sight, though I knew when they were in front of me and when they passed. I saw them going out to inspect the kitchens. The camp leader held the door for them.

Before I knew what I had decided, I was walking out of the hall into the freezing air, going around the outside of the building toward the kitchens. It had stopped snowing. A door opened and a man in a long white apron came out with a steaming bucket, which he emptied into a trash can. He was whistling the tune of the *hora*. He waved to me and went back in and shut the door. The trash can went on steaming.

For a moment there, I saw what to do with my sausage. The idea of throwing into the trash can what my mother had gone especially to buy me, because I had lied that I wanted it, brought on such a fierce pain in my chest where I had always understood my heart to be that I stood still in surprise. I was shocked that I could be hurting so. I started walking toward the cottage, weeping with pain and outrage at the pain. I had a clear notion of myself crying, in my thickly padded coat and mittens that were attached to one another by a ribbon threaded through the sleeves and across the back. And my hair was light brown and obstinately curled. No wonder the photographers had not taken my picture. I noticed that I had stopped hurting. I suspected that I was somehow not crying properly, was perhaps only pretending, and I stopped, except for the sobbing, which went on for a while.

When I came to the cottage, I walked around to the back, having decided that I would bury the sausage. I found a piece of wood and scraped away the top layer of snow, but, underneath, the earth was frozen and unyielding. I scraped and hacked at it with my heel. Tufts of muddy iced grass came loose. I stood looking around me. The wind had dropped and the air froze silently. And then I saw something; I saw where, in the middle of a semicircle of snow that must in summer have been a flower bed in a grassplot behind the cottage, there grew one tall, meagre rosebush with a single bright-red rosebud wearing a clump of freshly fallen snow, like a cap askew. This struck me profoundly. I was a symbolist in those days, and roses and the like were just my speed. It excited me. I would write it in a letter to my Uncle Max's friend's cousins in Brookline, Massachusetts, America, saying that the Jews in Austria were like roses left over in the winter of the Nazi Occupation. I would write that they were dying of the cold. How beautifully it all fell into place! How true and sad! The Americans would say, "Can you imagine, and she is only ten years old!" I ran around the cottage and up the veranda steps. I emptied my rucksack onto the blanket, looking for pen, paper, and my father's list of addresses with a rapidity that matched the rate at which my metaphor was growing and branching. I wanted to be writing. I was going to say, "If good people like you don't pluck the roses quickly, the Nazis will come and cut them down." I hopped onto the edge of the bed, and, with my feet inches off the floor, hampered by coat and gloves, with freezing ears, plunged with a kind of greedy glee into my writing.

The councillor's thin face appeared behind the cold glass of the window. She opened the door and came in. Everyone was sitting down to lunch, she said, and they had sent her to look for me. I recognized the authentic voice of the exasperated grownup. I had to get her to like me. I kept chatting. I walked to the dining hall beside her, telling how I was writing to some people in America who were going to get a visa for my parents. I watched out of the corner of my eye to see if she was impressed. Her face was blue and her eyes little and wind-reddened. Her mouth was set in a grin; I could not tell if it was against the cold or if she was laughing at me. I wouldn't talk to her ever again.

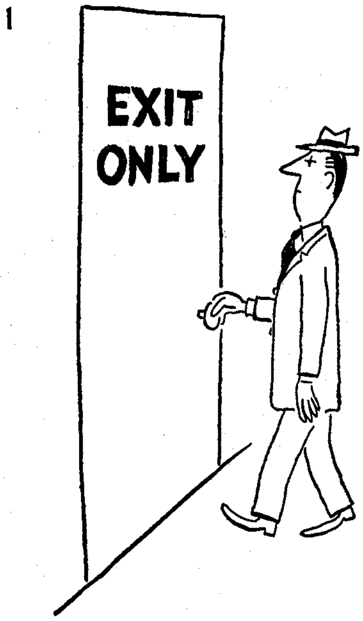
To my surprise, she began to talk to me. She said people were saying that there were new persecutions going on in Vienna, that all food shops were closed to Jews, that Jews weren't allowed to go into the streets day or night and were being fetched out of their apartments and taken away in cartloads. She said she was frightened because of her mother. I told her not to worry; there were so many Jews, they probably wouldn't even get to her mother.

After lunch, the camp leader addressed us through the megaphone. He said he had heard the rumors about new pogroms in Vienna, that he had no official word and we were not to believe them or worry ourselves. Now we would observe one minute's silence and pray for our dear ones left behind. There was a shuffling, a scraping of five hundred chairs as we got to our feet, followed by such a thunderous silence that a little dog belonging to one of the kitchen staff could not bear it and set up a long, terrified howl. The faces of the children opposite me struggled to retain a decent solemnity, but laughter spread through the hall. I felt my face smiling and laughter coming gaily from my throat, and was horrified because I knew that the sin of my levity would be visited on my parents in the very disaster that I should have been this instant praying away.

I borrowed a pencil and sat down on a bench against the wall and wrote a letter home. It was a letter in code, to pass the censor. I wrote, "Here are some *questions* that you must answer *immediately*. What did you have for dinner today? Did you have a nice walk this morning? Are you still living at the same address? Do you understand these *questions*? PLEASE ANSWER AT ONCE." I wished there were someone to show my letter to—not a child but a grownup, who would appreciate it.

The camp leader was still on the stage, talking to some people. I went straight up to him and I said, "How long does a letter to Vienna take, please?" He said it took about two days. I said that I was writing to my parents to find out if they were all right. He said that was fine. His eyes were looking sharply over my head at a new bunch of ladies in fur coats standing just inside the door, and though I knew very well that he was waiting for me to move on so that he could go to them, I still said, "I wrote a letter in code." "That's good," he said. "Just a minute, now." And then he turned me, not ungently, out of his path. I watched his back striding away, bowing and bobbing to the ladies. I thought, He doesn't even know my name, and I walked away myself, but my shoulder felt for hours the precise pressure where his hand had for a second lain.

I went back to the bench by the wall and sat. Outside, the dusk of an English winter day, which starts imperceptibly almost immediately after lunch, was settling over the camp, and it looked cold. I sat with my mittened hands inside my pockets, sinking every moment more deeply into my coat. My head kept nagging me to go and write another sponsor letter; it might be this letter I might be writing this instant that would save my parents. The lights came on in the hall, but still I sat. I tried to frighten myself into activity by imagining that the Nazis had come to the flat to arrest my father, but I didn't believe it. I tried to imagine my father and mother put into carts, but found I did not really care. Alarmed, I tried imagining my mother taken away and dead: nothing. I imagined myself dead, but still I couldn't care anything about it. My body felt, for the first time in days, wonderfully warm and quiet inside my coat, while my independent eyes sportively attached themselves at random to a child and followed her about the hall, watched the *hora* dancers and their clever feet doing the steps. The odd, repetitive music had become familiar, and I sang it in my head.



There was a lady in a fur coat walking up to where I sat, and she spoke to me. She said, "Would you like to come and dance with the other children?" I said, "No," because it did not seem possible that I could get up out of my coat. "Come along," the lady said. "Come and dance." I said, "I don't know how," looking straight before me into the black of her dress where her fur coat flapped open. I thought, If she asks me a third time I will go. The lady said, "You can learn," but still it seemed to me she had not asked me in such a way that I could get up and go, and I waited for her to ask me the right way. The lady turned and walked off. I sat all aft-

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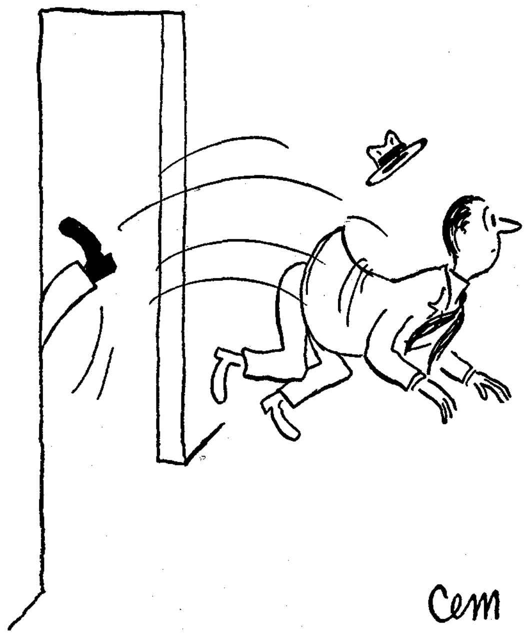


ernoon waiting for her to come back.

In the evening there was an entertainment. We sat in rows. The camp leader got up on the stage and taught us to sing songs in English: "Ten Green Bottles," "Rule Britannia," and "Boomps-a-Daisy." Then he introduced a muscle man. The muscle man threw off his cape and he had nothing on underneath except a little pair of plum-colored satin trunks. He looked bare and pink standing all by himself on the stage, but he didn't seem to feel the cold. He flexed his biceps for us. He could flap his diaphragm left side and right side separately, and wiggle each toe in turn. His head was small and perfectly round, like a walnut. Afterward, the camp leader went up to thank him. He said the muscle man was sorry that he could not speak German but that he had come all the way from London to entertain us. The muscle man stood smiling with great sweetness, but I knew he didn't even know that I was there.

At the end of the entertainment, the camp leader announced that we were to remain in hall after breakfast tomorrow to welcome the Mayor, who was coming to welcome us. The ceremony would be broadcast by the B.B.C. He asked for a show of hands from the children who spoke English. They were to be introduced to the Mayor. I raised my hand, stunned by the opportunity opening before me. I could tell the Mayor about the rose in the snow; I would ask him to be a sponsor for my parents. In bed that night, I asked the councillor how to say "growing" in English, but she didn't know. She told us that a new transport of Jewish children from Germany was expected in camp. I understood from her that this was to be regarded as a calamity, because German Jews talked like Germans and thought they knew everything better than everybody else and would ruin the whole camp. I was surprised. At home I had learned that it was the Polish Jews who always thought they knew everything and were noisy and pushy in public and ruined everything for the *real*, the Austrian, Jews. I asked our councillor how to say "plucking," like in "plucking flowers," in English, but she said how should she know?

That night I lay for hours in a waking nightmare. The more I worked on my speech for the Mayor, the fewer English words I seemed to know; the less I felt like speaking to him, the more I saw that I must speak or it would be my fault if my parents did not escape. I must have fallen asleep, for I woke in a thumping panic from a dream that a crowd of people had discovered my sausage. When I had calmed a little, I leaned out into the dark and felt under the bed. There was the paper bag. I brought it out and stealthily squeezed it well down into my rucksack, and I thought the crackling and rustling of the paper must be echoing from one end to the other of the sleeping camp.

All the next morning we stood in rows waiting for the Mayor. He sent a message that he was going to be delayed. I had given up the preparation of my speech. I imagined that once I was face to face with the Mayor the words would roll from my tongue. I shifted my weight from one foot to the other and yawned. I had a fantasy: I was saying my sentences about the rose to the Mayor. His look was full of wonder. He asked me my name. He invited me to come and live with him in his house.

At some point, I happened to look toward the stage, and there were some men standing with the camp leader. They were talking. I wondered if one of them might be the Mayor. Maybe it was the gray-haired man in the raincoat. He had a cold. He kept blowing his nose and clapping the camp leader on the shoulder every time the camp leader clapped him on the shoulder. Or maybe it was the other man, holding a microphone and trailing a long wire. The camp leader was talking into the microphone, and then the man with the cold talked in English. I could not concentrate on what he was saying. There was a long queue of children filing past. I wondered what they were doing; they couldn't be the English-speaking children being introduced to the Mayor, because if they were I would be among them. I could not understand what was happening, and I lost interest. Afterward, they were gone and I was sitting down again on the bench by the wall, and I was never sure that there was such a person as a Mayor.

THERE seems to be only a certain amount of room in my memory. I cannot keep the subsequent days separate in my mind or remember how many there were. There was some attempt to keep us occupied. I remember English lessons going on in various corners of the hall. I remember a drawing competition that I either won or thought I ought to have won—I don't recall which. The *hora* tune had become a hit. We hummed it while we dressed in the morning and the children walking by outside would be whistling it, too. There was always some group dancing, keeping warm in the hall. I think I might have been a week in that camp, perhaps a little more.

One evening the youngest of my roommates and I were sent to go to bed and found four large boys in our cottage. They were heaving our belongings over the veranda banisters into the snow. The little girl and I watched, holding the spokes, our eyes on a level with the big boys' feet. They wore long wool socks and short pants, and, in between, their knees were knobbly. I thought they were lovely. I admired the energetic, devil-may-care way they told us the cottage was theirs and we should go and find out where we belonged. Then they went in and shut the door. "That's those Germans," said the little girl and began to cry, but I felt suddenly extraordinarily happy to think of the boys inside the familiar walls of our cottage; I had a sense of the camp and the cottages full of boys and girls—Austrians, Germans, and even Poles—and I hated the little girl beside me who had sat down on her suitcase and was howling dismally. She was interfering with my loving everybody.

I don't know how long we sat outside the cottage. Eventually, some person came walking by and found us sitting on our suitcases in the snow. The little girl was still wailing in a bored sort of way. This person asked us what had happened and was quite upset and took us along to the office, and the muddle was discovered. It seemed that we were part of the original Austrian transport slated to be moved to another camp, but not until the next day. And so it turned out that the Germans really had ruined everything. The little girl and I were put into a narrow room with bunk beds for the night. We cursed the Germans with heated indignation and excited ourselves. We talked far into the night. We told each other things and we became quite intimate.

ABOUT the second camp I remember very little except that it was not a proper camp like our first camp. The assembly hall was made of brick; the cottages, instead of being wooden, were made of stucco. It was all wrong and strange, and before the newness of it could pass away I moved again.

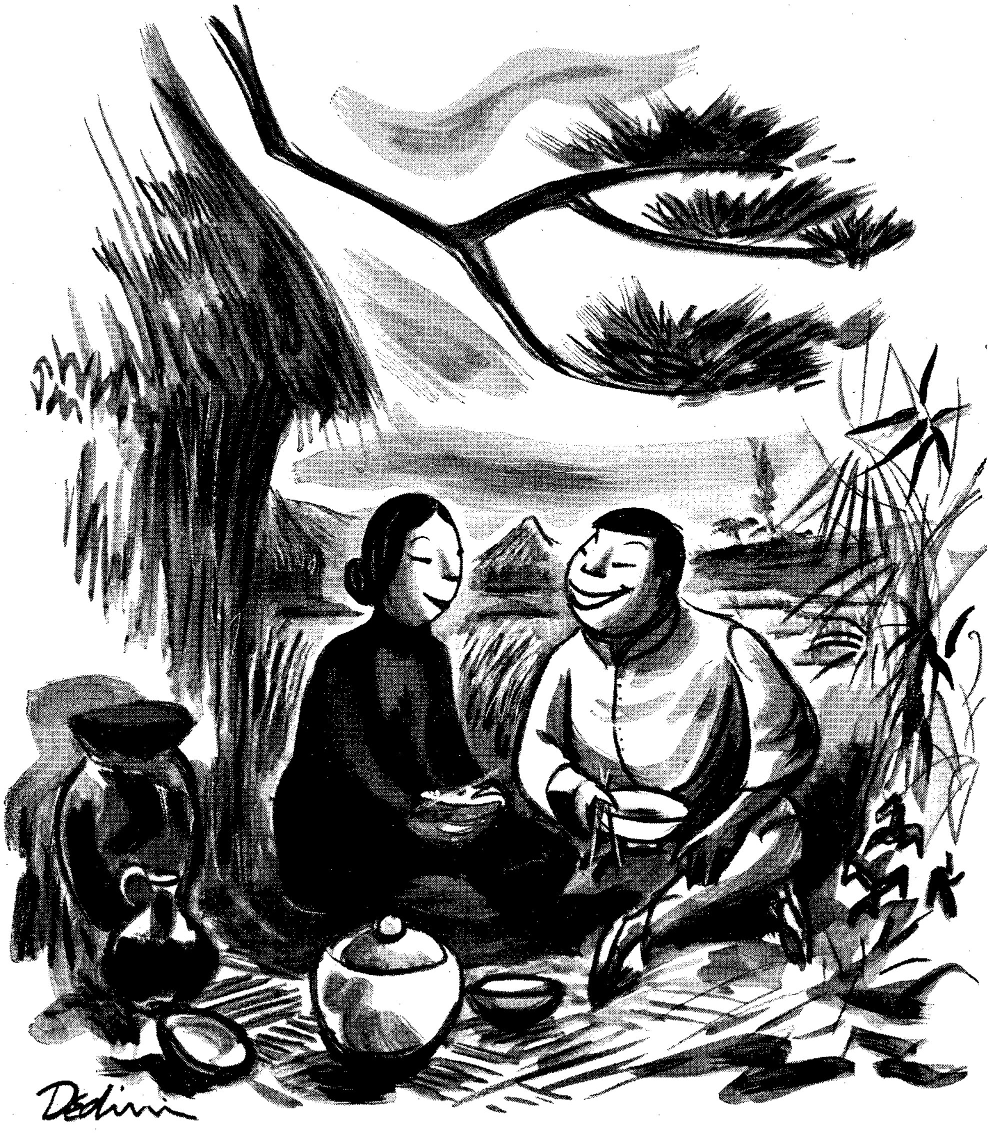
One evening I was sitting by one of the stoves, writing a letter to my parents, when two English ladies came up to me. One of them carried a pad of paper, and she said, "How about this one?," and the other lady said, "All right." They smiled at me. They asked my name and age and I told them. They said I spoke English very nicely. I beamed. They asked me if I was Orthodox. I said yes. They were pleased. They said then would I like to come and live with a lovely Orthodox family in Liverpool. I said yes enthusiastically, and we all three beamed at one another. I asked the ladies if they would find a sponsor for my parents, and watched them exchange glances. One lady patted my head and said we would see. I said and could they get a sponsor for my grandparents and for my cousins Erica and Ilse, who had not been able to come on the children's transport like me? The ladies' smiles became strained. They said we would talk about it later.

I finished my letter to my parents, saying that I was going to go and live with this lovely Orthodox family in Liverpool and would they please write and tell me what did "Orthodox" mean.

There were cars waiting early the next morning to take twenty little girls to the railway station. All day we travelled north. All day it snowed. I was trying to write a sponsor letter in my head about the little bushes outside stooped like old peasants under the heavy shawl of snow, but I couldn't tie them in with Jews and Nazis. I had a nervous notion that while I looked out one side of the train the interesting things were happening on the other side, so I kept running between the compartment and the corridor, to look out there. After a while, the older children clucked their tongues and said couldn't I sit still for just one minute, and I said I had to go out, and did, and I didn't dare to come back. I looked out of the corridor window until I was tired, and then I went along to the lavatory and messed with the soap. When I judged I had been away a reasonable time, I came back. I stopped stock-still in the doorway of my compartment. My rucksack stood on my seat; the brown paper bag had been taken out and torn open, and, even as in my dream, my guilty sausage lay exposed to the light. It was ugly and shrivelled, with one end nibbled off. The thing had lost the fierce and aggressive stench of active decay and had about it now the suffocating smell of mold; it seemed to have thickened the air of the compartment. One of the English ladies was standing looking at it, her nose crinkled. The seven children were sitting looking at me, and I died there on the spot, drowned in shame. The waters closed over my head and through the thumping and roaring in my ears I heard one of the little girls say, "And it isn't even kosher." The English lady said, "You can throw it away in the station when we change trains." Dead and drowned under their eyes, I walked to my seat. I packed up the sausage; I took the rucksack off the seat and sat down. After a while, I noticed that the other girls were no longer staring at me and that the lady, when she looked in to see how we were doing, smiled pleasantly. But still I had not the courage to get out of my seat, though now I really needed to go to the bathroom.

In the station there was a large trash can and I dropped my sausage in. I stood and roared with grief. Through my noise and my tears I saw the foolish children standing around, and heard one of the English ladies saying, "Come on, now. You'll be all right." They both looked upset and frightened. "Will you be all right?" they asked.

—LORE GROSZMANN SEGAL



"Honey, that was the best bowl of rice I've ever tasted!"

•

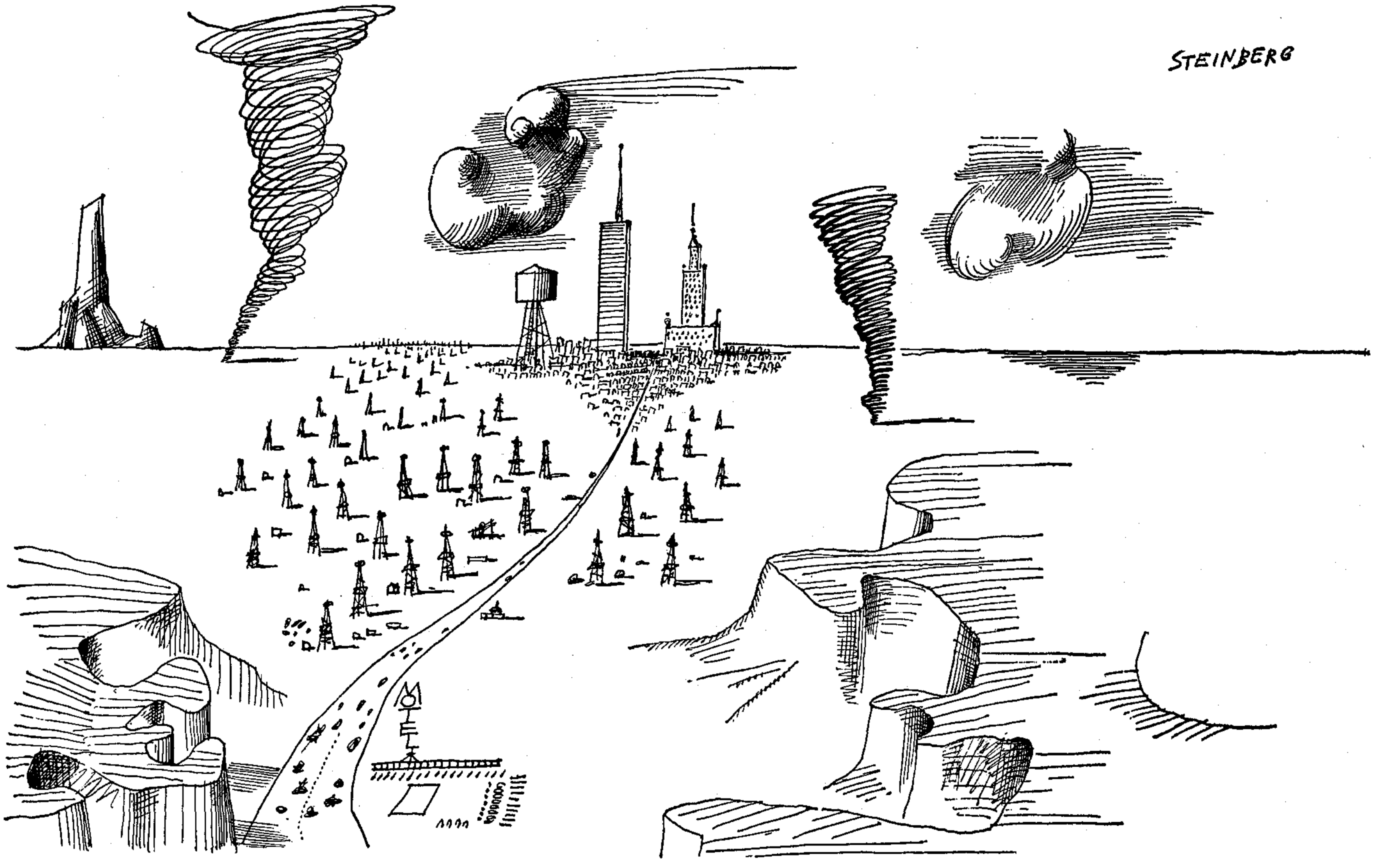
He feels that sex is being used more and more in advertisement because the public is becoming more aware of it.—*Los Angeles City College Collegian.*

At last!

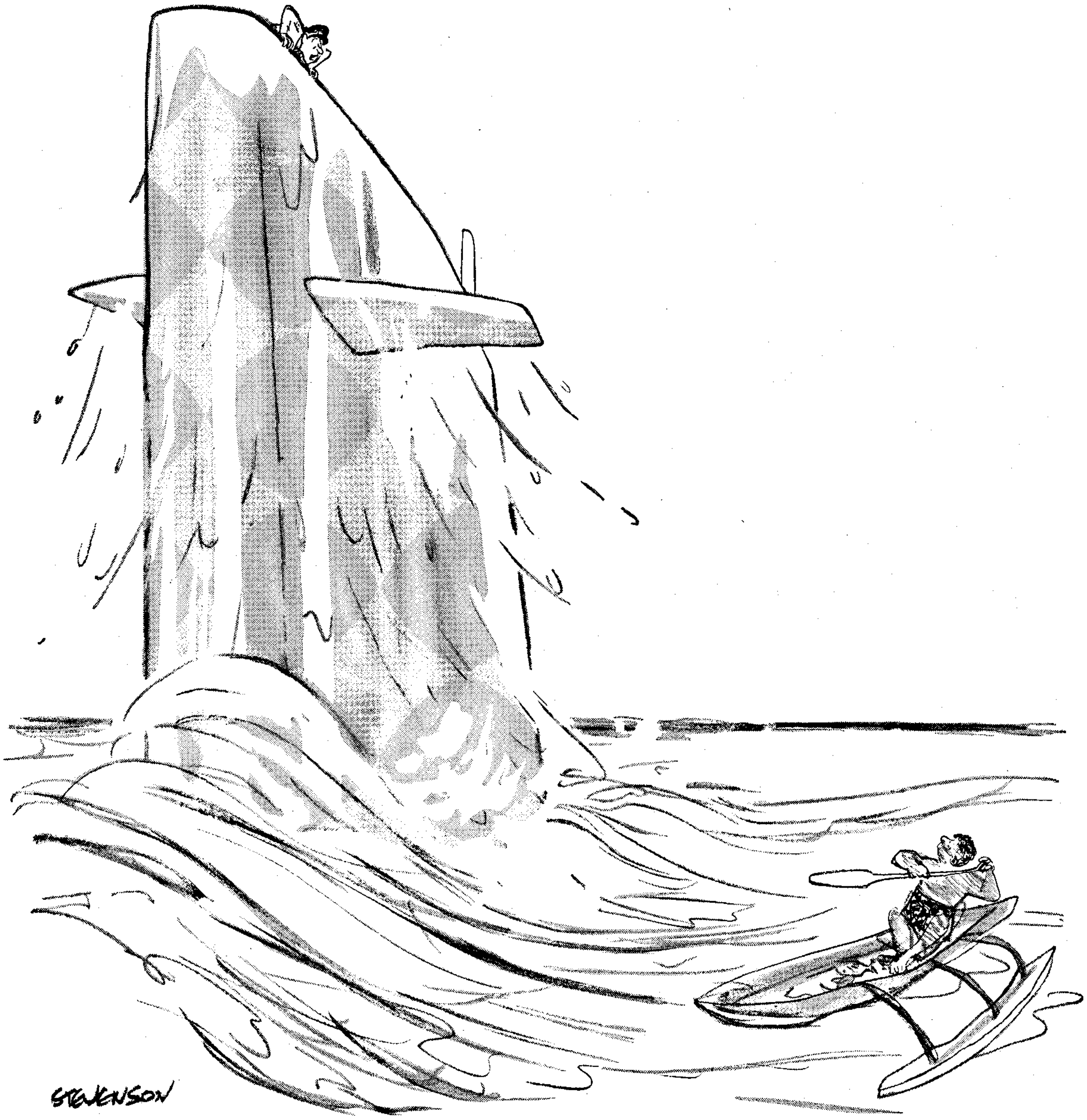
PROFILES

THE SUPER-AMERICAN STATE

II—OIL



WITH not very many exceptions, the thing that has put Texas millionaires on Easy Street is oil. Texas is, in a sense, a Super-America, and to be enriched by oil is the epitome of Super-Americanism, since oil is by far the most important source of modern wealth in the United States. Regardless of vintage, more than a third of this country's large fortunes were gathered in the fruitful and beguiling vineyards of oil. In our time, oil has become not only America's biggest industry—the shares of publicly owned oil companies alone have a value exceeding fifty billion dollars, or more than those of the steel, automobile, and chemical industries together—but also, perhaps, its most characteristic. Indeed, one of its knowledgeable admirers, James A. (Jim) Clark, who writes passionately about petroleum in the Houston *Post*, ascribes to his corporate inamorata the distinction of being "the only native American industry the world has ever known." Certainly the oil industry comes as close as any to approaching the "ideal essence," in Santayana's phrase, of American business. Besides meeting the basic requirement of bigness—of the country's ten largest industrial corporations, five are oil companies—the industry is notably young, inventive, brash, enterprising, powerful, well intentioned within the limits of enlightened self-interest, and, because it regards itself as sorely misunderstood, perpetually uneasy. Beyond all that, the oil business possesses to a unique degree one other quality that is peculiarly American—adventurousness, that national trait which has been inspiring wonderment in European visitors ever since de Tocqueville observed that "the whole life of an American is passed like a game of chance." It may be this built-in spirit of adventure, or a longing for it, that lies behind the widespread American custom of referring to labor of practically every kind as if it were merely a risky but enjoyable diversion—the advertising game, the retailing game, the building game, the frozen-food game, and so on. In most forms of commercial enterprise, this practice reflects the American gift for self-delusion; in the oil business, however, it is quite legitimate. For the oil business is not only a game but—what is even better suited to the American taste—a game of chance. "It's just like running a dice table—one that's honest, open, and all aboveboard," Ted Weiner, a Fort Worth oilman, has remarked. A confrere, Thomas W. Blake, Jr., who makes his headquarters in Houston, has said, "What it comes down to is big-time gambling with all the latest scientific helps." Neither Blake nor Weiner nor any other professional oilman would be so stuffy as to say he was in the petroleum industry. If he felt like putting on a few airs, he might describe himself as being in the oil business, but as a rule the professionals refer to their work simply as "the oil game"—or, as a Russian-born Super-American named Paul Raigorodsky puts it, with even more economy, "oil game." "Oil game is not like monastery or old ladies' home," Raigorodsky has said. "It can be rough. In oil game, you keep your eyes open. You play for keeps." Considering the nature of the oil game, it is not surprising that those who engage in it are inclined to express themselves in language more appropriate to a casino than to a monastery. "I ran a fifty-dollar bankroll, be-



"Hey, Mac! You see a Polaris come whooshing up a minute ago? Which way did it go?"

ginning in 1921, up to—well, what I'm supposed to have today," the Dallas oilman H. L. Hunt said in 1954, when he supposedly had about two billion. The word "play" turns up with conspicuous frequency in the oilman's vocabulary. "That was a big play," he says of an oil field in which there has been great activity, and he speaks of production in the tidelands as "the offshore play." To him, every transaction, including marriage, is a "deal," and he generally identifies himself on his business cards and stationery as an "Oil Operator," and in the telephone directory as "oil oprtr"—a term of such marvellous aptness that one might expect, upon visiting his office, to find him wearing a green eyeshade and conducting his business at a baize-covered table. As the operators see it, the oil game is the most exciting gamble of the century and possesses the prime requisite for a national pastime in a democracy: any number can play.

Though the oil game has produced many millionaires, it has produced many more paupers. This is the favorite adage of oilmen, especially millionaire oilmen. An equally cheerful truism is that many who have made the most noteworthy contributions to the game have received the meagrest rewards. The precedent was set by a former New York & New Haven Railroad conductor named Edwin L. Drake, the man who is usually given credit for inventing the game. Naturally, the Russians claim that they did. It is true, as the Houston operator and part-time historian Michel Halbouty points out in his frequent public speeches, that Marco Polo sniffed oil at Baku in the thirteenth century, but that, Halbouty goes on, does not prove the Russian claim, because eighteen hundred years earlier Herodotus, the celebrated Greek foreign correspondent, returned from the island of Zante, in the Adriatic Sea, with an eyewitness account of oil springs there. The Greeks took this scoop in stride, that being their way. The rest of ancient oil history is no less fascinating. By the time Edwin Drake got into the act, a process had been devised for extracting from coal a product called coal oil, or kerosene, which had taken the place of whale oil for lighting. Around 1854, it occurred to a New York lawyer and promoter named George H. Bissell that the petroleum that for two hundred years had been seen oozing out of the earth around Titusville, Pennsylvania, might be as efficient as kerosene and considerably cheaper. His belief confirmed by tests made at Yale University, Bissell took the lead in organizing a company, with headquarters in New Haven, to put the product on the market. The company's first employee was Drake, an acquaintance of one of the stockholders, who was hired in 1858, at a salary of a thousand dollars a year, to go to Titusville and, in the unconfining terms of his directive, "raise & dispose of Oil." Neither an engineer nor a businessman, Drake was a bearded thirty-eight-year-old Yankee with a common-school education who had prepared for this novel assignment by working in a textile factory, as a hotel clerk, and, most recently, as a railroad conductor. He had two positive, visible qualifications: he was available, having temporarily left the railroad because of a back ailment, and he carried a railroad pass—a not inconsiderable recommendation in view of his employer's wispy resources. As it turned out, Drake's real talent was stubbornness. After a year and a half of experiment, humiliation,

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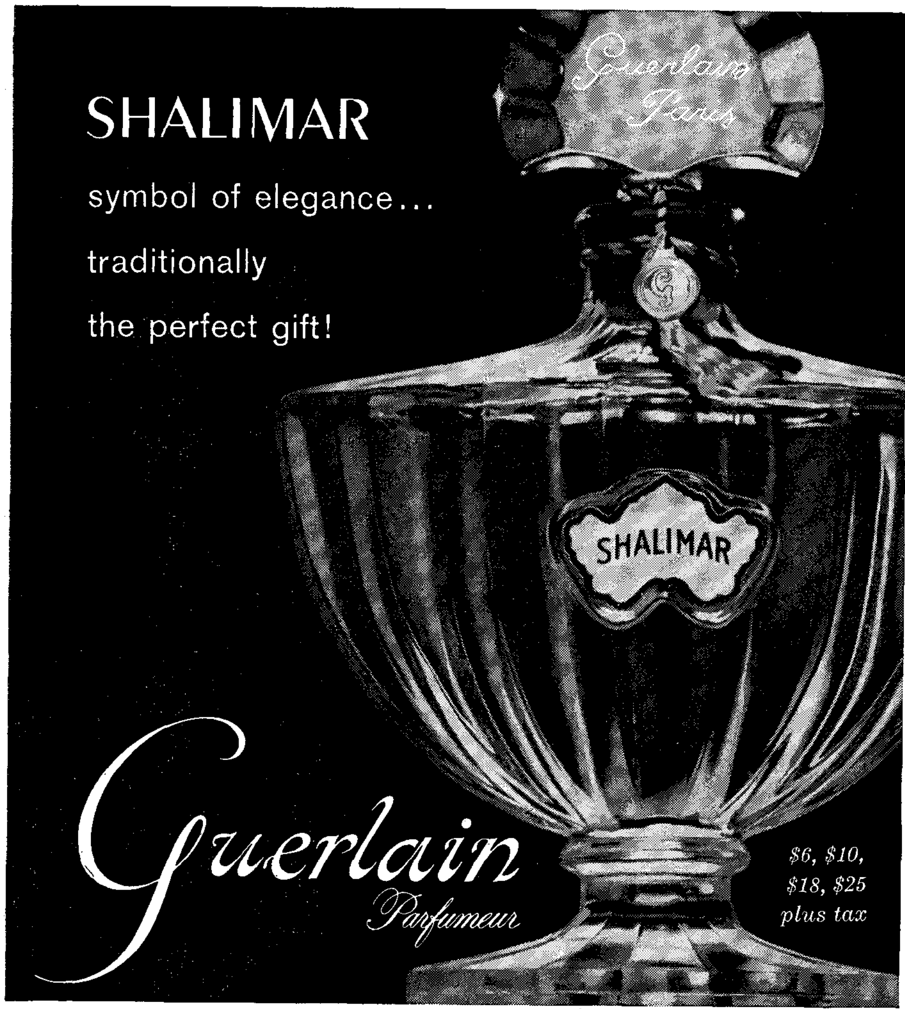

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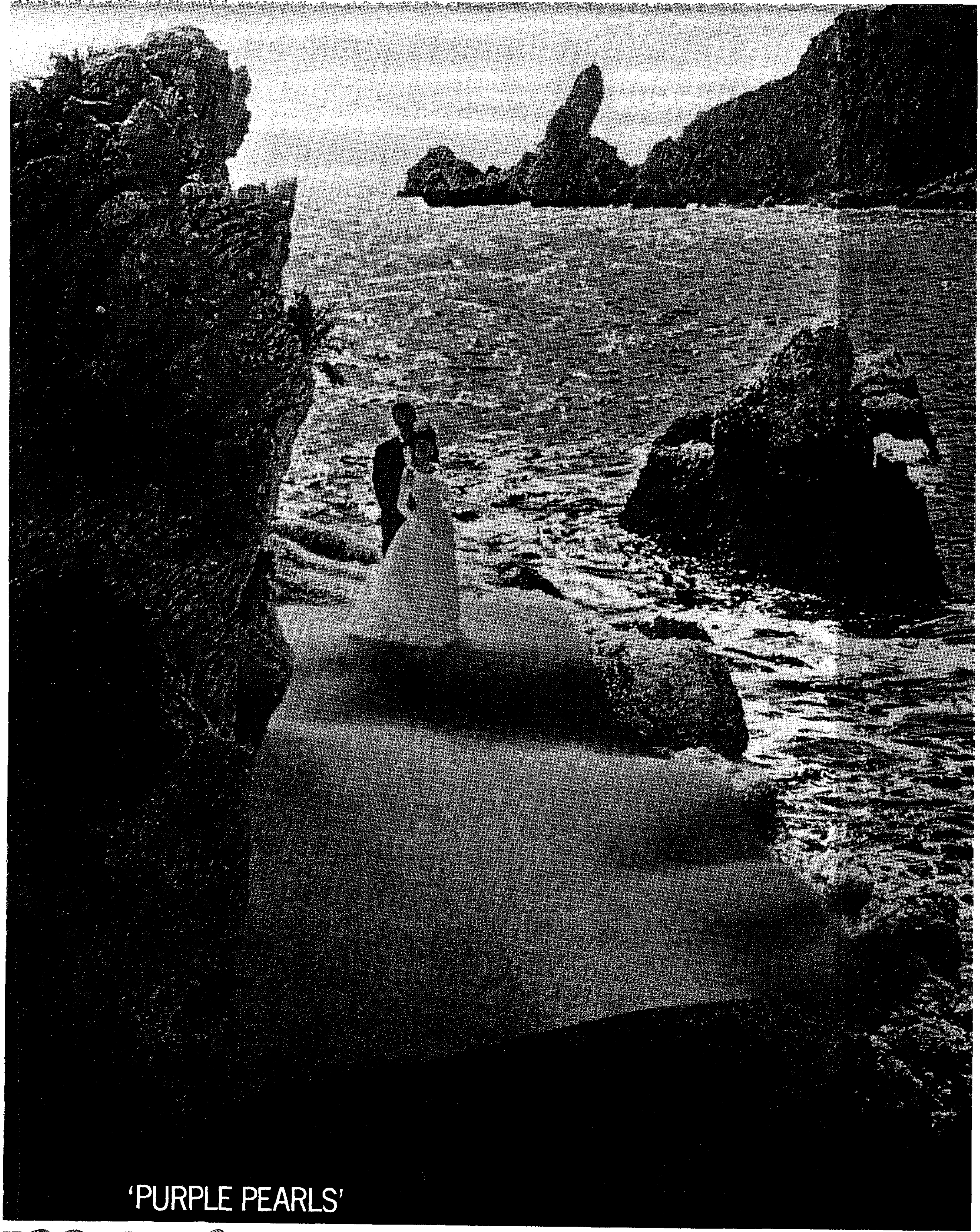
and defeat, he completed, in August, 1859, what is generally considered the world's first oil well; it was sixty-nine feet deep. The boom that followed cast up several memorable figures. Among the more entertaining were John D. Rockefeller, who went on to become the oil game's first all-time All-American, and John (Coal Oil Johnny) Steele, who created the popular archetype of the oil millionaire by falling heir to an income of some seven thousand dollars a day and assiduously getting rid of it all in highly conspicuous consumption. The bonanza eluded Drake, though he remained at the scene of the boom for five years. Bissell's company collapsed in 1864, and Drake found work with another firm, at about the same salary. He did have one piece of good luck; for a couple of terms he served as justice of the peace in Titusville, a post that brought him twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Then he moved to New York, where he set himself up as an oil-stock and oil-property broker, lost everything, and dropped out of sight. Shortly before the tenth anniversary of the completion of the first oil well, it was discovered that Drake, suffering from spinal neuralgia, had been without work for three years and was living with his wife and four children in a summer cottage, lent by a friend, on the New Jersey shore. Their income consisted of what Mrs. Drake earned from sewing. When the oilmen in Titusville learned of Drake's predicament, they managed to get together a fund of nearly five thousand dollars to help him out. Four years later, in 1873, the Pennsylvania legislature voted Drake, then a hopeless invalid, an annual pension of fifteen hundred dollars for having made a discovery that, the legislators said, "has greatly stimulated various industries and has also added directly to the revenues of the commonwealth more than one million dollars." Drake died in 1880, leaving behind him a fortune of good will. "Honest and upright," a former business associate eulogized, "he risked his all to develop the oil interest in Pennsylvania, but, like many another enterprising man, he shook the boughs for others to gather the fruit."

During the rest of the nineteenth century, the petroleum industry came increasingly under the domination of John D. Rockefeller, who was so dedicated to gathering its fruits that he was willing to do the job all by himself. In fact, he was so anxious to handle the project alone that anybody who tried to help him was put out of business or otherwise discouraged. This naturally



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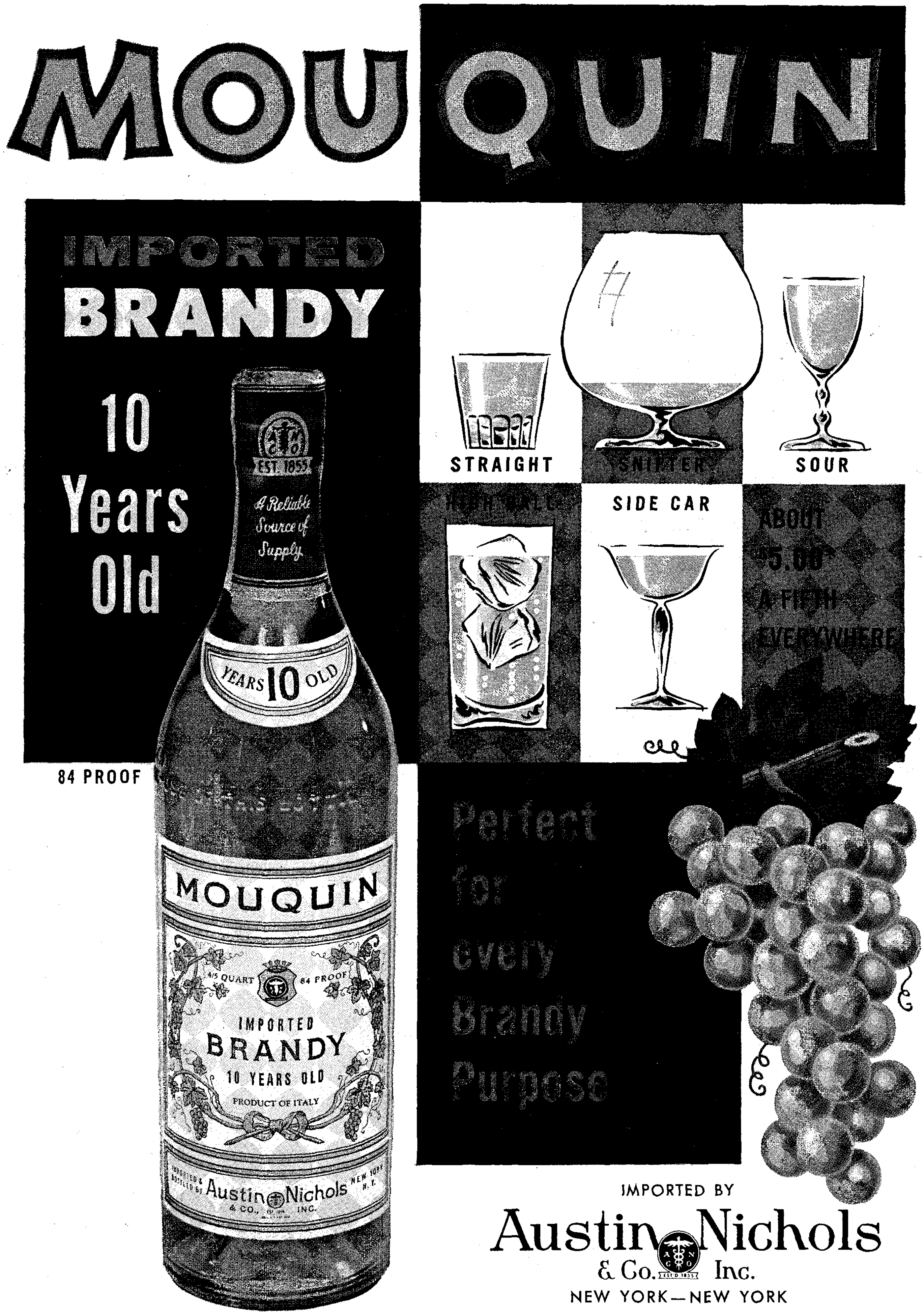

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took a lot of fun out of the oil game. However, changes came about as time passed. In its modern form, the game dates from January 10, 1901, when a remarkable gusher of oil erupted from a hole, eleven hundred and sixty feet deep, dug into a marshy hillock called Spindletop, one mile south of Beaumont, Texas. That event, a turning point in our history, marked the end of the oil monopoly and the beginning of the liquid-fuel age. Before Spindletop, Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company directly controlled eighty-three per cent of all oil production in the United States; within a year Standard was competing with Texaco, Gulf, and a few other incipient giants. Before Spindletop, too, the uses of petroleum had been limited mainly to lighting and lubrication; insufficient supply had made it too costly for fuel. In its first year, the initial Spindletop well alone produced as much oil as all the thirty-seven thousand Eastern wells together. By 1902, a hundred and thirty-eight wells were producing at Spindletop; their combined production was more than that of the rest of the world. Suddenly, oil had become a source of cheap power, an abundant fuel that was to break the coal monopoly, propel automobiles and airplanes, and alter the face of the nation. Behind all this was the man who originally shook the boughs at Spindletop—a one-armed, self-educated, prideful native of Beaumont named Pattillo Higgins, son of the local gunsmith. Owing to some unusually sportive behavior, Higgins had left town as a youth; in his early twenties, after working for several years as a lumberman, he returned to Beaumont to go into the real-estate business and teach in the Baptist Sunday school. Soon afterward, from observation and a do-it-yourself course in geology, he came to the conclusion that oil could be found under Spindletop. Despite the unanimous contrary opinion of experts (it was their comic way to offer to drink all the oil that Higgins could find in the vicinity), he spent ten years and as much money as he could make and borrow—some thirty thousand dollars—trying to demonstrate his eccentric theory. When, at last, he was unable to raise another dollar, he enlisted the interest, through an advertisement in a trade paper, of a trained mining engineer, Anthony F. Lucas, who took up the pursuit with equal fervor. Lucas carried it on until he had invested about as much as Higgins and had been obliged to begin selling his household furniture to buy groceries. Still he persisted. At

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length, he secured from a pair of Pittsburgh oil operators named James Guffey and John Galey, who were backed by the Mellon brothers, enough financing to complete the first well at Spindletop. All that Guffey and Galey required in return was that Lucas turn over to them practically all the interest he had acquired in Spindletop property. Lucas thus handily escaped becoming a millionaire. After drilling the gusher (which bore his name), Lucas continued exploring for petroleum for four years, and then moved to Washington, D.C., where he resumed his original business as a mining engineer and kept it up until his death, in 1921. Though the material returns from his historic feat were negligible, he received some rewards of a more enduring nature. Not only did the citizens of Beaumont name a street after him and erect a monument in his honor, both after his death, but, during his lifetime, a hundred of the more generous among them presented him with a large solid-gold watch charm cleverly decorated on one face with a gusher and on the reverse with a Texas star containing a large diamond and surrounded by five small ones. No such honors were heaped on Pattillo Higgins. A year after Spindletop, when his theory was rather fully proved and a number of his friends were enjoying their new status as millionaires, he tried to organize a company that would permit him to get in on the big play. The people of Beaumont accorded this proposal their unqualified indifference, and Higgins left town again, this time for good. During the rest of his long life, he roamed the state, at first in a horse and buggy and later in an old Ford, making a living by prospecting for oil and dealing in oil lands. He died in San Antonio in 1955, at the age of ninety-two, and there was found among his effects a document that said, in part, "Mr. Higgins deserves the whole honor of discovering and developing the Beaumont oil field. He located the exact spot where all the big gushers are now found." The paper was signed by thirty-two Beaumont citizens and attested by the county clerk. Public recognition, such as it was, had come at last.

Of all the developments of the oil game that Higgins saw in his lifetime, no doubt the most important was a drastic change that occurred in the nineteen-thirties. This step was taken as the result of a discovery by a pioneer named Columbus M. Joiner, a genial and likable man who was known to almost everybody as Dad. Like most of his precursors, Dad, who came from Ala-

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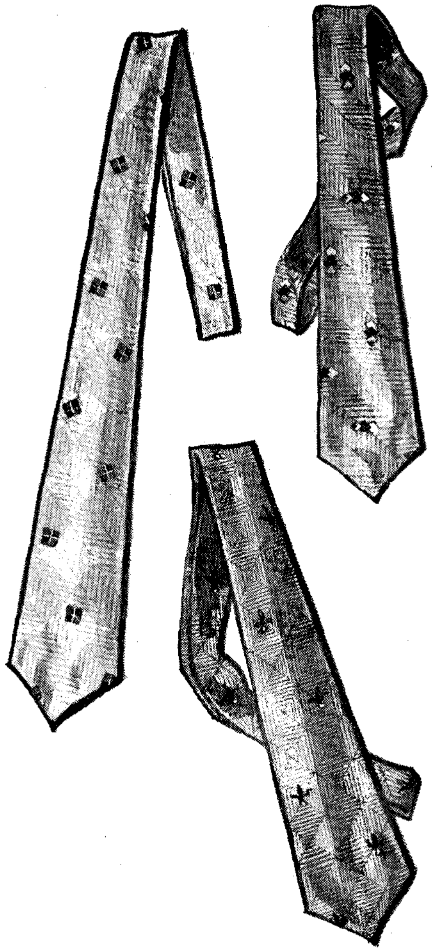

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bama, had scant formal education. His entire schooling, he once said, added up to seven weeks. He early acquired a fondness for reading—the Bible and Shakespeare were apparently his favorite reading matter, considering the frequency with which he quoted them—and late in life estimated that he had read at least ten thousand books. After starting work at twelve, he migrated to Tennessee, qualified as a lawyer, served two years in the legislature, and moved on to Oklahoma, where he turned his attention to oil. In his first venture, he made a four-hundred-percent profit; he bought an oil lease for five dollars and sold it for twenty-five. If he had kept the lease, which was on property that proved to be very productive, he would have made more than six million dollars. At any rate, the transaction served to launch Dad on a career that later brought him the title King of the Wildcatters. (The term has since been vitiated by indiscriminate use; wildcat kings are now about as common as gypsy kings.) Dad drilled his first well in Oklahoma in 1913, made and lost two fortunes, and took out for Texas. In 1925, when he showed up in Dallas, he was sixty-five and broke; for the next five years, he said later, he didn't have enough money to buy a new suit of clothes. He was able to keep on operating because his pleasant, homely manner inspired confidence in small investors and because he had chosen to prospect in East Texas, a region where leases could be obtained cheaply, for the understandable reason that no oil had been found there or, in the publicly expressed judgment of the geologists of all the large oil companies, ever would be. With a small amount of borrowed money, Dad secured a lease on some thousand acres in Rusk County, on a farm owned by a widow named Daisy Bradford. Then he scraped together enough additional money to, in the oilman's phrase, "po'-boy" a well. As the term suggests, to po'-boy a well is to drill one as cheaply as possible, using a makeshift rig, second-hand pipe, old tools, much sweat, and great ingenuity. To nobody's astonishment, the first Daisy Bradford well turned out to be a duster, or dry hole. After selling a few fractions of his lease to raise a little more money, Dad moved his ramshackle rig to a new location and sank another well. This was as dry as the first. The men on his crew, who had been working in return for an interest in the lease, got discouraged and left. To replenish his capital funds, Dad issued and sold scrip backed by his lease, rounded up another

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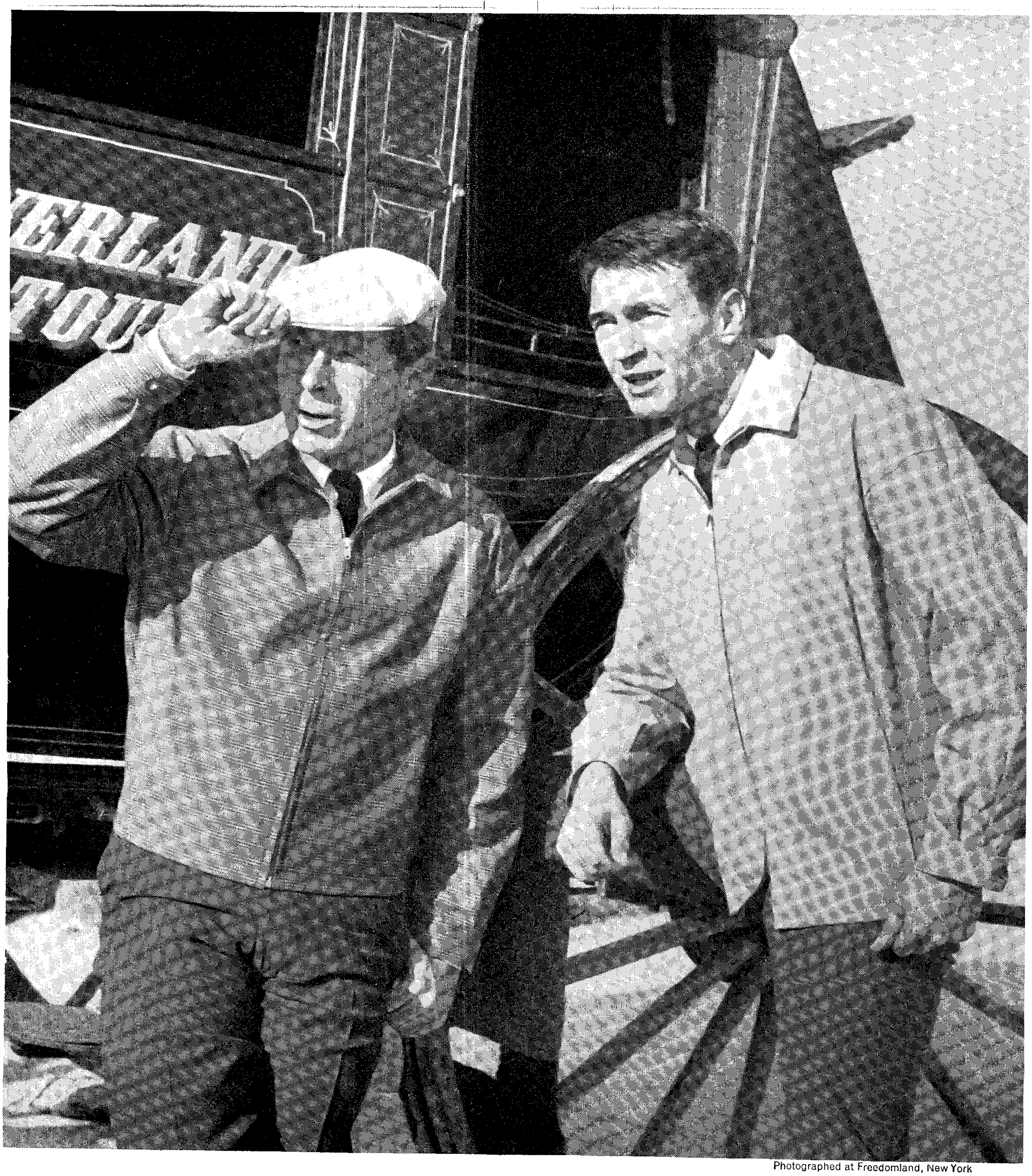

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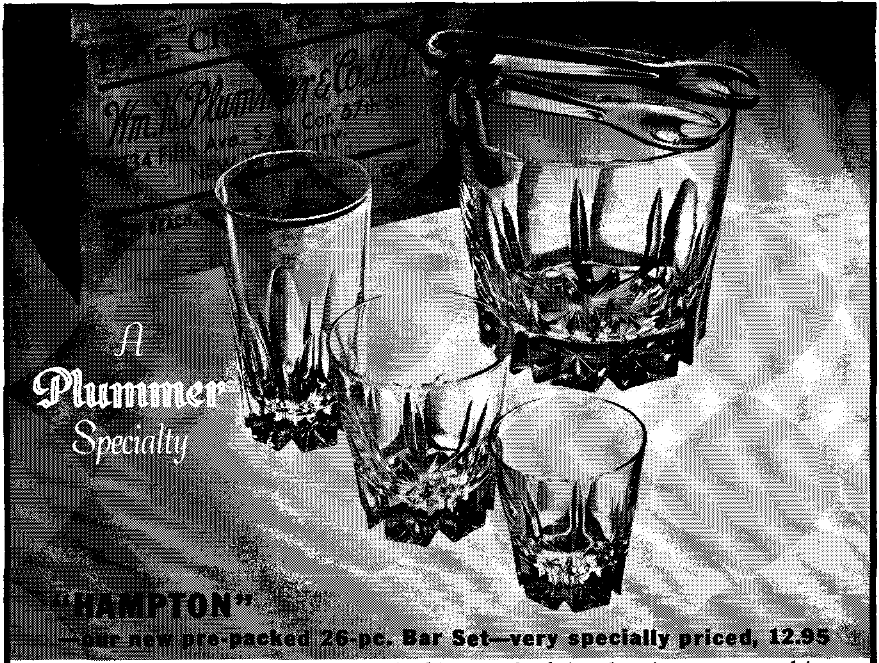
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crew, and started drilling a third well. Mrs. Bradford contributed to the project by serving free meals to the men working on the well, and a local banker who had a small interest in the lease put on overalls and donated his spare time to helping out on the rig. On October 3, 1930, the Daisy Bradford No. 3 came in, a gusher. Dad Joiner had tapped the largest single pool of oil ever discovered in the United States. It was a fabulous reservoir, spreading over an area of some two hundred and forty square miles.

For a while, Dad's discovery threatened to ruin the industry. With oil available in such abundance, the market skidded toward collapse; eighteen months after the Daisy Bradford strike, oil had dropped from a dollar and thirty cents a barrel to as low as five cents. Efforts were made to boost the price by voluntary restriction of production, but Texas was not ready for that. The more eager and rugged among the small producers ignored the quota plan and took to running "hot oil." There were fights and bloodshed in the fields. The oil game got very rough. Texas called out its National Guard (the general in command, as it happened, was also chief counsel of the Texas Company) to patrol the East Texas fields. Finally, to straighten things out, a major rules change was agreed upon. Whereas it had previously been the right of a producer to pump as much oil as he wished, state and federal laws were now enacted giving Texas and other oil-producing states the authority to set the amount each operator would be allowed to produce. As a result of the new rule, the oil game soon became orderly and prosperous. Dad Joiner's discovery erased the effects of the depression in East Texas and populated the landscape with a sizable body of new millionaires. Dad himself, being in the bough-shaking tradition, was not among them, or at least not for long. Paying a visit to Dallas to buy a new suit and celebrate, Dad, then seventy, found himself exceedingly popular. Before he had had a chance to do much shopping, he negotiated a deal with one of the foxiest traders in the business. Dad wound up with what amounted to a token sum, and this became the object of his creditors' lively interest. Within hours after the successful Bradford well came in, a lawsuit had been filed against Dad, and in the ensuing four years, he once recalled, he was the defendant in more than a hundred and fifty others. By the time he had freed himself from the lawyers, he was worn to the bone; he gave up the oil game and lived the rest of his years in a modest house on Mockingbird Lane, in Dallas. He died there in 1947, at the age of eighty-seven. If he had left an estate, he might well have made a bequest to the Dallas Public Library. In retirement, he was known as its best customer.

EVER since Spindletop, the headquarters of the oil game has been Texas, which now produces some thirty-eight per cent of the nation's oil and has approximately half of its reserves. (Texas is also well supplied with a companion product, natural gas, of which it also has about half of the country's reserves—a hundred and twenty trillion cubic feet, to be exact.) Of the two hundred and fifty-four counties in the state, a hundred and ninety-five produce oil. Scattered across Texas are nearly two hundred thousand oil wells, which have now replaced cattle as the state's unofficial insignia. "During the twentieth century," the Texas folklorist J. Frank Dobie has remarked, "oil has brought so much money to the Southwest that the proceeds from cattle have come to look like tips." Probably the most familiar sight on the Texas landscape is the device used to lift oil to the surface—the so-called pumping jack, whose long steel beam bows to the ground in a regular, obeisant motion matching the tempo of the slowly repeated phrase "Thank you very much, thank you very much, thank you very much." Since oil has been discovered in nearly every conceivable location in Texas, pumping jacks can be seen not only on farms and ranches and in swamps, forests, and churchyards but in less likely places; for example, an enterprising operator named Cliff W. Trice recently drilled a number of producing wells in Houston's municipal dump. Driving through the countryside, a traveller is constantly confronted with other reminders of oil—pipelines, refineries, drilling rigs, clusters of storage tanks, exploration crews at work. On the highways, he frequently finds himself caught up in an impromptu parade whose most conspicuous entries represent oil: trucks (seemingly the length of barges) to which are chained tons of dully glowing steel drilling pipe; barrel-shaped trucks carrying sand, acid, and cement for the servicing of wells; station wagons bearing crews of surveyors and geologists; and dusty, serviceable sedans driven by engineers, scouts, and other oilmen, whose connection with the game is often revealed by the presence on the shelf inside the car's rear window of a bright-yellow helmet for wear in the field. With all this evidence

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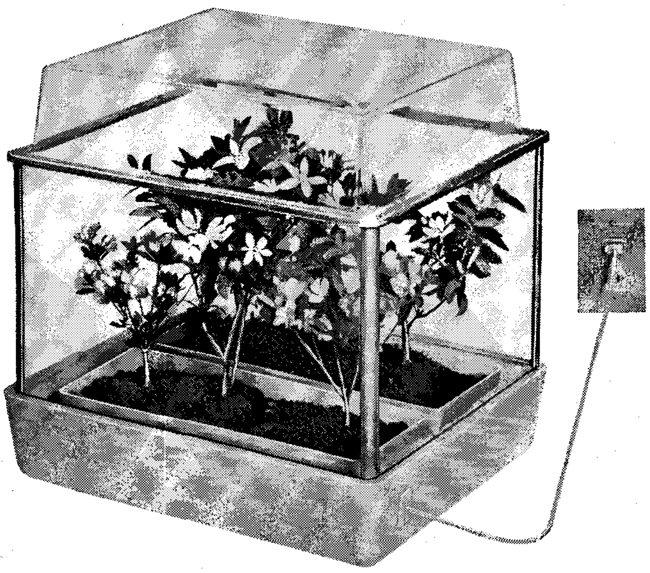

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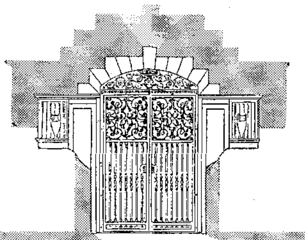

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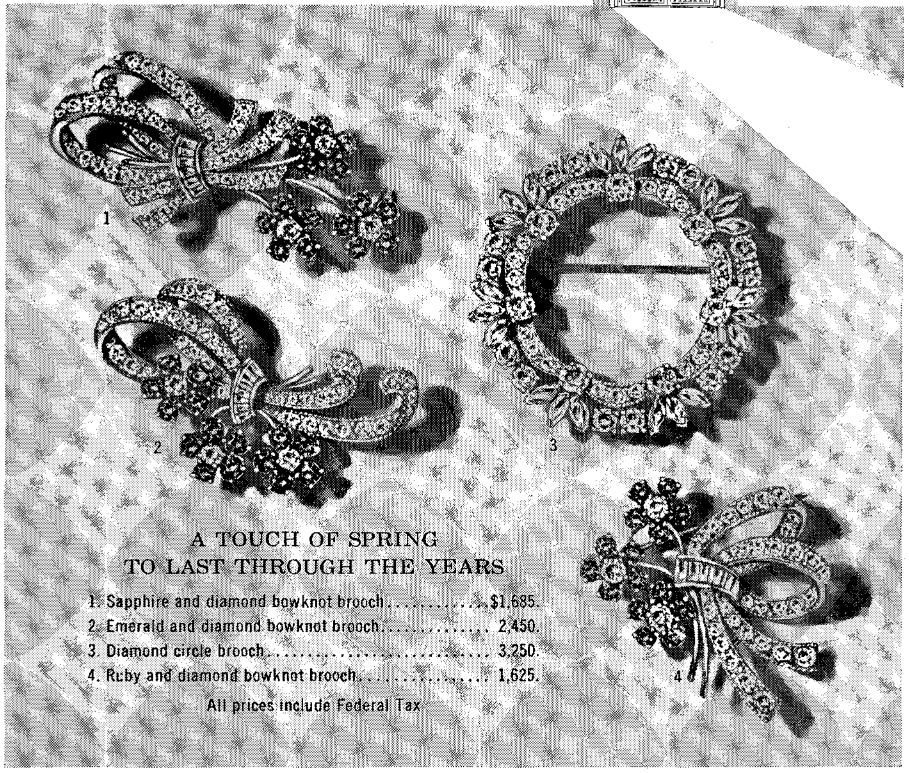

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around him, a visitor is soon willing to believe that one out of every eleven Texas workers is employed in the oil business—two hundred and twenty-five thousand people, at latest count—and that petroleum is the state's largest taxpayer, accounting for more than a quarter of the total take. In the cities, the visitor encounters other signs indicating that oil is the keystone of the Super-American economy—particularly the large number of buildings named after oil companies and operators, many of which are surmounted by a striking adornment, such as a gigantic red neon flying horse that revolves incessantly. Furthermore, in all cities of reasonable size those who play the oil game have clubs of their own; their clubhouses range in size from the Midland Petroleum Club's converted (genuine) ranch house to the Houston Petroleum Club's million-dollar spread atop the Rice Hotel. Perhaps the most meaningful reflection of the place that the oil game holds in the hearts of Super-Americans is the way it is treated in the newspapers. On a year-round basis, they probably devote more space to the oil game than to any other game, with the possible exception of football. Every one of the metropolitan newspapers employs an oil editor; some have, in addition, oil columnists, the most notable being the Houston *Post's* Jim Clark; the game is often the subject of editorials; and it frequently makes page-one news. For aficionados, the most interesting part of the paper is the oil section, where the players' day-to-day activities are reported. A glance at this section reveals that the oil game has its own language, even more recondite than that used by *Variety* to cover the amusement game. For example, a typical story in the Houston *Post* begins, "John W. Mecom's Lacy 1 Armour B well made 4 million cubic feet of gas per day with approximately 60 barrels of 52.4-gravity distillate to the million cubic feet through a 3/16-inch choke on a drill-stem test." An account in the Dallas *News* of another well, this one belonging to an operator named Paul C. Teas, is no less cryptic: "The Dallas independent's No. 1 Skeeter-Slaughter, section 24, block 1, Jasper Hays survey, eight miles southwest of Post townsite, showed its better flow from the Ellenburger at 369 barrels daily." Some stories invest the game with an element of hunting on a Paul Bunyan-like scale ("English L. Jackson, Jr., Tyler, spotted a 5,800-foot wildcat three miles east of Elkhart . . ."), and sometimes, to judge from the headlines, the chase ends tragically ("Loving Wildcat

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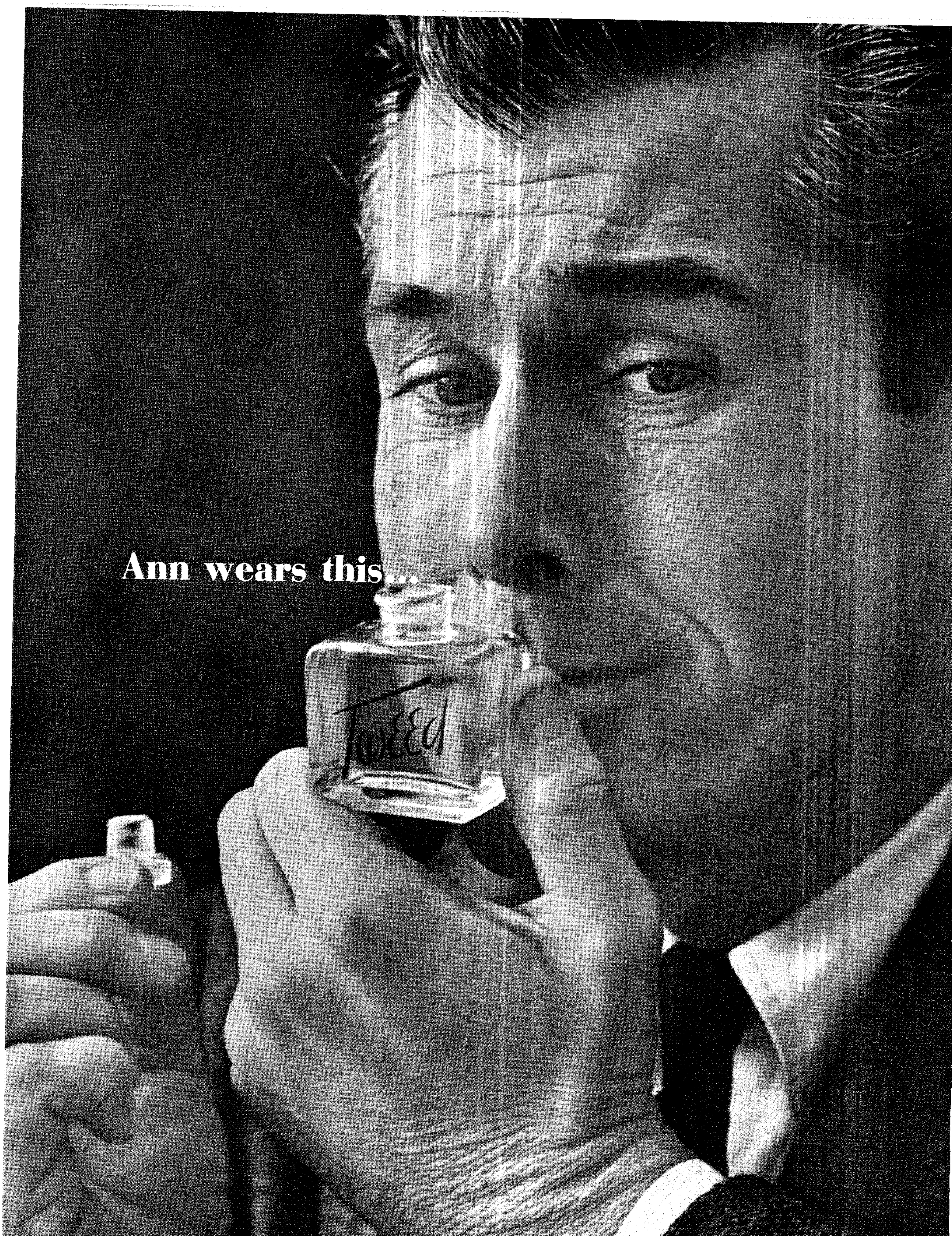
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Plugged"). The headlines on some other stories make the game sound as violent as a television drama: "Strawn to Be Fractured and Caddo Acidized at Prospect in Stephens." Besides giving the game at least adequate coverage, Texas newspapers, apparently operating on the principle that what's good for the oil business is good for Texas, seldom reveal signs of an excessive straining for objectivity in matters involving petroleum. As a working policy, they tend to criticize the oil game and its players about as often as they knock motherhood and Texas.

Owing to its uniquely favored situation, Texas attracts more players of the oil game than all the other states together. Of approximately twelve thousand oil-producing firms in the United States, some sixty-five hundred are domiciled in Texas. These full-time professional players are divided into two main groups, known familiarly as the majors and the independents. The majors consist of a small number of very large corporations, while the independents consist of a large number of relatively small operators. Altogether, only twenty-one oil companies in Texas are classed as majors; their dominant position is indicated by the fact that the six largest—Humble, Pan American, Gulf, Magnolia, Texaco, and Shell—produce or purchase more than eighty per cent of the oil that comes out of the state. Though the top executives of the major companies enjoy the status of Texas millionaires, the vast majority of that happy breed come from the ranks of the independents—mostly men who started from scratch, or behind it, and created their fortunes singlehanded. In some respects, the interests of the majors and the independents diverge—for example, the majors, with heavy overseas investments, favor the importation of foreign oil, while the independents, whose holdings are mainly domestic, are generally against it—but in most matters they see eye to eye. They are at once competitors and partners—competitors because both are engaged in the search for oil, partners because they frequently share the cost of the search. Beyond that, the independents are allied with the majors by necessity; the majors own practically all the pipelines and refineries, and it is consequently to them that the independents must sell their product if they want to sell it at all. B. G. (Billy) Byars, a prominent independent and the leading citizen of Tyler, Texas, has described the relationship succinctly: "Without the big companies, we couldn't exist. They buy our oil and gas." As it works out in practice, the in-

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dependents are scouts for the majors. In allotting money for exploration, the big companies are bound by group decisions, accountability to stockholders, and other corporate impedimenta, whereas the independents are bound by nothing but their own judgment and their own bank balance or credit. Partly as a result of their flexible position, the independents make the great majority of new oil discoveries. "The independents find eighty-five per cent of the oil and own fifteen per cent of it," Michel Halbouty, himself an independent, has said. "The majors find fifteen per cent and own eighty-five per cent. That gives you some idea of how important the independents are in this industry."

Though alike in sharing sovereign status, the independents differ from one another in several ways, such as their backgrounds. The late Everette Lee (Mr. De) DeGolyer, perhaps the most esteemed figure in the history of the oil game, used to divide players into two groups: the "silver-spoon boys" and the "rabbit's-foot boys." The great majority of oilmen—from James Abercrombie, a dairy farmer's son, who sold part of his oil properties a few years ago for fifty million dollars, to Joseph Zeppa, an Italian immigrant who arrived in this country in steerage at twelve and is now, at sixty-seven, reported to be worth more than fifty million—belong to the rabbit's-foot group, the one in which DeGolyer also had good reason to claim membership. Born in a sod hut in Kansas, he did various jobs to help pay his way through school and took time off between his junior and senior years in college to work for a British oil company in Mexico, where he located a well that produced a hundred and thirty million barrels of oil, a record that has not been equalled. "Sheer luck," DeGolyer remarked when recalling this discovery a few months before his death, in 1956, at the age of seventy. "I was just a kid at the time and it seemed to me there was nothing left in the world to accomplish." As things turned out, he went on to accomplish a good deal, such as becoming the petroleum industry's foremost geologist; the most gifted pioneer in the field of geophysics; the recipient of a couple of dozen honorary degrees and awards, including the John Fritz Medal, which had previously been conferred on other successful scientists like Thomas Edison and Orville Wright; the financial savior and board chairman of the *Saturday Review;* the possessor of one of the greatest libraries in the Southwest; and, by no means incidentally, the accumulator of some forty million dollars. Only a small handful of men in the oil game have reached the top, as DeGolyer did, by way of the scientific route; most took the road that starts by performing unskilled labor—"roughnecking," as it is called—in the oil fields. Among this group is Billy Byars. Like most players of his generation, Byars, who is fifty-nine, rotund, cheerful, unassuming, and astute, started earning a living early. "I went to the oil fields when I was fifteen, in December, 1917," he says. "I remember it was cold and muddy. Sleeping in tents. I was a roughneck, working on a rig." After drifting from one oil-boom area to another, he managed to secure a half interest in a drilling rig, had luck in wildcatting operations, formed his own company, and went on to pile up thirty million or so. As in Byars' case, the turning point in the career of most independents can be traced to the acquisition of a drilling rig, and that event is apt to have resulted as much from good luck as good management. The experience in this respect of R. E. (Bob) Smith, one of Houston's most prominent citizens, is in the tradition. On finishing high school, Smith—then a sturdy, six-foot redhead with a quick temper and today, at sixty-six, unchanged except that his hair has turned snow white—worked for several of the large oil companies in Texas, and was fired by the best of them. "I figure I was fired from at least five jobs besides the ones I quit," he has recalled. "The trouble was I couldn't take orders from a man unless they were properly given." Looking for a place where orders were given in a manner to suit his taste, Smith travelled to Tonkawa, Oklahoma, then the center of an oil boom, and was hired as a salesman for an oil-field supply company. In a restaurant one bitter winter night, he overheard a drilling contractor damning the weather and complaining about being stuck in Tonkawa; he said he would leave town on the first train if he could get rid of his two rigs for twenty-five thousand dollars. Smith knew they were worth much more than that, and though he doubted whether the driller was in earnest, he found, upon looking him up in the sober light of morning, that the offer

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was good. He repaired to the local bank and managed to talk the president—a nephew, as it happened, of the Starr brothers, who had built a considerable local reputation as bank robbers before going to their reward—into lending him twenty-five thousand dollars without collateral. He had no trouble repaying the loan and has not been greatly agitated by financial worries since; his present income has been estimated at about five hundred thousand dollars a month. Another outstandingly successful Houston-based independent, John W. Mecom, a quiet, unruffled, six-foot-three, two-hundred-and-twenty-pound native Texan, departed from tradition by going to college. He got back on the track, however, by dropping out before getting his degree and going to work as a roughneck. Then, borrowing seven hundred dollars from his mother and an old wooden drilling rig from his father, who had dabbled in oil, he tried his luck, which turned out to be good enough to enable him to pocket a hundred thousand dollars within two years. With this he bought some new equipment and went on expanding until today, at fifty, he could sell his holdings, pay his debts and taxes, and put at least a hundred and ten million in the bank.

After the roughnecks, the second most numerous group of players got into the oil game as lease brokers. These, as Ray E. Hubbard, of Dallas, who used to be one of them, has explained, are more commonly referred to in the trade as "lease hounds" or "lease grafters"—terms which may possibly provide a clue to their professional standing. "Whatever you want to call 'em, their job is to buy up a lease on a piece of property where there oughta be oil and sell it at a profit to somebody else," says Hubbard, a forthright, determinedly roughhewn man. "Bein' a lease grafter don't take much schoolin', and it don't take much capital. What it takes is knowin' how to trade." Hubbard began learning how to trade upon quitting high school in his sophomore year to go into business with his father, a tombstone cutter turned real-estate operator. After trying their luck in Florida and a few other places, they showed up at the right time in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where they accumulated cash and experience as oil-lease brokers. Moving on to Texas, they piled up a comfortable fortune serving as brokers in many big deals, and then, following the usual pattern, became drillers and producers. By the time young Hubbard was thirty-five, he was worth numerous millions, and the number has multiplied

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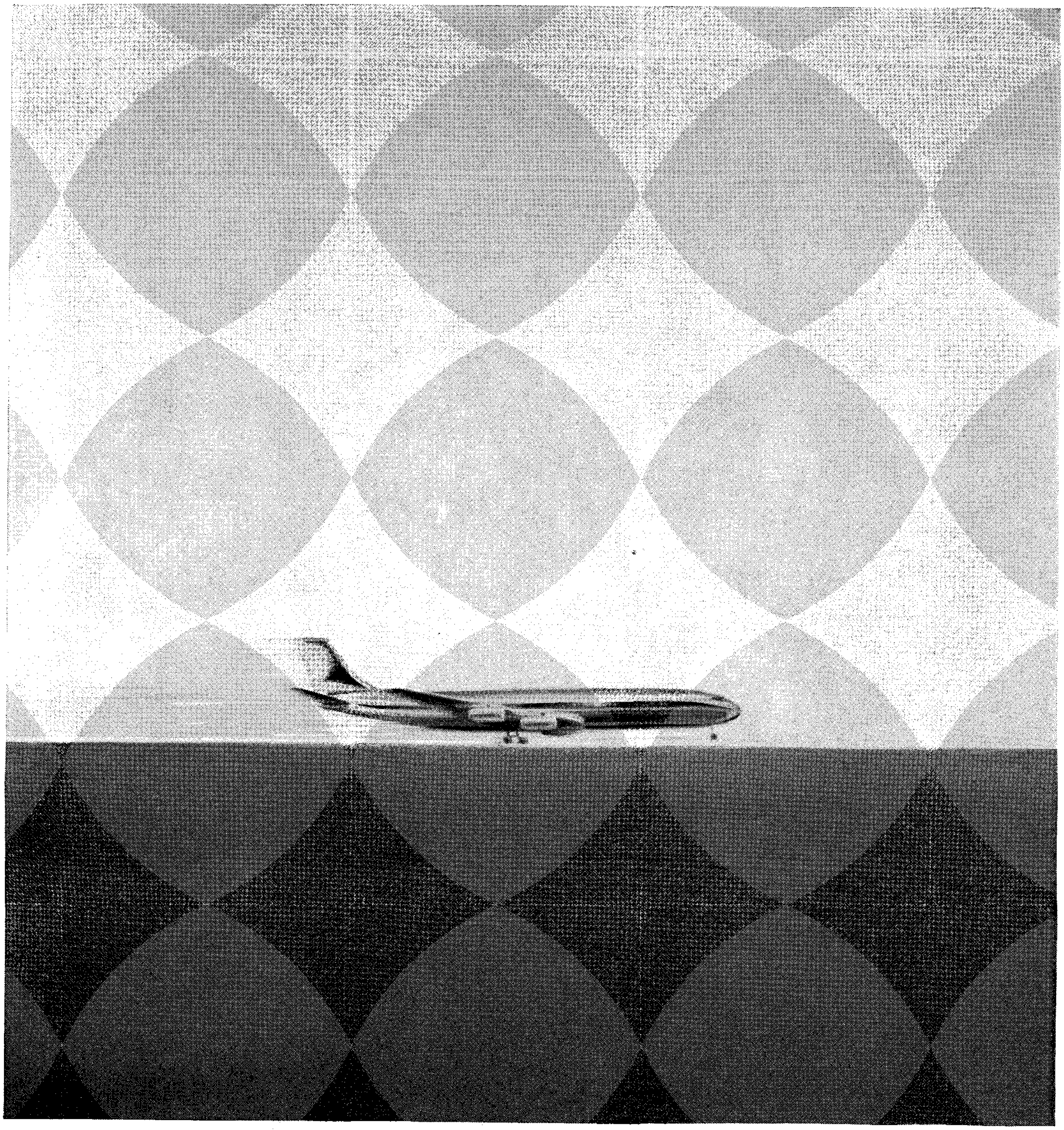

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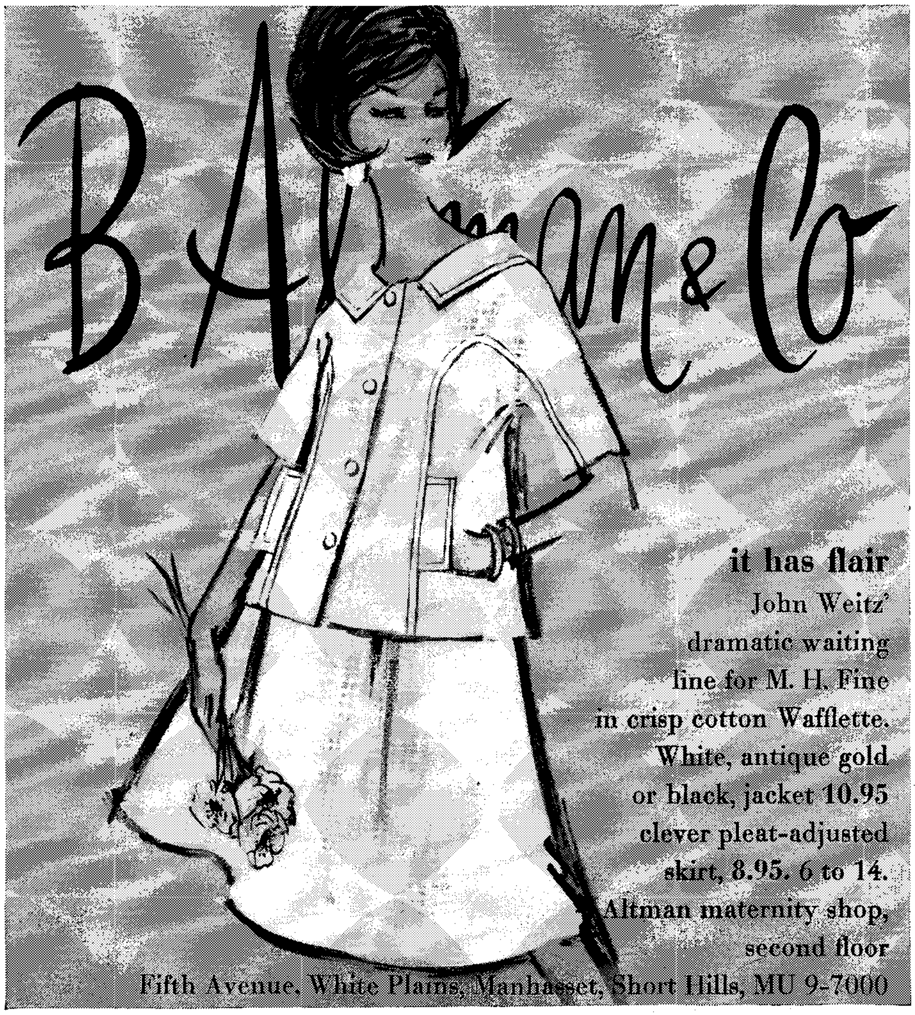

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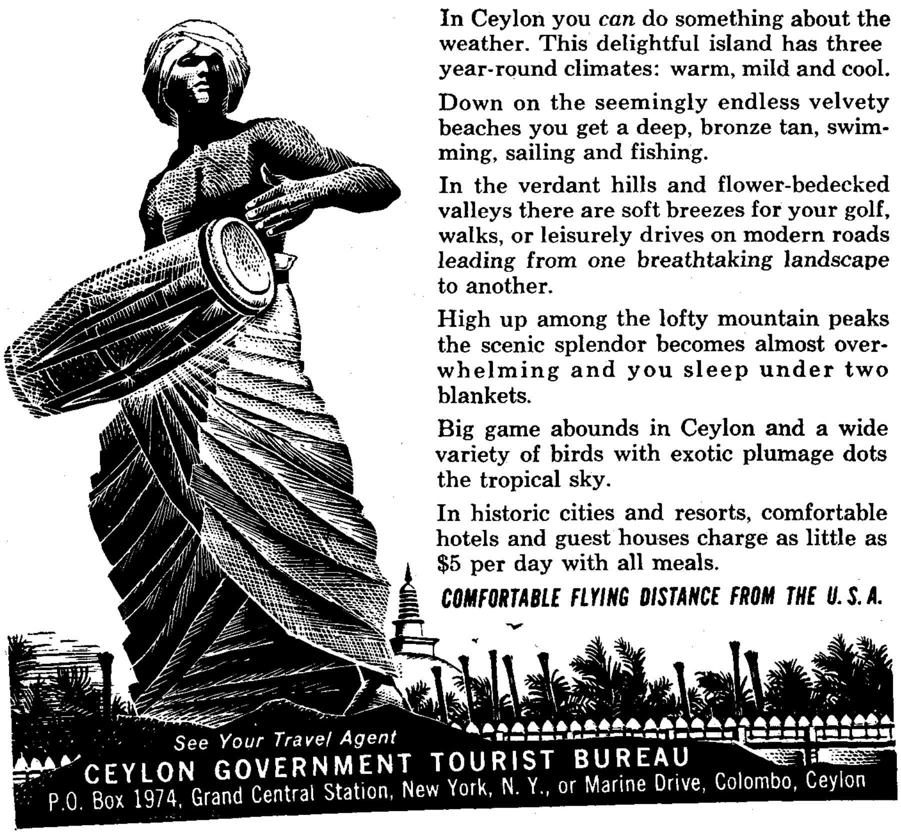

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so many times since then that, as a friend remarked recently, "Ray now has what you might call aggravated social security." Once, in a philosophical mood, Hubbard made an observation, perhaps produced by reflection on his own early career, on the importance of intelligence in getting rich. "Anybody that's got money can hire somebody who's smart to make them money," he said. "It's a son of a bitch that hasn't got any money that has to be smart." That condition has generally been shared by another group of independents, who started out as suppliers, selling drilling pipe, engines, valves, and other equipment needed to play the oil game. One of the more unusual members of this group is a slight, gentle resident of Fort Worth named Sol Brachman, who was born in Russia, raised in Ohio, and graduated from Marietta College, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. His son Malcolm, who also wears the key, graduated *summa cum laude* from Yale, received his M.A. and Ph.D. from Harvard, and at twenty-three put in a year at Southern Methodist University teaching nuclear physics. He has since become associated with many of his father's enterprises, which now include insurance and oil production. "We're both Phi Beta Kappas," the elder Brachman is likely to inform new acquaintances within a decent interval after shaking hands. "Some people think on account of that we shouldn't be in the oil business." Despite the handicap, they have done well enough, but their business is, as Brachman puts it, "peanuts" compared to that of another Fort Worth resident, K. W. Davis, who heads the largest independent supply company in the country. The final, and smallest, group that makes up the independents entered the game by the white-collar route. Of these, probably none has gone farther than a smooth-faced, soft-spoken Dallas resident named Algur H. (Al) Meadows. The son of a Georgia physician, Meadows started his business career selling Ford cars, drifted down to Louisiana, got a job as a clerk in Shreveport with the Standard Oil Company, studied law at night, and after passing the bar organized, in partnership with another young lawyer, a small-loan company. The time was 1928. Within five years the company had opened eight branch offices, including one in Tyler, Texas. Into that office one day in 1933, when Meadows was paying a visit there, walked a drilling contractor named G. E. (Blondy) Hall. He told Meadows he had a contract to drill three wells, and out of the sale of oil from the wells he was to be paid a hundred and five thousand dollars for his work. To complete the wells, Hall explained, would cost about twenty-four thousand dollars; he needed a loan for that amount. Before committing himself, Meadows engaged a firm of geologists to size up the drill sites, and received a highly favorable report. He then made Hall a proposition: instead of lending him money he would give him thirty-five thousand dollars in cash, and in return Hall would turn over to the company his prospective hundred and five thousand. Money being tight, Hall accepted the deal, giving him a profit of eleven thousand and the loan company one of seventy thousand. In the following months, Meadows concluded deals with other drillers on the same terms: for every dollar paid out in cash he received three dollars in oil payments. It dawned soon enough on Meadows and his partner that this line of work beat even the small-loan companies, so they gradually liquidated that enterprise and concentrated on oil. The kind of imaginative thinking that Meadows displayed in his first oil deal has, in the ensuing quarter of a century, shown itself in many ways and has not only earned him the widespread respect of his colleagues but propelled him to the post of executive committee chairman of the General American Oil Company of Texas. This is a far-flung operation of which Meadows was a founder and in which he and his wife, whose jewels brighten up the night, own stock having a market value of about fifty-five million. And that, according to one of their friends, is "the iceberg stuff that shows—what you don't see is many times as much."

Besides variations in origin, the independents differ in the size of their organizations, which range from that of a small independent, whose personnel consists of himself and a part-time secretary working in a one-room office, to that of, say, John Mecom, who employs some five hundred and fifty people, in nine states. An independent may follow a carefully planned long-term program, like Jake Hamon's (he normally drills a hundred wells a year), or a rather short-range schedule, like Paul Raigorodsky's ("My program," Raigorodsky says, "is whatever turns up"). Another, and quite important, distinction can be made between the independents who do business mainly with the majors, fellow-independents, and others inside the industry (a group that might be called the inside operators), and those (the outside operators)

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who operate primarily with funds solicited from investors outside the industry. A fairly representative inside operator is Byars, who, like most of his colleagues, particularly inside operators, is open for business by phone twenty-four hours a day. His operations usually begin when he receives an early-morning phone call at home from his secretary, who reports on the mail and other matters. Around nine o'clock, Byars gets into his station wagon and drives himself downtown to his office. On the wall behind his desk is an oil painting, of overwhelming dimensions, of an Aberdeen Angus bull, the late Prince 105 of TT, for which Byars and three other bull fanciers jointly paid the record sum of two hundred and thirty thousand dollars; on another wall is a reproduction of a painting of George Washington, simply framed, and inscribed, "For Billy Byars, Merry Christmas, 1954, Dwight D. Eisenhower." As a rule, Byars stays in his office until noon, handling correspondence, discussing deals with employees, and transacting business on the telephone. "At least fifty per cent of our deals are made by phone," he says. His afternoons are generally spent reconnoitring Royal Oaks, a twelve-hundred-acre ranch he owns, a few miles outside of Tyler, where he raises prize-winning cattle. While there, he keeps on doing business, by means of a dozen or so telephone calls. Almost all his contacts are with other old hands at the oil game. "Oilmen like to deal with other oilmen," he said one afternoon at the ranch. "That's because it's easier to deal with somebody who knows the ropes the way you do. People who aren't in this game don't know how deals work, so if they do get into it, right away they start asking for detailed reports and all kinds of figures. The oilman usually carries all that around in his head. He doesn't want to waste his time writing it all out and trying to teach somebody. In this business, you work mostly through friendships. It's a cinch you can't make money off your enemies. You get a stranger in on a deal, and the first thing you know, he wants you to be an accountant and a geology teacher and a petroleum-engineering professor and a few other things. Hell, in the time you spend answering all his questions you could make enough to put him through college. Probably a lot more."

As for outside operators, though reputable ones will not do business with just anybody who has cash to spare (the few who will are apt to be experts in the so-called New York deal; that is, a shady or crooked operation), all

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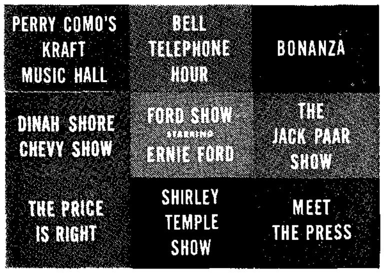

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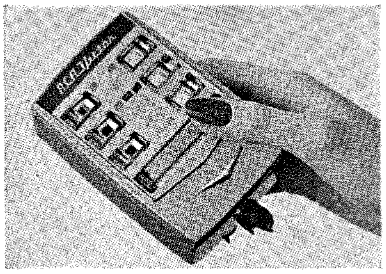

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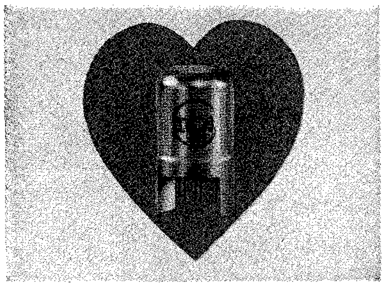

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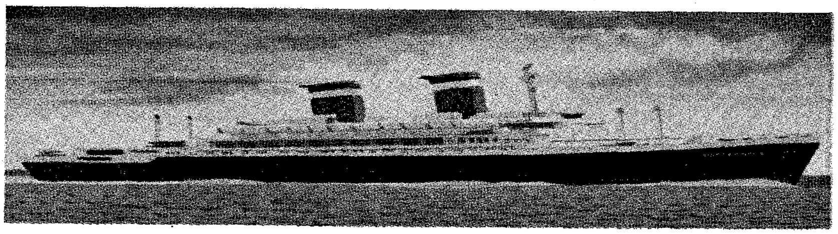

Mr. & Mrs. Jack A. Adamson of New York make their 12th crossing. They are two of a large number of experienced travelers who regularly enjoy crossing on the s.s. United States. Mr. Adamson is an executive of the Asiatic Petroleum Corporation in New York.

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Miss Poppy Mull of Malvern, Pa. and Mr. Jeffrey E. Peterson of Kenilworth, Ill. in the Forward Observation Lounge. Young people love the glamor of United States Lines ships.

Mrs. Leonard Kleckner shows off her dogs to Chief Officer Ridington. This great modern ocean liner has dog kennels with a veterinarian and a dog-walking area. Mrs. Kleckner and Major Kleckner, U. S. 1st Army, were crossing to a new assignment in Germany.

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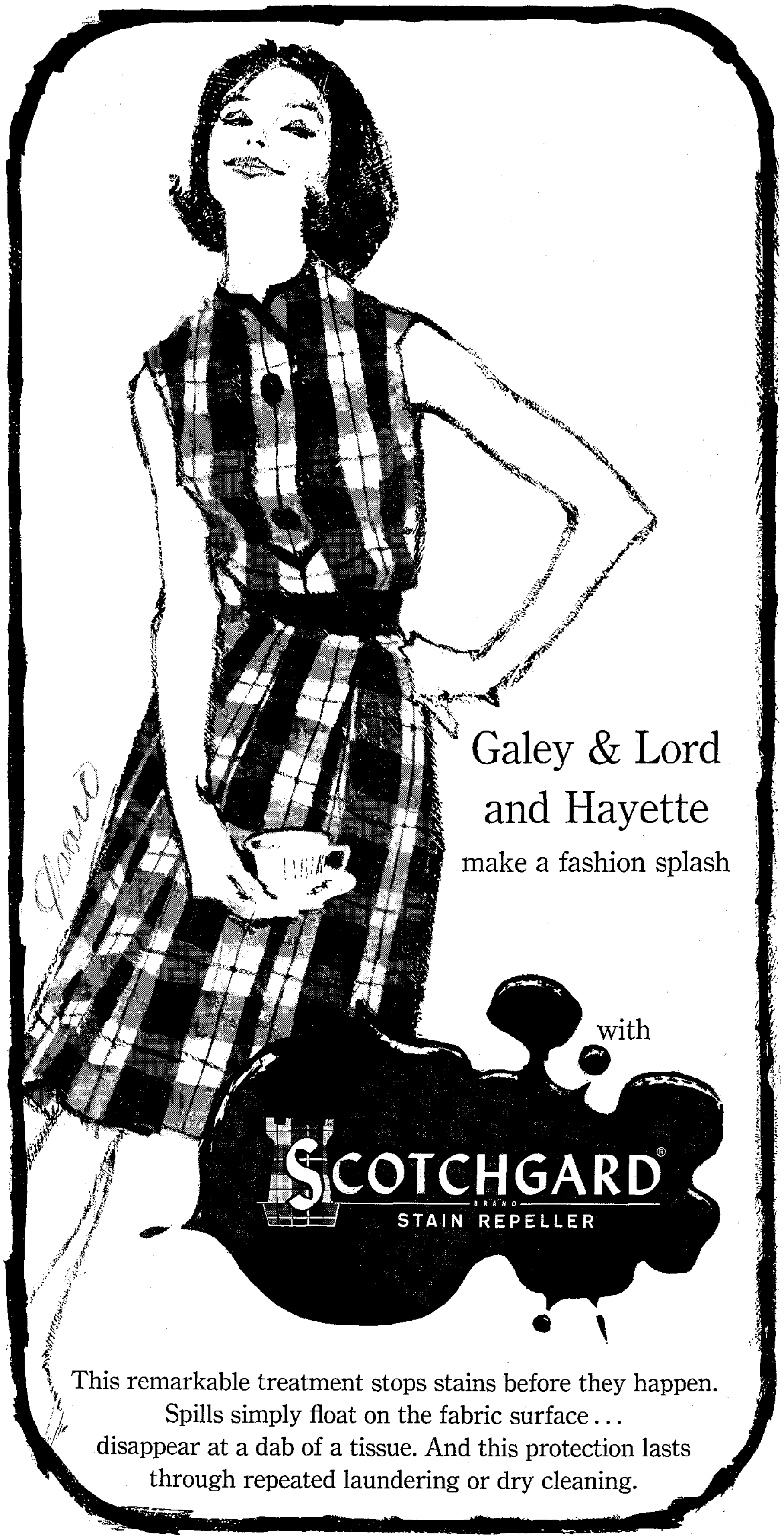
Owner-Operators of the s.s. United States, the s.s. America and fifty-three fast cargo vessels to Europe, the United Kingdom, the Far East, and Australia are aggressively interested in locating qualified strangers and, for a fee, teaching them how to play the oil game. A few, like D. D. (Tex) Feldman, maintain offices in New York mainly for the purpose of recruiting promising students. The majority, however, are put in touch with investors through brokers specializing in oil, and through financial and investment concerns like the Empire Trust Company, Lehman Brothers, and Ingalls & Snyder, whose staffs have a wide knowledge of the game. Another fruitful source that a successful outside operator can count on consists of friends of satisfied students and alumni. Since outside operators find their best prospects among the very wealthy on the east and west coasts, they apparently feel obliged, in the interests of business, to cultivate the social graces more earnestly than inside operators do. In addition to displaying a higher, or perhaps flashier, degree of sophistication—for instance, an insider's taste in art is apt to lean toward Remington and Russell, an outsider's toward Monet and Mondrian—outside operators are likely to be some ten or fifteen years younger than their counterparts in the other fraternity. And because of the nature of their business, they are found almost exclusively in the larger cities. Ted Weiner, a quite typical outside operator, is a trim, fashionably tailored, articulate forty-eight-year-old man with confidence and worldliness enough to make his way around the Racquet Club in New York about as comfortably as around the Petroleum Club in Fort Worth. He lives in a handsome, award-winning modern house, serves as a director of the Fort Worth Art Center, and has a collection of modern art that includes works by Chagall, Rouault, and Picasso, as well as by a number of Texans, like Charles Umlauf and Cynthia Brants. To travel the short distance from his house to his office, Weiner customarily uses a new white Cadillac sedan, though occasionally he drives a blue Thunderbird. Three mornings a week, on his way to work, he stops off at a dance studio for a private one-hour lesson in ballroom dancing—a pastime that Weiner, who is not given to smoking or drinking, much enjoys. On his terpsichorean mornings, Weiner arrives at his office around eleven, or about an hour later than on the other days. Like Byars and other independents, Weiner does a large share of his business by telephone, and he feels no obligation to set his employees a good example by remaining in his office—which is furnished like a living room and decorated with modern



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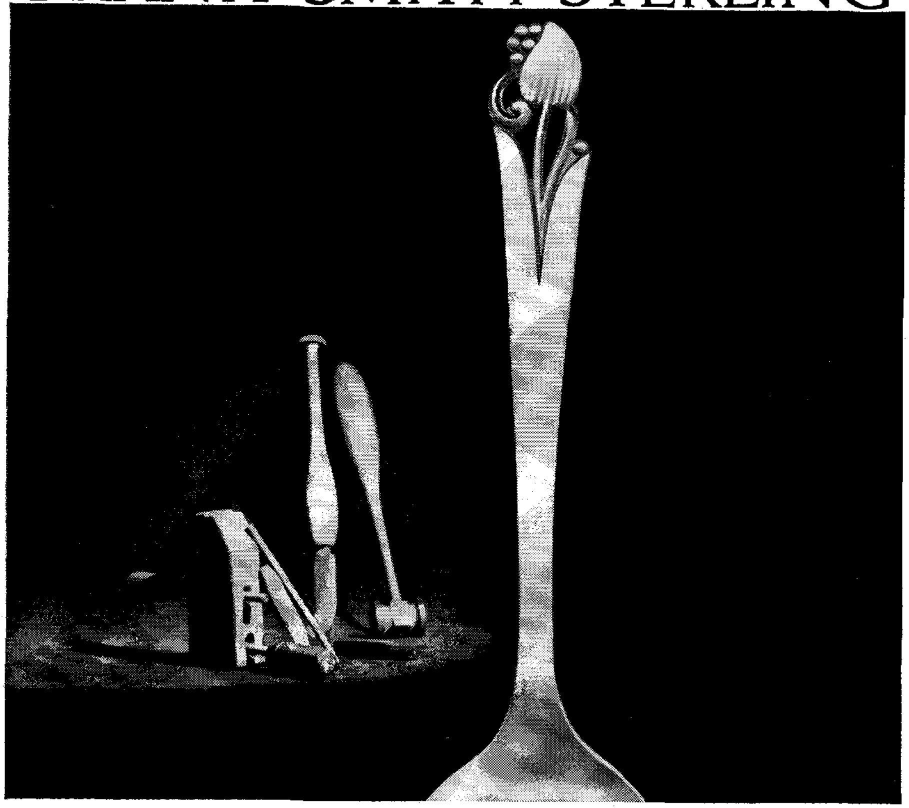

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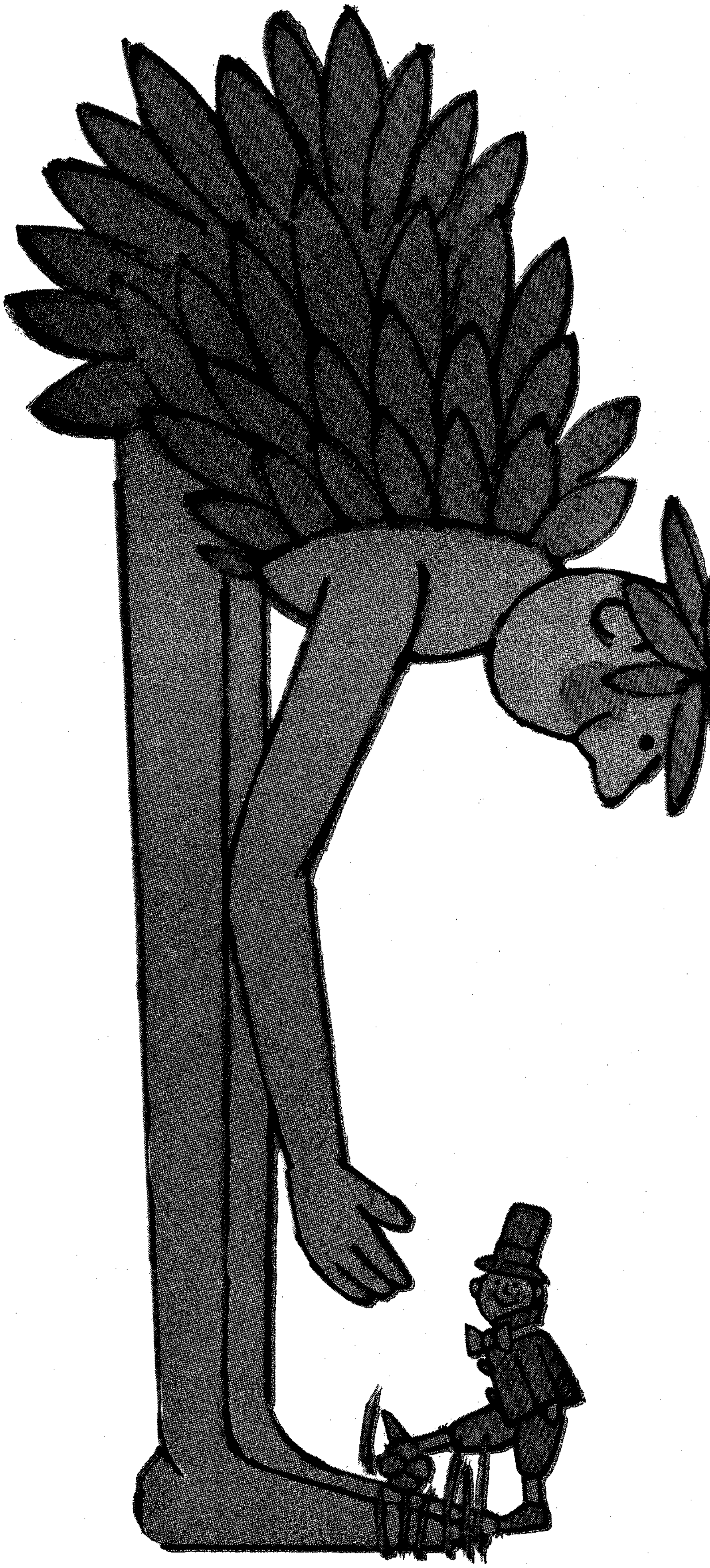
paintings—any longer than necessary. Whether at home or travelling, he plays golf every afternoon when the weather permits. Because his dedication to golf is exceeded by few other Americans, he scores in the high seventies and low eighties, and so is able to turn in a respectable card when he shoots a round with other good players, like his friend Bob Hope, who has also shown a keen interest in the oil game. It was not Weiner but another Forth Worth operator, W. A. Moncrief, who introduced both Hope and Bing Crosby to the oil game. This occurred several years ago, when Moncrief allowed each a sixteen-per-cent participation in the development of a Scurry County field, in which, after one dry hole, twenty-eight producing wells were drilled in succession. The venture, which returned a profit of a few million apiece to Crosby and Hope, naturally gave ideas to other actors, including James Stewart, who enjoy a reputation for being levelheaded about money. Stewart's investments in oil, which have also turned out very pleasantly, have been made in association with still another Fort Worth operator, F. Kirk Johnson, at whose house Stewart and his wife are occasional guests. The petroleum adventures of some other actors have not had such happy endings. "After Bing and I struck oil," Hope told a reporter recently, "a lot of Hollywood people lost millions. Everybody went into oil to try and match our luck, but they lost their shirts. I've got just a few little oil investments in Texas now—about five oil wells."

A veteran player, Weiner took up the oil game at nineteen, in a West Texas town named Wink, where his father, a Lithuanian immigrant who had worked in the Pennsylvania coal mines until he was fourteen and had later made and lost a fair sum prospecting for oil in Arkansas, was running a machine shop that made drilling equipment. "Before going out to Wink," Weiner recalled a while ago, "I attended the New Mexico Military Institute for two years. I dropped out when my dad went broke. For a couple of years, I just drifted around, did a little amateur prizefighting—I had pretty good luck in the Golden Gloves—and then started working for my dad. He had a lot of old parts around the shop, and in my spare time I put together a rig and started wildcatting. That was in the late twenties." Using the classic po'-boy technique, he drilled a number of wells, some good but more bad. "When I got married," he went on, "I owed forty-seven thousand dollars,



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You've never tasted sweet corn like this in the wintertime in any other shape or form—and very rarely in the summer. Unless you grow your own and have all the luck of the Irish, and all the little green men on your side. Sure, and wouldn't it be nice to be having some this week?

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and had no assets except the credit I'd established. Right after my marriage, I got involved with a real sorry well and went even further into hock. I'd been broke many times, of course, but that was the big one. Then I got lucky and made a good discovery. It was 1938, and the discovery was what turned out to be the Weiner Pool, in Winkler County. That paid off all my debts and made it possible for me to acquire fourteen thousand acres on the Floyd Ranch, in Midland County. There we got in on the Spraberry Pool—a terrific field, though the recoveries have been disappointing. But I drilled three hundred wells, and it has been profitable to me. There was a time when I could have sold out for thirty million. We still have the wells, and they're still producing, and we're still drilling in that area. Since then, we've branched out a lot, but the real turning point in my company's career was the Spraberry. I realized then how much it was going to take to develop the areas we'd acquired, so I talked to investment bankers in New York, and they advanced money for development wells. That step led to others. As we developed more properties, we met more people who were interested in investing, and so it has gone. It's not as easy as you might think to find the right kind of investors. We turn down a lot of people with rather small sums, because we don't want to do business with anybody who's going to be hurt if a deal doesn't turn out. We prefer to deal with people who are sophisticated in money matters. For instance, the large investment bankers. They're hardened to the pitfalls in this business. And we look for people who are in it for the long ride—in other words, people whose tax position is such that they can put up a minimum of fifty thousand dollars a year in our various ventures and not bat an eye if they lose it."

THOUGH identifying the players poses no particular problem, it is not easy to follow the oil game unless one has some familiarity with the special tax rules governing it. These rules, three in number, are central to the game, and together constitute its most fascinating feature to all concerned—majors, independents, investors, and spectators. Rule No. 1 permits a player to deduct twenty-seven and a half per cent of his gross income as "a depletion allowance," provided that this sum is not more than half of his net income. Thus, a player with an annual gross income of a million dollars may keep two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars tax-free, as long as this does not exceed

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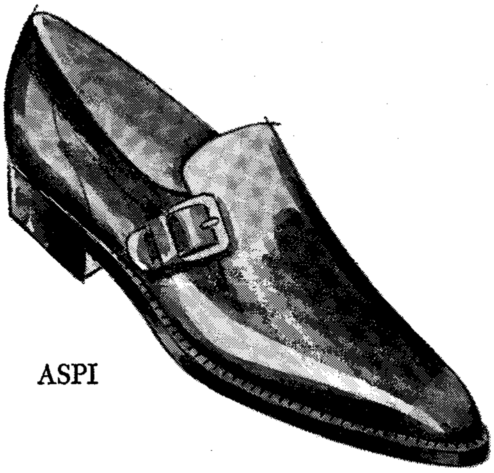

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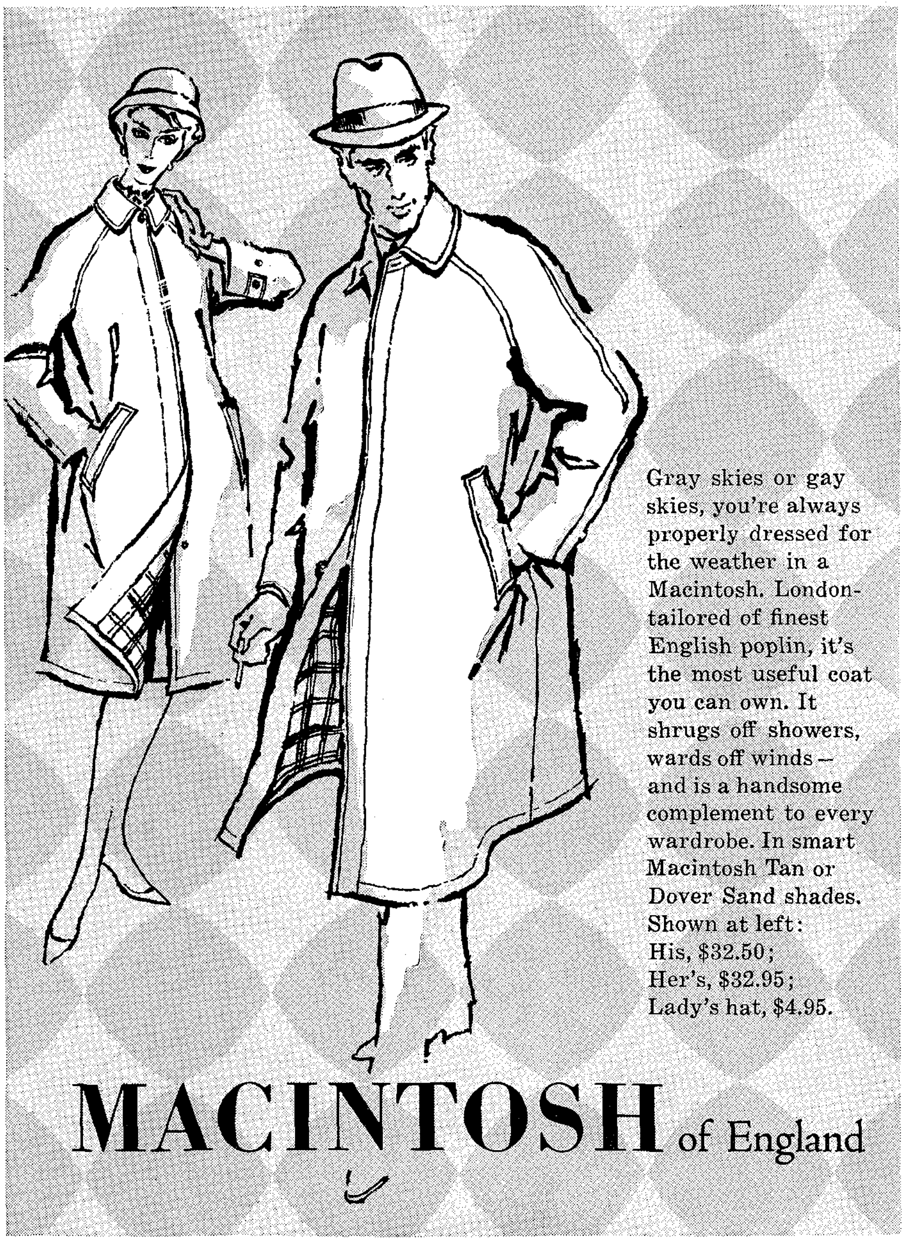
fifty per cent of his net. Rule No. 2 permits a player who drills a well that turns out to be a dry hole to deduct all the expenses of drilling it from his gross income. Rule No. 3 permits a player who drills a producing well to deduct from his gross income all the "intangible expenses" incurred in drilling the well. The intangibles, comprising items such as geological studies, equipment, labor, fuel, and testing, generally add up to at least sixty per cent of the total drilling costs. The tax advantages granted by this set of rules are, of course, available to everybody—in theory, any number can play the oil game. However, because of the high stakes and big risks, new players now come mainly from the ranks of disquieted taxpayers in the higher brackets. A person whose income is subject to taxation at ninety per cent has nearly ideal qualifications for getting into the oil game, because nine of every ten dollars he puts into it are what are known in financially enlightened circles as tax dollars. As Ted Weiner has explained, "A tax dollar, to put it bluntly, is the name given to money that would normally be paid to the Internal Revenue Service." Owing to the nature of the income-tax structure, therefore, a taxpayer in the ninety-per-cent bracket has strong inducements to play the oil game. If he wins, he may, under Rule No. 1, keep from each dollar of oil income 27½ cents free of tax; to this he may add ten per cent of the remaining 72½ cents, or 7¼ cents—since his normal tax situation allows him to retain ten per cent of his income, regardless of its source—making a total of 34¾ cents. Instead of reaping ten-cent dollars, he reaps thirty-five-cent dollars. If a player decides to leave the game by selling his holdings, he can cash in his chips and take a capital gain, on which he will be taxed twenty-five per cent; his reward comes not in ten-cent dollars but in seventy-five-cent dollars. Of course, players lose much more often than they win; Rule No. 2 provides for losing situations, such as the following: A player in the ninety-per-cent bracket puts a hundred thousand dollars into drilling a well, and it is a dry hole; he may therefore deduct the entire sum from his gross income. With his income thus reduced, he pays the federal government ninety thousand dollars less than he would have otherwise; the venture costs him ten thousand dollars. He has lost, but he has had the fun of taking a hundred-thousand-dollar gamble at a sensationally low price. If he has enough chips, he can continue to play, and eventually might beat the



Gray skies or gay skies, you're always properly dressed for the weather in a Macintosh. London-tailored of finest English poplin, it's the most useful coat you can own. It shrugs off showers, wards off winds—and is a handsome complement to every wardrobe. In smart Macintosh Tan or Dover Sand shades. Shown at left:
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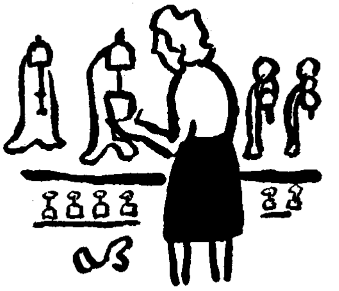
odds. The combination of Rules No. 1 and No. 2 (Rule No. 3, which some operators consider as important as Rule No. 1, is self-explanatory) accounts for the gambit known as "drilling it up;" that is, the widespread practice among oilmen of spending their tax dollars on further exploration and drilling. "What do they do with their money?" Byars once said in discussing oilmen's income. "I'll tell you what they do—they put it back in the ground. Let's say eighty per cent of it is lost. But you have to remember that money used like that is far from a total loss. Dry holes give us a lot of valuable geological information. Also, all the drilling and prospecting provide jobs, directly and indirectly, for thousands of people, and those people pay taxes. And, of course, the money we put back in the ground results in finding a great deal more oil, and that way we keep on increasing the country's reserves." Naturally, players who have success in drilling it up add to their personal oil reserves, which are just about as good as money in the bank.

Except for a few poor sports who consider their tax position oppressive, the players of the oil game are pretty well satisfied with the rules as they stand. The same near unanimity prevailed for many years in Congress, which acts as the game's rule-making body. Recently, however, Congress has shown an increasing interest in changing Rule No. 1 to reduce the depletion allowance. As a consequence, a lively and often entertaining debate has developed between those who believe that the present depletion allowance is fair and those who believe that, as President Truman put it in a message to Congress in 1950, "no loophole in the tax law [is] so inequitable." The controversy has so far turned up some fairly wonderful nonsense, such as Leon Henderson's classic observation "It is an impoverished science that permits an industry to continue to drill dry holes. The wells that are going to be dry should not be drilled." The same spirit of informed reasonableness exists among partisans on the other side, such as Congressman Frank Ikard, of Texas, who has described advocates of changing the allowance as "bomb-throwing liberals"—a company presumably including many well-known Leftist bomb-throwers like the late Senator Robert A. Taft, who took the view that "percentage depletion is to a large extent a gift . . . a special privilege beyond what anyone else can get." As usually happens in disagreements involving money, the heat obscures the light—a condition that is likely to continue. Just about every oilman regards any reference to the depletion allowance that is not in unqualified support of it as something in the nature of an insult, like aspersing his wife's virtue. "The way these goddam Communists and Socialists talk," a Houston operator said a while ago, with about average passion, "you'd think we were all a bunch of crooks, or something. The hell with those bastards! We don't get a single penny we're not entitled to by law—and by plain goddam common sense besides." As far as the law is concerned, Congress established the present depletion allowance for oil in 1926. The principle was not new then, and it has since been so widely extended that practically all the extractive industries now receive a depletion allowance. The petroleum percentage is the highest, but the law provides a twenty-three-per-cent allowance to producers of sulphur, uranium, lead, platinum, zinc, and thirty-two additional strategic metals and minerals, and an allowance of five to fifteen per cent to producers of many other substances, including coal, lignite, slate, peat, ornamental stone, and clam and oyster shells. Back in 1942, when Congress was considering an extension of percentage depletion allowances, Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., expressed doubt about "vesting interests which will come back to plague us," adding, "If we are to include all these things, why do we not put in sand and gravel?" Sand and gravel are now in, at five per cent. The petroleum industry's percentage has remained unchanged through both Republican and Democratic administrations and in spite of the fact that efforts to reduce it were made by every Secretary of the Treasury in the twenty years before George Humphrey took office in 1953. The failure of those efforts is evidence of Congressional approval of the depletion principle as well as a tribute both to the oilmen's generosity in financing an effective public-relations program and to the skill of Speaker Sam Rayburn, a renowned Texan, who has managed to keep all measures affecting the allowance confined within the House Ways



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(Only new-size wagon balanced, sprung and powered to move like a big one!)

Wide seats (58½″ in front, 58¼″ in rear). 44 inches of legroom in front—37½ inches in the back. Even the middle man can stretch his legs. The big front floor hump is gone—the rear tunnel is low. Chalk this benefit up to the rear transmission.

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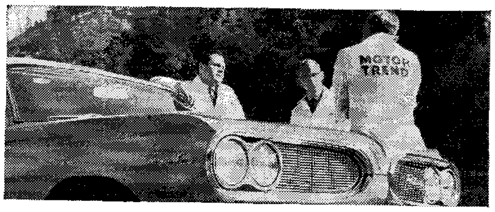

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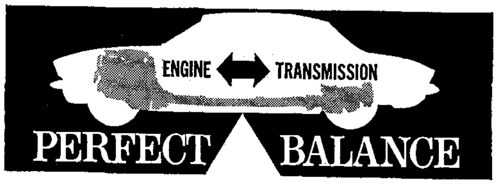

PERFECT BALANCE

and Means Committee, where tax bills originate. "Let it out of committee," he once remarked, "and they'd cut it to fifteen, ten, five per cent—maybe take it away altogether. Do you think you could convince a Detroit factory worker that the depletion allowance is a good thing? Once it got on the floor, it would be cut to ribbons."

In 1957, Senator John J. Williams, a Republican of Delaware, using the simple stratagem of proposing an amendment to a tax bill that had already passed the House, brought the depletion measure to the floor of the Senate; the Williams amendment called for a reduction of the allowance to fifteen per cent. In the same session, Senator Paul Douglas, a Democrat of Illinois, introduced an amendment to put the allowance on a graduated scale—twenty-seven and a half per cent for producers with an annual income of less than a million dollars, twenty-one per cent for those with an annual income of one to five million dollars, and fifteen per cent for those with an annual income of more than five million. Both amendments stirred up tremendous apathy. Only five senators besides the sponsors were willing to go even as far as to commit themselves in favor of a roll-call vote; that is, to have their vote for or against even recorded. In 1958, Williams again proposed his amendment; this time it was turned down by a vote of sixty-three to twenty-six. By a slightly smaller margin, the Senate also defeated an amendment introduced by Senator William Proxmire, a Democrat of Wisconsin, that contained the graduated plan offered the year before by Senator Douglas. Since then, Senator Douglas has twice reintroduced his favorite amendment, and it has twice been rejected, most recently in June, 1960, by a vote of fifty-six to thirty. Among those voting for it was Senator John F. Kennedy, a fact that was not lost sight of in Texas during the ensuing Presidential campaign. Kennedy's appeal to Texas oilmen was not enhanced by the Democratic platform, which pledged to "close the loopholes in the tax laws by which certain privileged groups legally escape their fair share of taxation," and went on to say, "Among the more conspicuous loopholes are depletion allowances, which are inequitable." Vice-President Nixon declared firmly that he was for depletion all the way. Nevertheless, as Jim Clark pointed out early in the campaign, "Politically, the oil industry finds itself between a rock and a hard place." While the Republican candidate and platform favored deple-

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Big Springs, Texas	Hemphill Wells
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Bluefield, W. Va.	Bluefield Shoe
Boca Raton, Fla.	Kemp's Shoe Salon
Boise, Idaho	Carroll's
Boston, Mass.	Guild House
Bradenton, Fla.	Montgomery Roberts
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Canton, Ohio	Stern & Mann
Carmel, Calif.	Miller's Guild Shop
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Charleston, W. Va.	May Shoe Company
Charlotte, N. C.	Al Goodman, Inc.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Picketts
Chicago, Ill.	Carson, Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio	Newbold's
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Clearwater, Fla.	Rutland Brothers
Cleveland, Ohio	Sterling Lindner Davis
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Durham, N. C.	Robbins of Durham
Eatontown, N. J.	Sladkus Shoes
El Cajon, Calif.	Marsi's
El Paso, Texas	Popular Dry Goods Co.
Elizabeth, N. J.	Kolber Sladkus
Elmira, N. Y.	The Gorton Co.
Eugene, Ore.	Kaufman Brothers
Erie, Pa.	Irving's
Fayetteville, N. C.	The Capitol of Fayetteville
Findlay, Ohio	Alice Beauty & Dress Shop
Fort Myers, Fla.	McCoy's Shoe Stores
Fort Smith, Ark.	Boston Store Dry Goods
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Wolf & Dessauer
Fort Worth, Texas	R. E. Cox
Fort Worth, Texas	Meacham's
Fresno, Calif	Rodder's Mademoiselle
Gadsden, Ala.	Guarantee Shoe
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Jacobson's
Greenville, S. C.	Meyers Arnold
Greensboro, N. C.	Powell's
Grosse Point, Mich.	Jacobson's
Harlingen, Texas	Wally's Shoes
Hartford, Conn.	Harry Fleischer's I. Miller Salon
Hickory, N. C.	Spainhour's
Hobbs, N. Mex.	Harold's Shoes
Honolulu, Hawaii	M. McInerny, Ltd.
Houston, Texas	Battelstein's
Hot Springs, Ark.	Kempner's Shoe Store
Huntington, W. Va.	Foard & Harwood
Hutchinson, Kan.	Wiley's Dry Goods
Indianapolis, Ind.	William H. Block
Jackson, Mich.	Jacobson's
Jackson, Miss.	The Emporium
Jacksonville, Fla.	*Levy's*
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Kalamazoo, Mich.	Bell Shoe Company
Kansas City, Mo.	Woolf Bros.
Kinston, N. C.	The Ladies Shop
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller's
La Jolla, Calif.	Hafter Haggerty
Lake Charles, La.	Wiley's Shoes
Latham, N. Y.	David's
Lexington, Ky.	Wolf-Wile
Lincoln, Neb.	Hovland-Swanson
Little Rock, Ark.	Kempner's Shoe Store
Long Beach, Calif.	Guild House
Long Beach, N. Y.	Muriel's
Los Angeles, Calif.	I. Magnin
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Lubbock, Texas	Hemphill Wells
Magnolia, Ark.	Imperial Shoe Store
Manchester, N. H.	Pariseau's
Memphis, Tenn.	J. Goldsmith
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Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis
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San Francisco, Calif.	Sommer & Kaufmann
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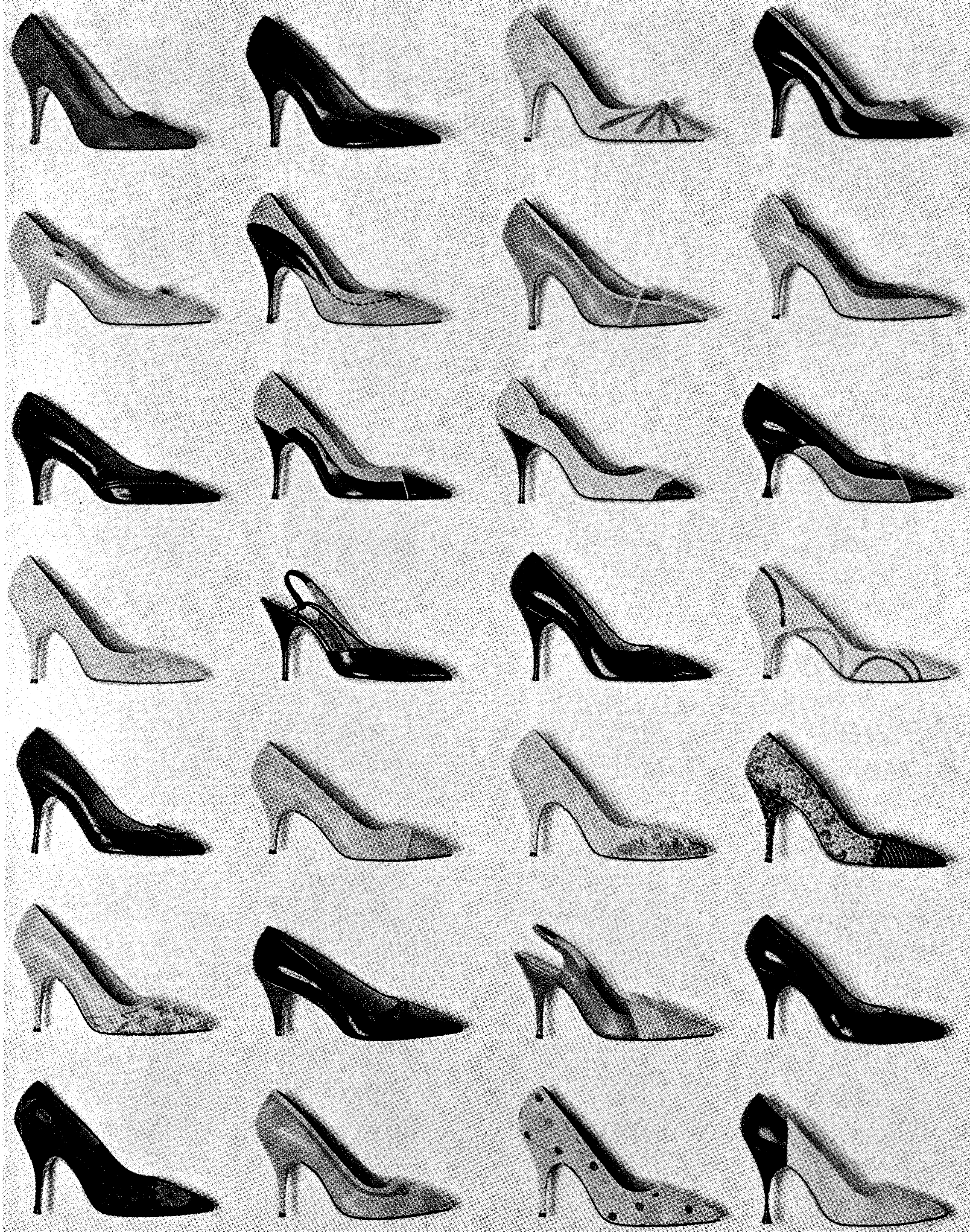
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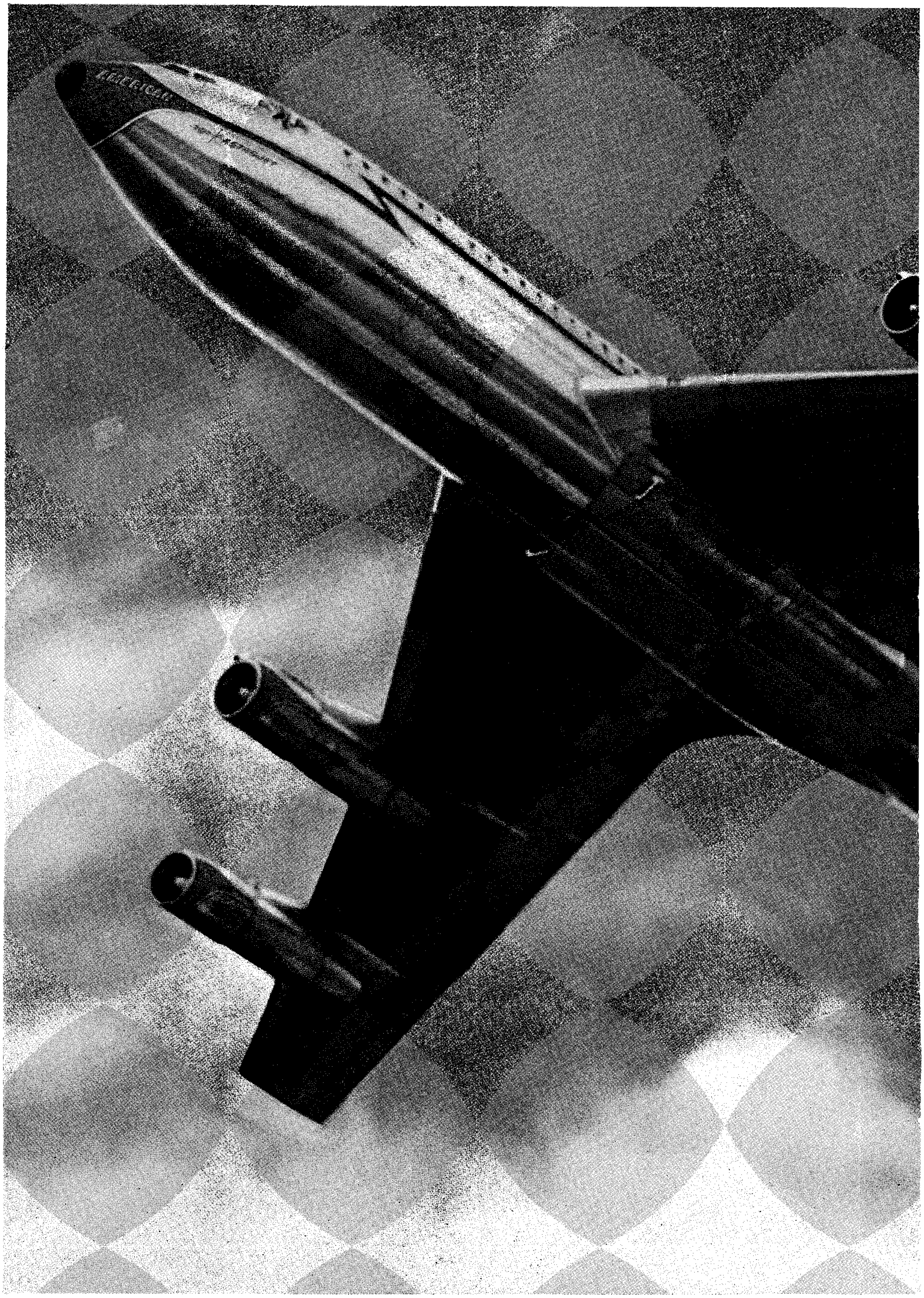

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tion, Clark said, "The Democrats have Lyndon Johnson. Furthermore, there is Speaker Sam Rayburn. These two men have stood like Horatio at the bridge for years defending depletion against all comers. Almost any oilman knows that without 'Lyndon and Mr. Sam' there might be no depletion provision today." Subsequently, the two Horatios gave oilmen public assurances that they would continue at their old stand on the bridge. ("I've never heard of the twenty-seven-and-a-half-per-cent oil-depletion allowance being considered a loophole. I trust that the oil people do not consider it to be. I do not and never have."—Rayburn. "The platform pertains only to loopholes, and I see none in oil."—Johnson.) The oilmen listened, but most liked the Republican talk better, and as a result, Clark said after the election, it was depletion "more than religion that almost cost" the Democrats the Texas vote. Though the consensus among oilmen seems to be that their depletion allowance is not seriously threatened at present, they continue to take frequent, full-page advertisements in Texas newspapers to convince one another that "The Depletion Allowance Is Not a Special Tax Privilege" and that "For Adequate Oil Reserves the Depletion Allowance Must Be Maintained!"

To counter Senator Williams and other advocates of changing Rule No. 1, the oil industry has fashioned an elaborate and highly sophisticated defense of the twenty-seven-and-a-half-per-cent allowance. It is essential, first, as an incentive to stimulate the continued exploration for oil, oilmen say, and, second, because of what Scott C. Lambert, general tax counsel of the Standard Oil Company of California, has called "the peculiar nature of the wasting-asset character" of the oil industry. "In reality," Lambert has said, "the miner or oil-and-gas producer is in the inexorable process of liquidating his capital." Every oilman has his own way of stating the proposition that the producer of oil depletes his capital asset. Paul Raigorodsky puts it this way: "Investing in oil is different from investing in office building. If you invest in building, you have it paid for in twenty years, and building is still there. In oil game, it is different. After twenty years, no oil. In building, you have capital structure. In oil, you have to replace capital structure. That means you have to find more reserves. To do that, you must have incentives and means. Those are supplied by twenty-seven-and-a-half-per-cent depletion al-

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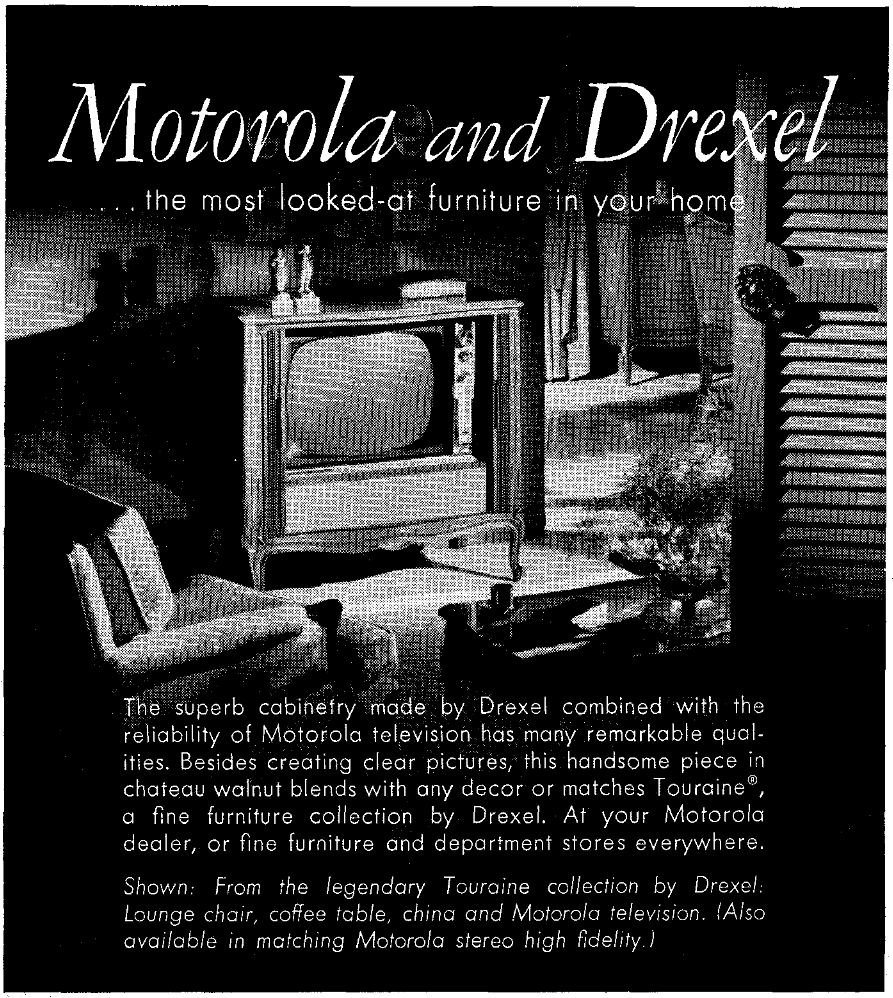

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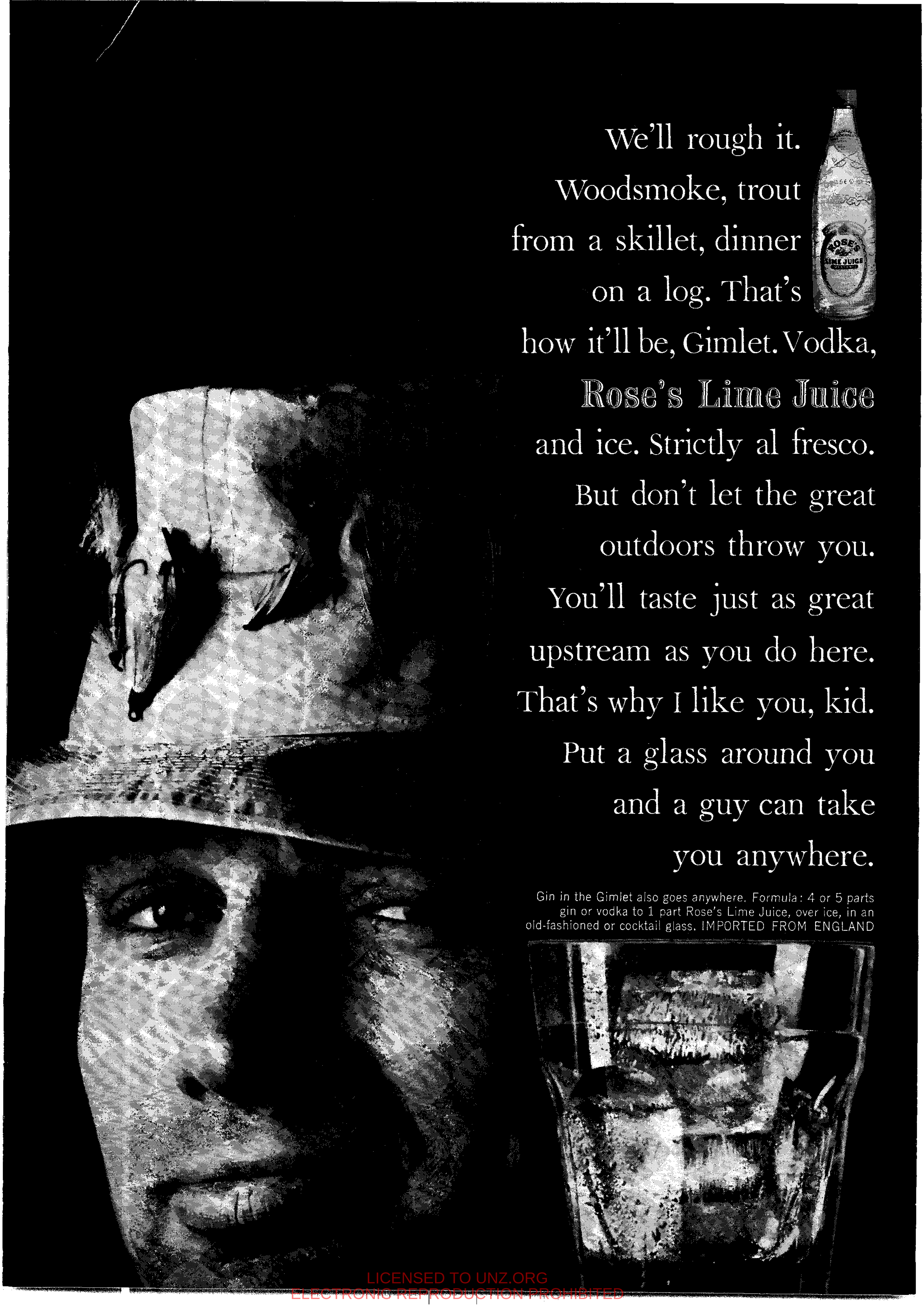
lowance." Advocates of changing the allowance, while they may be inclined to agree with this much of the case, are less impressed with the rest of the industry's defense, which is a veritable labyrinth of arguments and rationalizations of varying degrees of ingenuity. If Senator Williams has his way, so one of the arguments runs, the independents will be driven to the wall, and the majors will become a monopoly. "If it weren't for depletion, we'd all be out of business," Michel Halbouty has said. "Take away depletion and you absolutely wipe out the independents." The industry's champions also make much of the fact that oil is essential to national defense. "Oil, gentlemen, is ammunition," General Ernest O. Thompson, Commanding General of the Texas National Guard and the senior member of the Texas Railroad Commission, which, its name notwithstanding, is charged chiefly with regulating the oil industry in Texas, told a Congressional committee. "In defense," he added, "oil is a prime mover. Why tamper with a system that has twice in a generation brought forth a drilling, which is the only way to find oil, and has made oil available in such quantities that we have been able to win two wars?" And so it goes. A host of shuddersome consequences are, in the eyes of the industry's champions, certain to follow any change in the present depletion allowance. "In a relatively short time," as the comptroller of the Magnolia Petroleum Company once summed it up, with noticeable constraint, "our entire economy and the well-being of every individual in the United States would be adversely affected."

All these arguments overlook the fact that no legislation has been introduced by Senator Williams or anyone else to abolish the depletion allowance. "Eliminating the depletion allowance would be taxing capital," Erwin N. Griswold, Dean of the Harvard Law School, has observed. "There would be no more sense in it than in eliminating the depreciation allowance." The Senate proposals have been to reduce the depletion allowance from twenty-seven and a half per cent—a figure that oilmen are fond of investing with a sacred quality, like ten in connection with commandments, although it was, in the first place, the result of a compromise between twenty-five per cent, favored by the House, and thirty per cent, favored by the Senate. Furthermore, those favoring a change have never minimized the petroleum indus-



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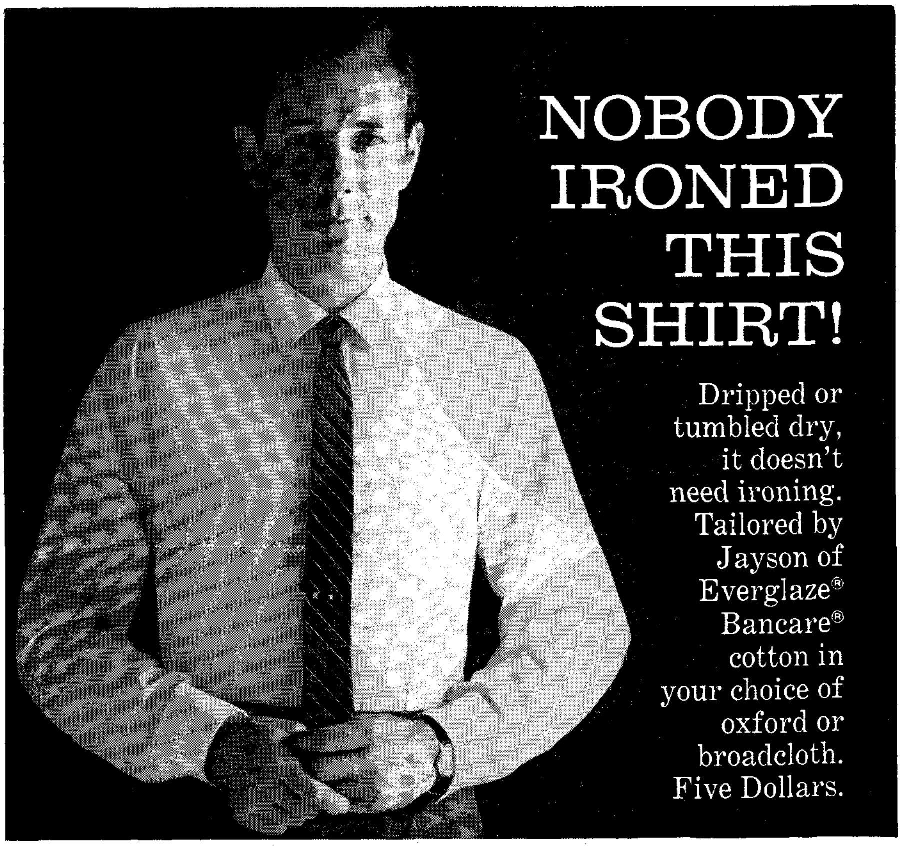

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try's contribution to national defense; they just wonder whether its rewards for doing its duty have not been disproportionate. Dean Griswold, no foe of the depletion principle, has expressed this view. "I admire its great achievements, and its great contributions to the country, its economy, and its defense," he has remarked. "But there are also many other forms of activity that contribute greatly to the country, its economy, and its defense. Why should they not all be treated the same? Why should the oil industry be the recipient of a tax deduction, enormous in the aggregate, which bears no relation to its costs, or to the capital invested in oil production?" The main trouble with Rule No. 1, according to those who think it should be changed—a group including many economists and lawyers specializing in taxation—is that the twenty-seven-and-a-half-per-cent rate permits an oil producer to receive tax-free a return exceeding his actual capital investment. In no other industry can a taxpayer enjoy this benefit. Therefore, vis-à-vis players of the oil game, every other individual in the United States is at present adversely affected by the operation of Rule No. 1, which John P. Barnes, a Chicago lawyer who served from 1955 to 1957 as chief counsel of the Internal Revenue Service, has described as "the inequality in our tax law that, in my opinion, is the most indefensible of all." Another lawyer—Harry J. Rudick, of the New York firm of Lord, Day & Lord—has pointed out that because maximum corporate and personal income taxes have increased approximately threefold since 1926, the allowance is worth much more today than when it was adopted, and that for this and other reasons it has become an "unjustified subsidy." Horace M. Gray, a professor of economics at the University of Illinois, has called the allowance a "private tax-escape device" and remarked that "the Treasury is poorer by exactly the amount by which the beneficiaries of this special privilege are richer," adding, "Other taxpayers who must make good the resulting deficiency in the federal revenue ultimately sustain this loss in the form of tax rates higher than otherwise would be necessary." Estimates of how much federal revenue would be increased as a result of changing Rule No. 1 vary from about two hundred million dollars, in the opinion of its champions, to around a billion, in the opinion of its critics. According to the Treasury Department, a reduction in the allowance to fifteen per cent, as

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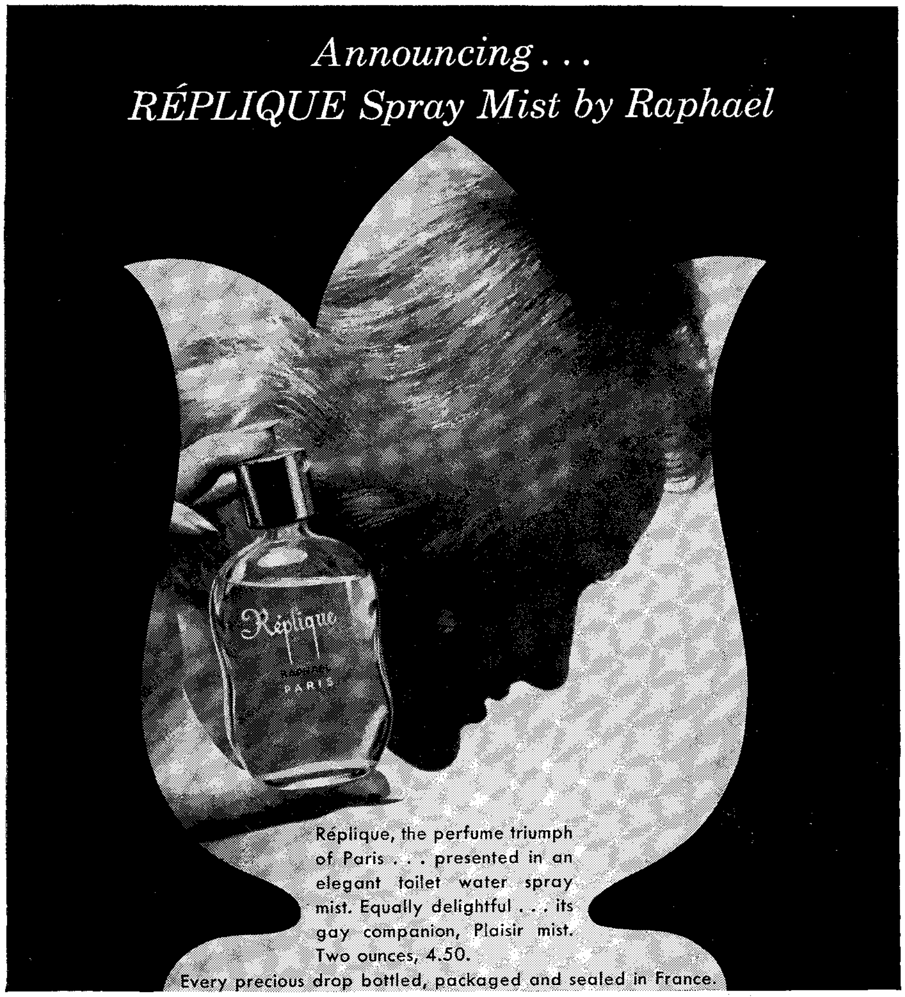
proposed by Senator Williams, would create a net revenue increase of three hundred and ninety million dollars; adoption of the graduated scale favored by Senators Douglas and Proxmire would produce an increase of three hundred and ten million dollars.

However much the champions and the critics of Rule No. 1 may differ on other matters, they are united in the conviction that no change should be made that would work a hardship on the small independent operator, who is customarily referred to as "the little fellow." The solicitude that the champions of Rule No. 1 show for the little fellow is remarkable. In fact, he seems uppermost in their thoughts whenever they argue publicly for retention of the twenty-seven-and-a-half-per-cent allowance. Perhaps nobody has been more consistently eloquent in pleading the cause of the little fellow than General Thompson. In testifying before the committee considering a reduction in the allowance, he said, "It works against the little independent, who is the fellow who finds the oil. They said yesterday that a little fellow can discover it and sell it to somebody. Why should he sell it? Why, in a free nation, could he not produce? All these companies were little at one time. The Texas Company started in Texas, the Gulf Company started in Texas, and the Humble Company started in Texas. Many big companies started there, and why can we not keep an opportunity open for the little man today? Why should he sell out to somebody else? Let him grow and prosper under the wise and beneficent law you passed here. It is a wise law, and gives a little man a chance to live." The chance given the little man under the law was illustrated in a Senate speech in 1957 by Senator Douglas, who presented figures showing the net incomes of twenty-seven oil and gas companies and the federal income taxes they paid over a ten-year period. The companies, which included none of the big ones, like Standard, Gulf, or Texaco, were identified only by letters of the alphabet, because, Douglas said, he was "striking at the evil but not at any person." In 1954 Company A had a net income of $21,029,648 and paid federal income taxes of $1,252,000, or 5.9 per cent. The same year, Company E had a net income of $5,320,750 and paid no federal income tax. Senator Douglas called attention to Company I, which in 1951 had a net income of $4,477,673 and paid income taxes of $404, or .01 per cent. That sum, Douglas observed, is "a tax bill which is lower



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than the taxes paid by a married couple with three dependents with an adjusted gross income of $5,600 before deductions and exemptions." Company N also had no reason to doubt the wisdom of the law; its net income for the three years from 1952 through 1954 totalled $7,796,359 and its federal taxes $128,491, or 1.8 per cent. As for Company W, Douglas said, "This is a truly interesting situation. Here is a company, which in 1954 and 1953 had net incomes in excess of $10 million and $12.5 million respectively, but which not only did not pay any taxes in those years but which had net tax credits of $100,000 and $500,000 respectively. . . . What other kind of company in America can have a net income of $10 to $12 million per year and receive a tax credit from the Federal Government? Is their incentive being ruined?" Company Z was even more interesting, Douglas said. "Here is a company which in seven years has paid absolutely no taxes of any kind," he pointed out. "Yet, in those seven years its income varied between $134,000 and $3.2 million a year. What further incentive is needed here? What more could a benevolent Government do for an individual or a company than to forgive all of its taxes?" Over the ten-year period, Douglas noted, the twenty-seven companies paid an average of 17 per cent of their net income in federal income taxes, compared with the general corporate rate of 52 per cent. According to the government publication *Statistics of Income*, in 1951 depletion allowances amounting to $2,100,000,000 were claimed by corporations. Of the total, 63 per cent was claimed by corporations with assets of $100,000,000 or more, 84 per cent by corporations with assets over $10,000,000, and 96 per cent by corporations with assets of at least $1,000,000. So it would seem that none of the fellows, either big or little, who play the oil game have much reason for wanting to change the rules.

WHILE proclaiming their passionate devotion to independence from the federal government, oilmen are perfectly willing to let their state government take a big hand in telling them how to run their business. On the surface, this may seem to reflect a stunning paradox in the oilman's character, but in the oil game, as in the matter of which the poet spoke, things are not what they seem. The agency to which oilmen most uncomplainingly surrender many of their prerogatives is the Texas Railroad

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Commission; it consists of three elected members, who receive an annual salary of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars for regulating an industry that does a yearly business in Texas of two and a half billion. The Commission's most important function is to decide how much oil can be produced in Texas each month. This amount, known as "the allowable," is divided among the various fields and then subdivided among the operators in each. The allowable is determined a month in advance, after representatives of the large companies—the ones that own the pipelines and refineries—appear before the Commission and make so-called nominations of their requirements; that is, each company says how much oil it is willing to buy during the following month. Presumably, in setting the allowable, the Commission considers other factors, such as the monthly estimate of future demand prepared by the United States Bureau of Mines. However, students have found that there is almost never any significant difference between the amount of oil the refining companies say they will buy and the allowable authorized by the Commission. That is to say, what the refineries want, the refineries get. The beauty of this arrangement, from the oilmen's viewpoint, is that with supply not allowed to exceed demand there can be no surplus, and with no surplus there can be no conventional pressure to reduce the price. The creation of a surplus is, in fact, illegal; an operator who exceeds his production limit is penalized by Texas law, and if he tries to sell "hot oil" in interstate commerce, he is penalized by federal law. Thus, in the opinion of some economists, the oil industry operates under government-sanctioned monopoly conditions. Oilmen, however, emphasize that the limiting of production—or, in their inventive language, "prorationing," or the operation of "market-demand law"—is a conservation measure, aimed solely at the elimination of wasteful practices, and that it saved the industry from chaos in the nineteen-thirties. One thing on which oilmen and skeptical economists can agree is that the market-demand law works in a far more wondrous way than Adam Smith's "invisible hand." During the past decade, the oil industry has developed what Morgan Davis, president of the Humble Oil & Refining Co. (Standard Oil of New Jersey's largest subsidiary), has described as "a burdensome surplus-producing capacity." Put another way, the Texas oil industry, while maintaining the most efficient standards of conservation, could produce

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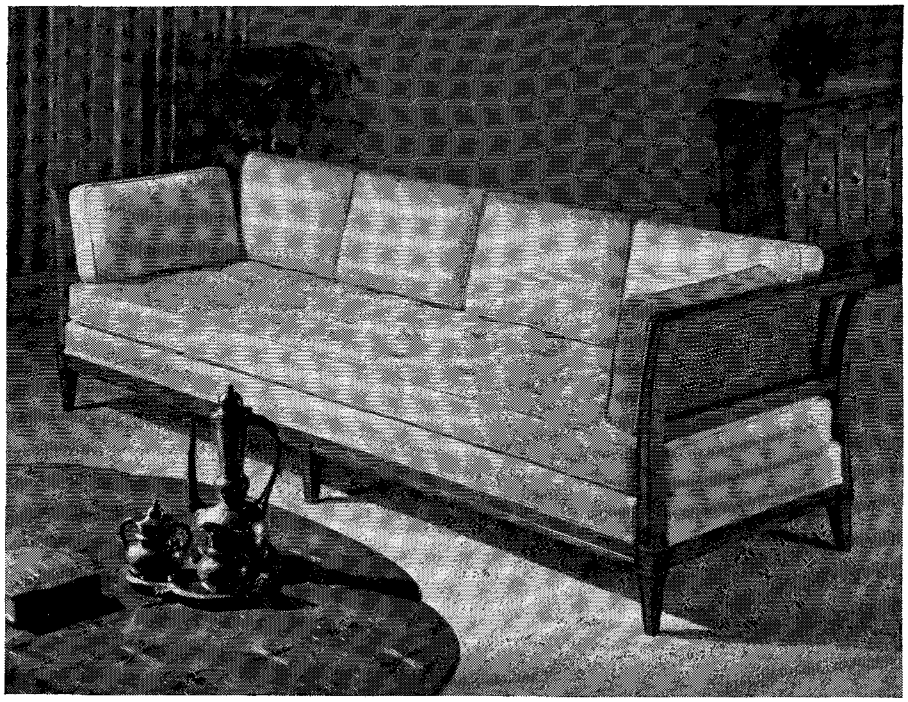

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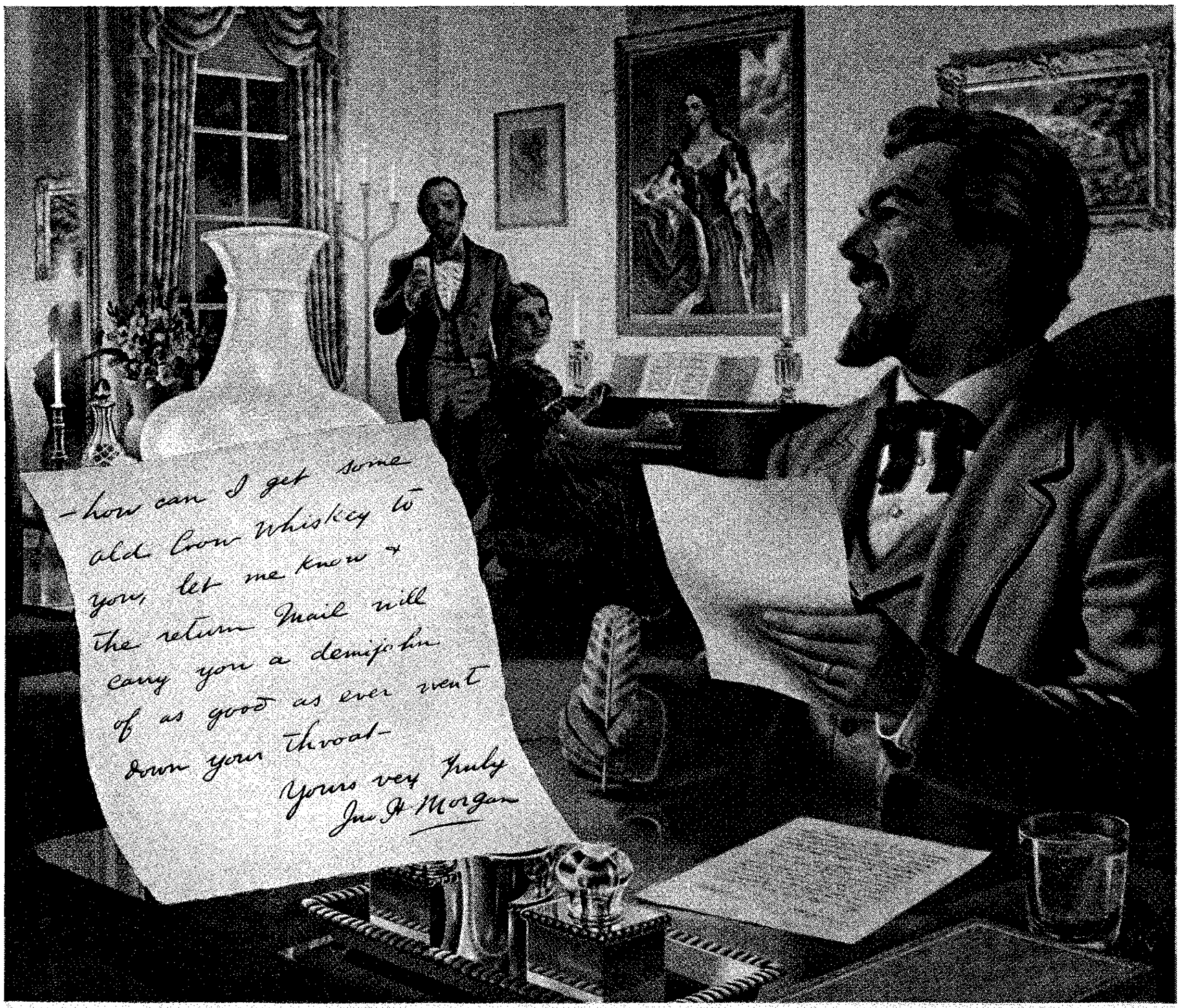
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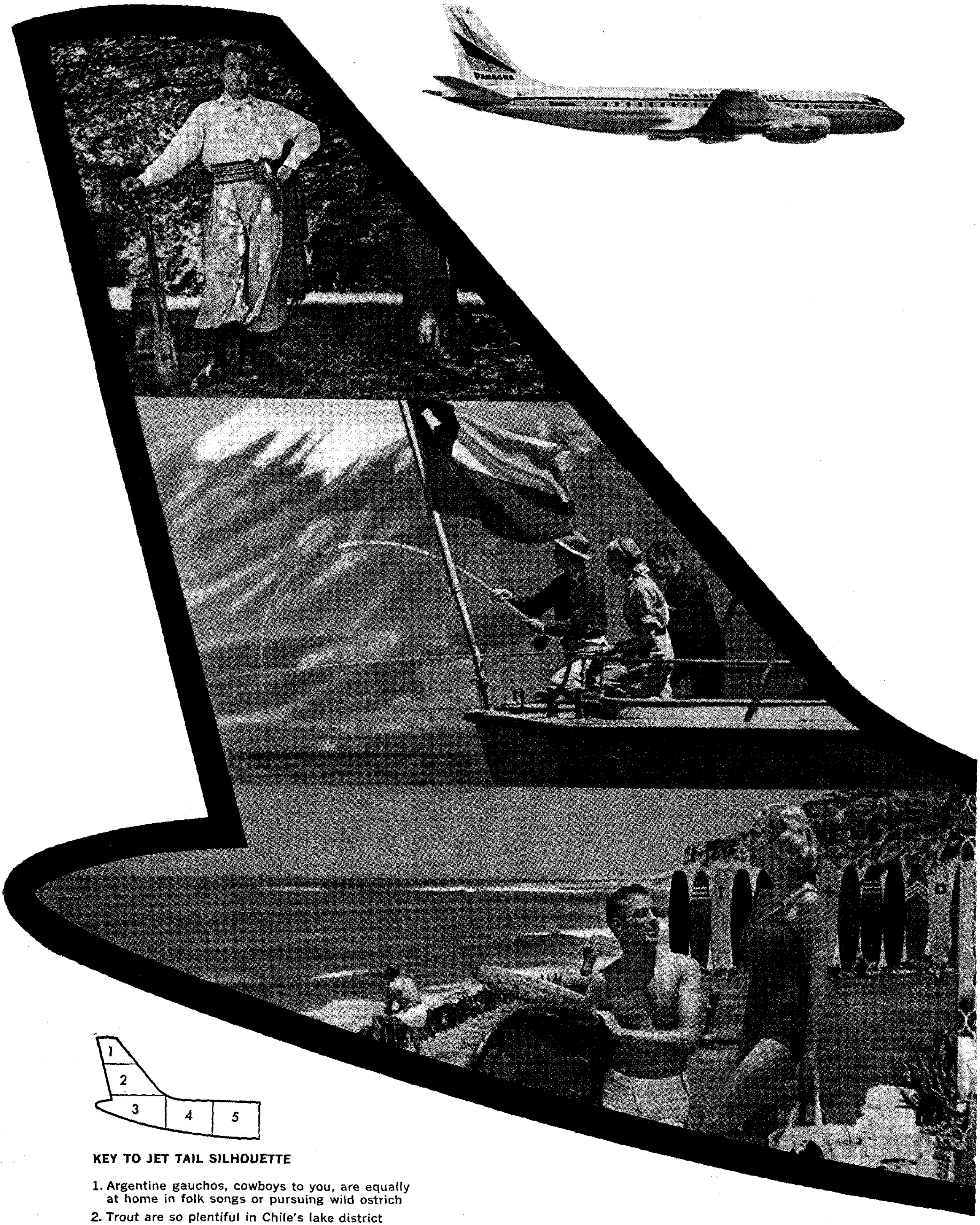

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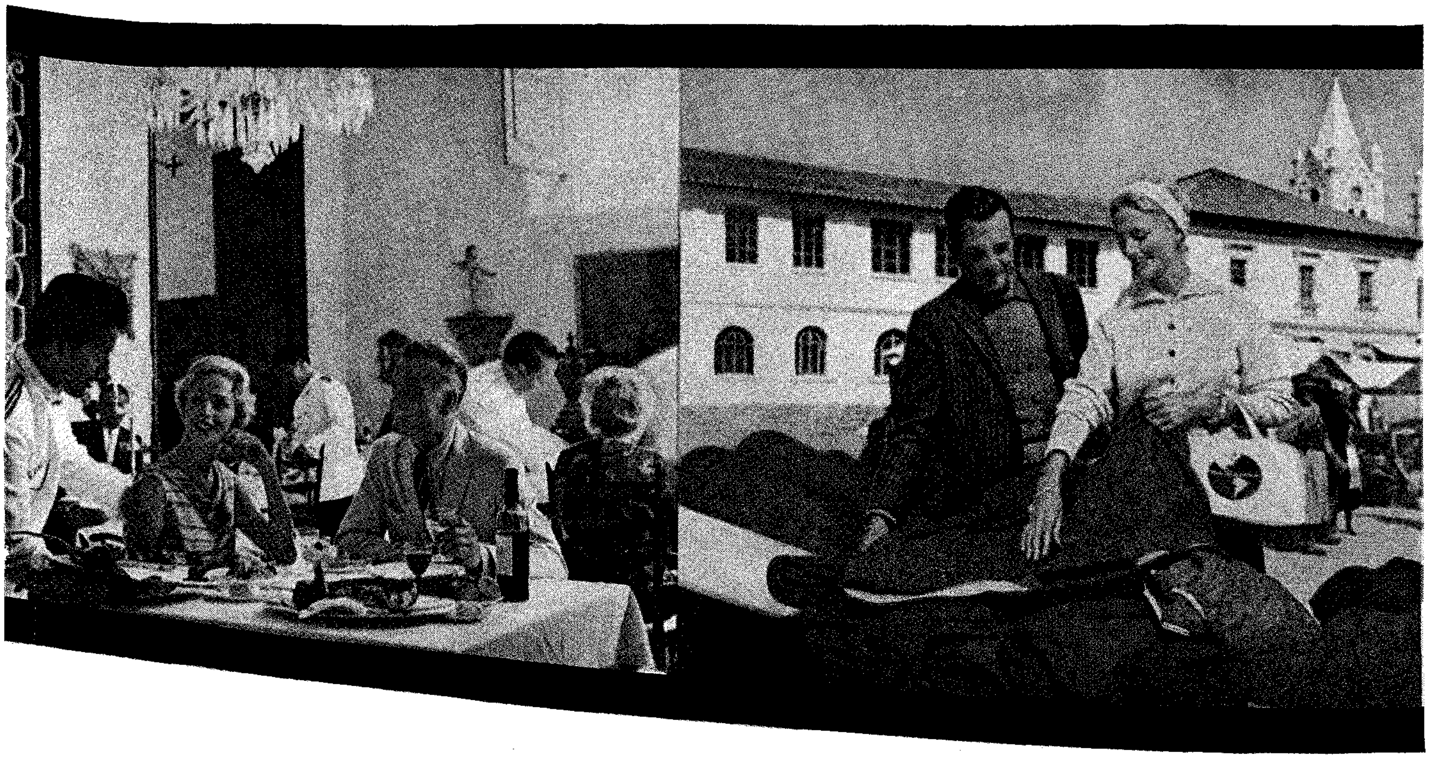

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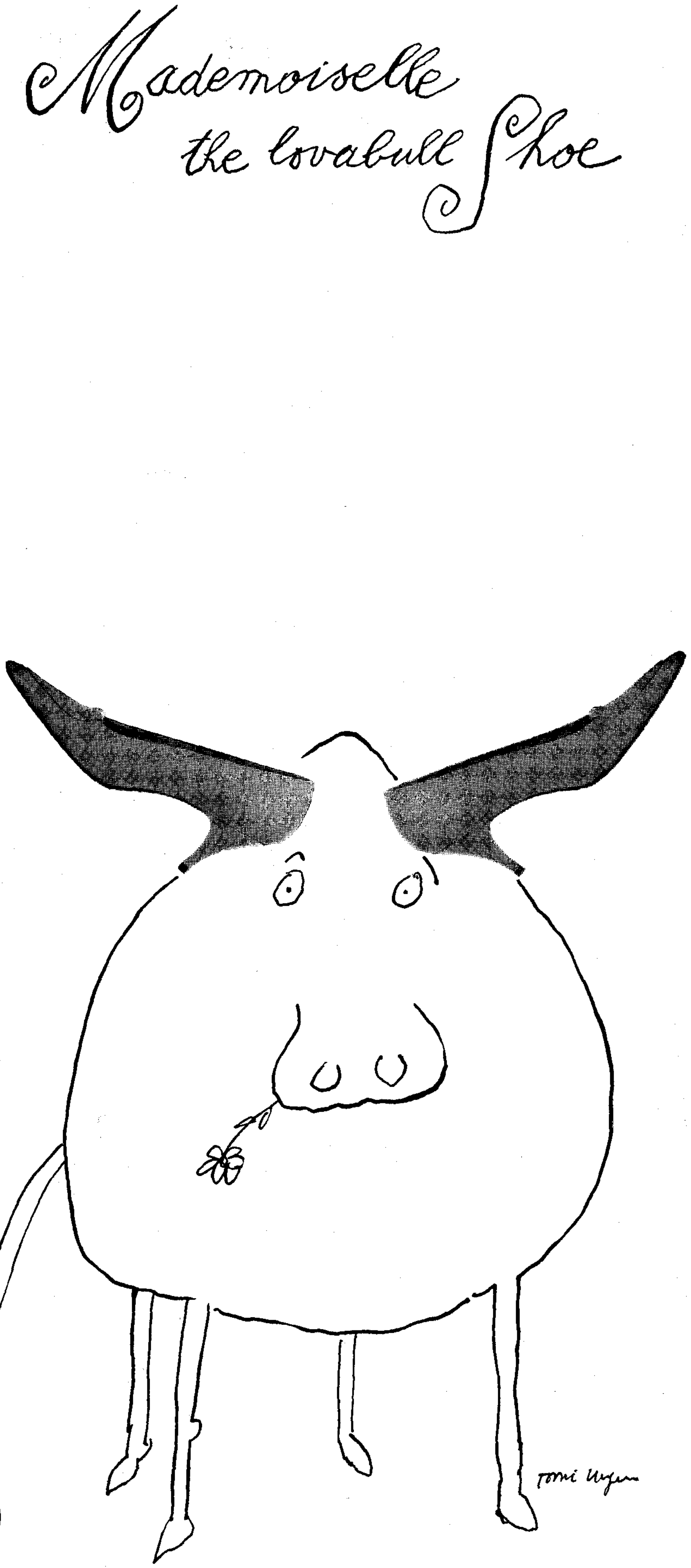
In the opinion of Texas oilmen, who have a constitutional prejudice against rejoicing in public, the outcome of the conspiracy trial was one of two pieces of good news in recent years. The other, also received in 1960, was the ruling of the United States Supreme Court that Texas (and Florida), unlike other states, owns the oil and other underwater resources within ten and a half miles of its coast. (On learning of the tidelands victory, worth untold millions to the state in revenue, Governor Daniel made the seven lawyers who had handled the state's case admirals in the Texas Navy.) Except on these occasions, Texas oilmen have been wearing long faces most of the time since 1957, when the oil industry began to be affected seriously by the worldwide glut of oil (if no more were found, experts predict that present reserves would last, at the rate they are now being used, for forty years); to cope with the problem in Texas, the Railroad Commis-



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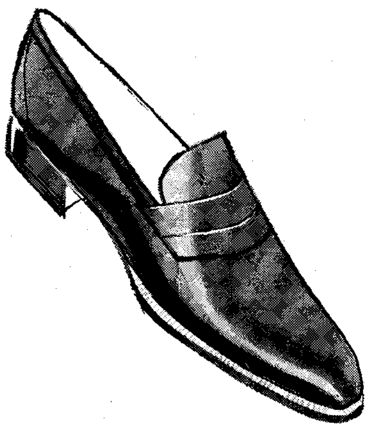
sion reduced the number of producing days from a hundred and seventy-one in 1957 to a hundred and four in 1960. Throughout most of the latter half of 1960, production was down to nine days a month. During that period, Texas wells were being operated at about a third of capacity, and the producers were thus forgoing, according to J. H. Carmical, some six million dollars every day in sales. The reduced output was felt quickly and keenly by the independent oilmen, whose "business is so bad," Jim Clark wrote in July, 1960, "that most of them are just a shade off relief." If their plight did not strike all observers as quite that desperate, nobody has denied that conditions in the past four years have made it harder than before to win at the oil game. "You don't make money on nine days," a Houston player said not long ago. "That hurts everybody, but especially the small operators, the contractors, and the drillers. In 1960, drilling was ten per cent below 1959. The major companies have had to lay off a lot of people. Good geologists come to my office every day looking for work." The same kind of men have also been calling on Jake Hamon. "There's not much you can do," Hamon said recently. "The independents have had to cut down on their staffs, too, besides taking a lot of other economy measures. They're going in for more unitization—a joint operation that saves money but means putting people out of work—and they've even tried economizing by using smaller drilling pipe. Of course, many smaller operators haven't been able to keep going, no matter how hard they economized. They've had to sell out their production to large, integrated companies. You know, things have reached the place where oilmen don't want their sons to grow up and go into the business. Some people are saying this is a finished business—a non-growth industry. I don't say that. But let's say the drama has gone out of it." Paul Raigorodsky, for one, won't say that. "Let me tell you how dull oil game is," he explained to a friend a couple of months ago. "A big oil company came to me last year with a new kind of deal. All I do is sign some papers, and my income goes up extra hundred and ten thousand dollars a year. Just fell in my lap. I know some of these people selling production—they're getting mighty fine guaranteed income in return. I'd like to buy all Standard Oil stock right now. Whatever it's selling, it's bargain. Oil game hit bottom last year. Now it's on way



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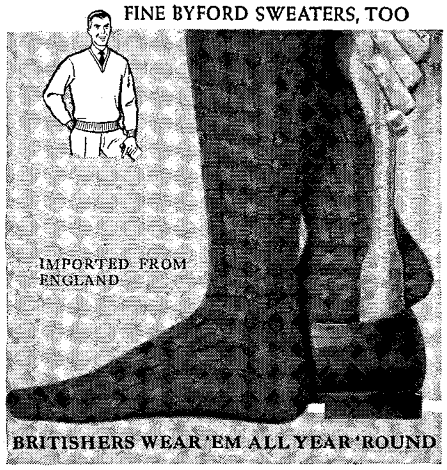
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up." Among those who agree that the 1961 outlook is upward are the members of the Railroad Commission, who set the March allowable at ten days—the highest in a year—the *Oil and Gas Journal*, and a growing number of independents, including Ted Weiner, who even in the bad years shunned the gloomy view that was popular among his confreres. "A lot of them go by that old Chinese philosophy—that negative philosophy," he has said. "Our approach is different. We've been optimistic, and just worked along. Last year, we drilled thirty wildcats, and found oil in twelve. If the market is bad, you have to hold on a bit. The important thing is that you've got value in the ground. We've just tiptoed around and dodged around and kept things going. When they started stringent prorationing in Texas, we started looking for gas and oil in South Louisiana, where the allowables are higher. If it gets tough there, we'll try something else. We've got a lot of acreage in Australia—six million acres in one concession, and we've opened an office in Sydney. Union Oil has made a discovery, a good one, in acreage adjoining ours, and that may set the whole area on fire. We've had no trouble raising money for our ventures. There are still a lot of tax dollars coming into the oil business in Texas." Not long ago, a Dallas *News* editorial, discussing current conditions in that business, concluded, "Texas is still the great oil state, and it will be for many years into the future." Even oilmen whose judgment may be hampered by Chinese philosophy are not apt to take issue with that.

ONCE the rules of the oil game are understood, play can begin, the initial move depending on which form of the game has been selected. The oil game, like poker—our other great indigenous gambling game, and one that is held in high favor by oilmen—can be played in a variety of interesting ways, ranging in complexity from the equivalent of five-card draw to that of high-low Cincinnati. To provide an exhaustive description of all the possible variations, together with accurate definitions of the terms involved—one-eighth royalty, overriding royalty, turnkey deal, rank wildcat, proven acreage, dry-hole money, and bottom-hole money, to mention a few—would require a work roughly the size of Hoyle, and just about as fascinating. One variation worth noting, because it is by far the most popular with people

Britain welcomes you back to the long-lost joys of motoring

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For the free literature mentioned above, write to the British Travel Association, Box 137, at any one of the following addresses:

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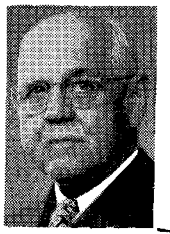

Allan Trout of Frankfort tells about the time Eugene Field was entertained at a rich home in Kansas City.

The dessert was strawberry shortcake. The penniless poet looked at it longingly, then pushed it away.

"Don't you like strawberry shortcake?" his hostess asked.

" 'Deed I do!" he replied. "But if I should eat it, I fear it would spoil my taste for prunes!"

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outside the business, is called the One-Shot. In this, the player, who is usually a novice with only a few thousand dollars to bet, is persuaded by a friend or acquaintance to invest in the drilling of a well by a wildcatter about whom the player knows almost nothing. His chances of winning are so slight that this play has come to be known as the Deadly One-Shot. Even so, it draws from confirmed dreamers an annual outlay estimated at two hundred and fifty million dollars. "The majority of people who put money in oil spend it in the wrong places," Ted Weiner has remarked. "They throw their money away on flyers when they should turn it over to an organization with the experience and ability to find good deals and develop them. Our organization, for instance, spends three-quarters of a million dollars a year just looking for deals. Each one of our offices has a man who does nothing else. We may screen forty deals before finding one we want. Besides finding the deal, we have lawyers who do all the legal work, and we also drill the wells and operate them for the life of the property. An organization like this can furnish a complete service to the man with tax dollars to invest. When he has recovered his investment, we come in for twenty-five per cent. That's fairly standard procedure with reliable organizations. To see how it works, take a simple deal, like a farm-out from a major. One of the big companies decides to farm out some drilling on one of its properties to an independent. We like the deal, and agree to drill a well in return for a percentage of the production if we find oil. Say that we need a hundred thousand dollars to drill the well. We get together three people who put in thirty thousand each, and our organization puts in ten thousand. This deal, like every other one, is based on a principle that is well established in the oil business—spreading the risk. Everything is joint operations. Nowadays, the tendency is to spread the risk even further, because drilling costs have tripled in the last ten years, and also you have to drill deeper. The deepest well ever drilled in this country was the one out in Pecos County that Phillips Petroleum started in 1956. It went down close to five miles, and cost about three million. Incidentally, it was a dry hole. The cost of drilling a well depends on a number of factors. The way it works out, the average well runs to about a hundred thousand, like the one we have on the farm-out. Now, say that we're lucky and we hit. The investors each get

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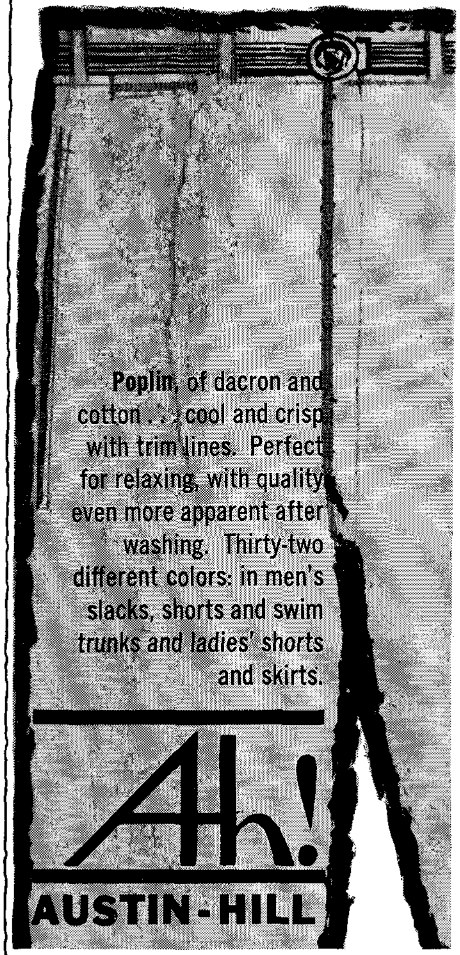

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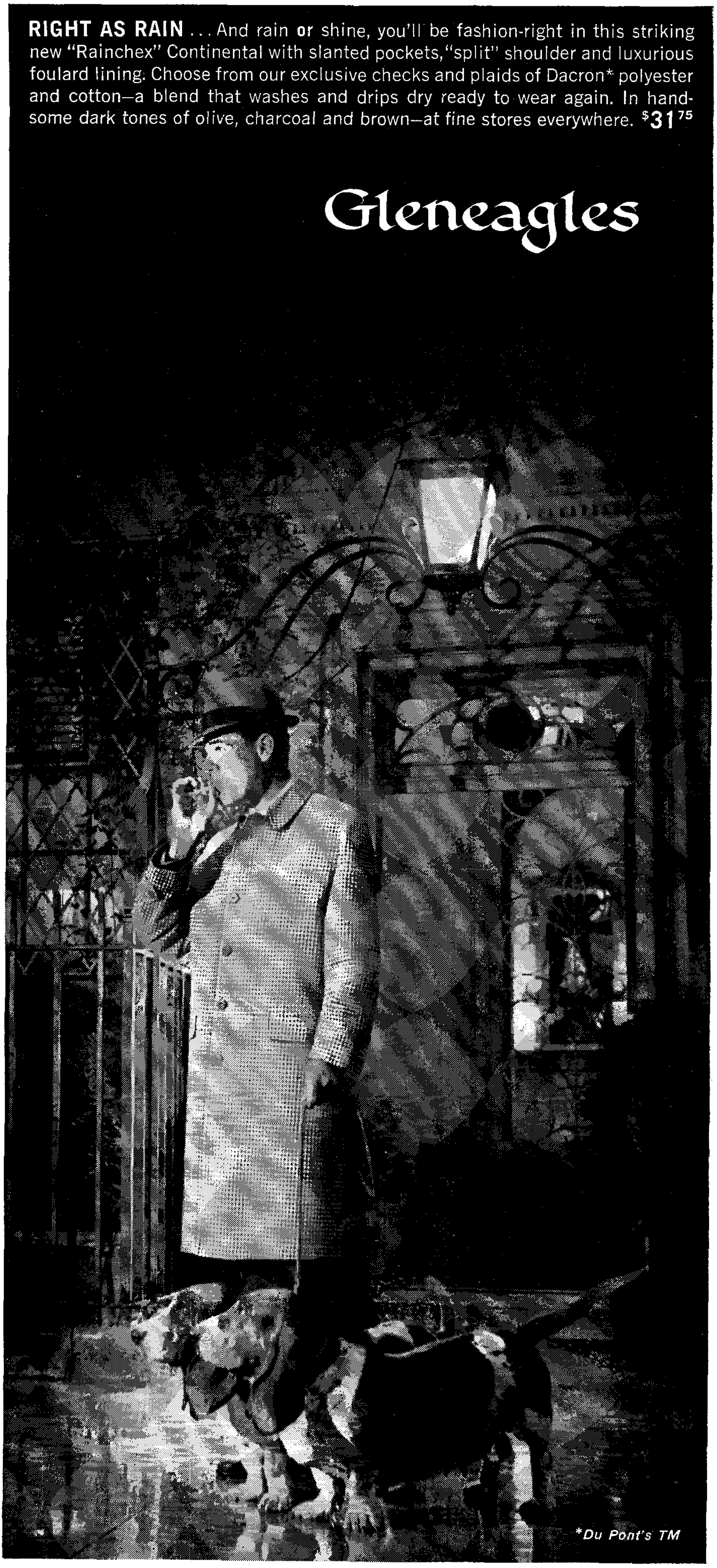
back their thirty thousand, in pocketable dollars, out of production of the well. After that, we come in for a fourth of their interest. In other words, after recovering their investment, instead of each getting thirty per cent from the remaining production, each gets three-fourths of thirty per cent, and we take the balance as payment for our service. Anybody who's going to put money in an oil deal ought to find out two things. First, is he going to get a complete return on his investment before the operator starts taking a percentage? Second, is the operator putting in some money of his own? If both answers are in the affirmative, he's probably got the basis for a pretty fair deal."

Regardless of the variation or the deal, the object of the oil game is, in the end, always the same—to drill a hole in the ground and find oil at the bottom. What are the chances of succeeding? The mathematical probabilities fluctuate in accordance with, for one thing, the location of the well. As might be expected, the odds are longest on discovery wells (those drilled where oil has not previously been found) and shortest on development wells (those put down on acreage where oil is already being produced). According to averages compiled by the industry, the chances of drilling a successful discovery well are one in eight, and of drilling a successful development well, three in four. The probabilities also vary from one operator to another; in contrast to the industry's rather doleful record for discovery wells, a number of experienced operators, including Mecom, Weiner, and Halbouty, have a fairly consistent average of about one in five. More important than how often a player strikes oil is how much he finds. Many a player has been cleaned out because he struck a succession of wells that produced oil but not enough to pay the cost of developing them. Because such wells encourage the throwing of good money after bad, they are more dreaded by oilmen than dry holes. To be within the margin of profitability, according to the industry's estimate, a discovery well must bring in a field that will produce a million barrels of oil. The chances of finding such a field are one in forty-three. The chances of finding a ten-million-barrel field are one in two hundred and forty-three, and of finding a fifty-million-barrel field, one in nine hundred and sixty-seven. The odds soar from there. Of the thousands of wells that have been drilled in this



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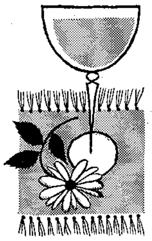

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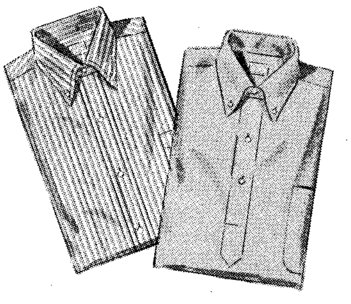
country since the beginning of the century, less than fifty have brought in hundred-million-barrel fields. One of these, the Keystone Field, was discovered in West Texas in 1935 by the late Sid W. Richardson, and proved to contain reserves worth over a billion dollars. Altogether, three hundred and eighty-five wells were drilled in the Keystone, and only seventeen were dry. Rather than talk about this sensational performance, however, Richardson always preferred to call attention to a three-year period when, he said, he invested fifteen million dollars in drilling and "can drink every drop of oil I've got to show for it." To dwell thus on the gloomy side—at least when anybody is listening—is characteristic of oilmen, who are convinced that nobody knows the trouble they've seen. "The only oilmen the public hears about are the few rich ones," Halbouty, who happens to be among them, has remarked, voicing the typical lament. "They never hear a whisper about the thousands and thousands who have gone broke. How many people know that most independents have to drill eight or nine dry holes to find one producing well? Take Spindletop. Eighty million dollars were invested there, but only thirty million came out. Why, a whole book could be written about oilmen who once were rich and are now hanging around hotel lobbies trying to make some little deal that will pay the rent and buy the groceries. This business is full of heartbreak." Oilmen can get themselves so worked up about the pity of it all that a recital of their failures is apt to carry an undertone of perverse pride, like the confessions of a redeemed sinner. "Last year," Humble Oil announced in 1958 in a report to the public, "dry holes cost Humble almost $62 million, roughly $13 million more than in 1956. But oil can't be found without drilling for it. And when you drill, the odds are strong you will find nothing. In forty years, Humble has poured half a billion dollars down long, dry holes. That's nearly half as much as the Company's total assets today. Just since 1933, Humble has drilled 3,540 dusters, averaging a mile and one-third in depth. End on end, they would probe two-thirds through the earth, or stretch from New York to San Francisco—via the Panama Canal. . . . Dry holes cost the industry about a billion dollars a year—almost 40 cents for every barrel of oil produced. Still more millions are lost on surrendered leases and unsuccessful exploratory work. Only about five per cent of all acreage leased proves even



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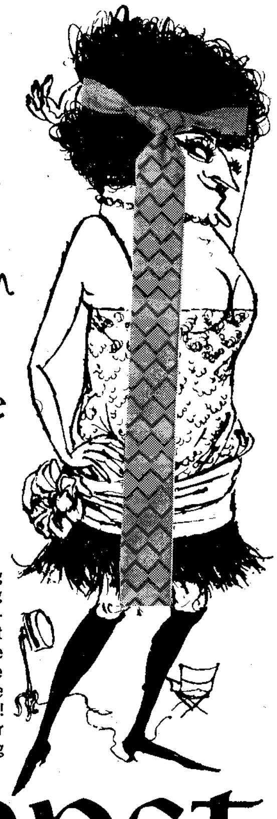

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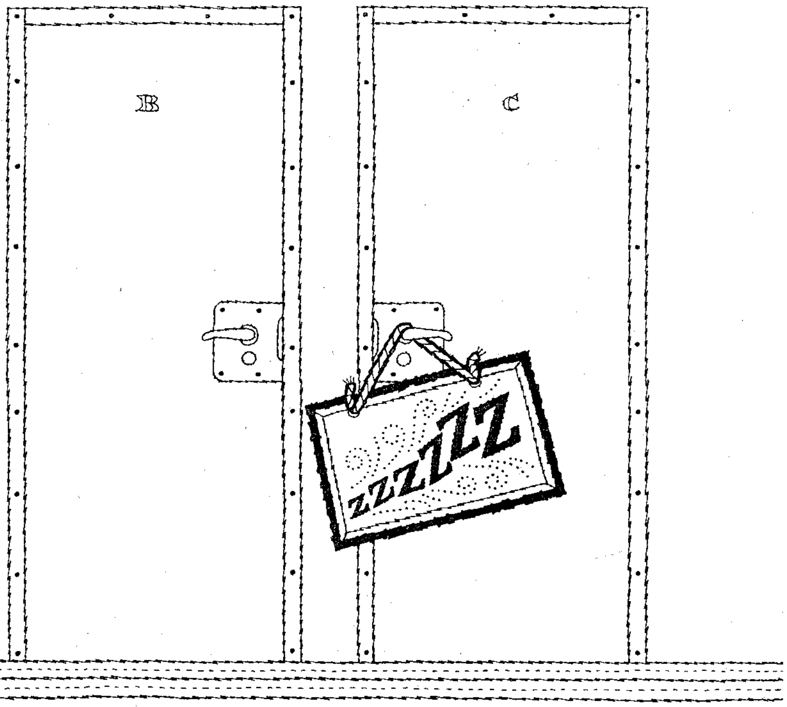
mildly productive. In all, about half of all the money spent on exploration and drilling results in no production." Of course, all the money that oilmen lose on exploration and drilling is completely deductible, and when this fact is included, their story can have a happy ending. For example, though dry holes cost Humble almost $62,000,000 in 1957, the company managed to wind up the year with a net profit of $175,910,400.

When a player beats the odds and finds oil, he enters the final, and most interesting, part of the game. He is now in a position to make money through one of two moves. Either he can sell the oil-producing property and pay the capital-gains tax on his profit or he can develop it and take advantage of the depletion allowance and other tax benefits. Though the second move contains a greater element of risk, it offers opportunity for a larger reward, and is preferred by most players. A development program requires the drilling of additional wells to provide efficient drainage of the field, the number depending on, among other factors, the size of the property. Since wells cost about a hundred thousand dollars apiece, an operator working even a small field must put his hands on considerable capital. To get development money, approximately nine oilmen out of ten borrow from banks. The exceptions consist of players like Jake Hamon ("I worked for Mr. Interest long enough"), who have accumulated enough funds to finance their operations without going to the bank, and who tend to play a comparatively tight game. Operating on borrowed capital is such a common practice among oilmen that in their circles to be heavily in debt is no cause for chagrin; on the contrary, a talent for relieving financial institutions of large sums is considered a reliable measure of a player's skill. "Murchison, I'm a bigger success than you are," Sid Richardson once told his friend Clinton W. (Clint) Murchison after negotiating a rather spectacular loan. "Some of my paper is now in London." Though banks do not advance money to drill discovery wells as such (oil-producing property can be mortgaged to secure wildcatting funds, however), Texas banks compete in the lending of money to drill development wells. The pattern is generally the same. As collateral for a loan to drill his second well, a player assigns to a bank the lease on his first well. If the second well comes in, he pledges the lease on that for money to put down the third. The lease on the third is then assigned as security for



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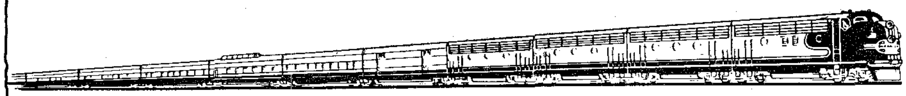

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funds to drill the fourth. And so on. The borrow-drill-borrow procedure can be continued as long as a player guesses right more often than wrong, for as he acquires more successful wells than dry holes or marginal wells, he can move steadily ahead. If, however, he guesses wrong more often than right, he reaches what is known in the oil game (the term having been appropriated from the flying game) as the point of no return. He has extended his operations beyond the point where they provide sufficient income to maintain payment on his bank loans, which in principal and interest customarily take from seventy to eighty per cent of his production, and to pay his taxes and living expenses. He cannot add to his income by arbitrarily increasing the amount of his production, because that is set by law. To stay in the game, he is obliged to sell enough property to raise the cash he needs to pay off his debts. Since selling property obviously has the result of reducing income, a player who repeatedly gets beyond the point of no return is at last penalized by losing all his chips and being retired from the game; if he can secure another stake, he may begin again from the starting point. A player who completes the course, avoiding the point of no return, repaying his loans, and finally securing ownership of a hundred per cent of his production, wins the game.

SO far, no how-to-win-at-the-oil-game books have appeared, although it is probably inevitable that they will. Anyone undertaking a work of that kind would no doubt get, through attempting to analyze the makeup of the successful players, a few inklings of what it takes to win. Such an inquiry might usefully concentrate on the independent oilmen, since they are the most numerous and the most typical. The collective term by which they are known, the inquirer would early discover, is the basic clue to their character, which is marked, above all, by implacable independence. "The independents," Jim Clark, who has spent his life among them, once remarked, "are earthy-type fellows who don't want anybody else to try to tell them what to do. It goes against their grain to take orders. That's why they don't like to incorporate, because then they can't rely exclusively on their own judgment. Take Glenn McCarthy. He could have saved just about everything if he'd been willing to incorporate. Or he could have made a deal with Sinclair. They offered him

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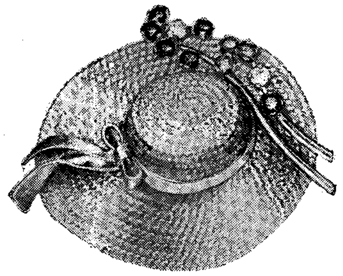

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a hundred million for his holdings and another fifty million to pay off all his debts. He could have paid his taxes and put seventy-five million cash in the bank. But that's not the way independents operate. No matter what the risk, they prefer to go it alone." Their preference is based, in large part, on the conviction that they are individually at least as capable as the next man, and quite possibly a little more so. In view of this conviction, it is not surprising that their society has no élite—though members who have some connection with Spindletop enjoy a slightly special status. An oilman whose father was a teamster at Spindletop takes as much pride in the fact as a Bostonian does in having a forebear who fought at Bunker Hill. As a group, however, oilmen are not much attracted to ancestor worship. They are, perhaps, about as inner-directed to begin with as anybody in the lonely crowd can be, and success serves to intensify the tendency. This aspect of their character has been remarked on by Thomas A. Knight, a Dallas lawyer with a mordant wit who has been servicing, to use his term, independent oilmen ever since his graduation from the Harvard Law School, in 1915. "Finding oil," Knight has said, "has a tendency to accentuate the self-confidence and self-reliance of the discoverer, as well as the effect of making him at least temporarily rich. Being rich even for a moment is a happy condition, and the bright boys who discovered oil resolved, if it was at all possible, to perpetuate this condition and constantly to ameliorate it. With a view to never being without material resources, some of them acquired multi-carat diamonds, and the more trustful put chunks of money in the bank accounts of their wives, as a hedge alike against a rainy day and against creditors, and those who optimistically looked forward to a tranquil old age even let smart life-insurance salesmen talk them into buying annuities. Such measures afforded social security of a sort, but they did not gratify the yen of rugged individualists for ever-increasing power and wealth. A man suddenly coming into a million dollars is pretty well satisfied until he begins hobnobbing with lots of people, each of whom has considerably more than a million dollars. Keeping up with the Joneses is itself right smart of a stimulant."

The competition among oilmen, as Knight has observed, follows the national pattern, being confined to the material realm. While oilmen do not look down on intellectual pursuits, neither

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do they look up to them. The fact that the majority of oilmen made their way to the top with but a small amount of conventional book-learning plays its part in anchoring them securely to the native tradition, for, as Robert Hutchins has noted, "education has nothing to do with success in the United States." What oilmen lack in schooling they make up in stamina. One of the first conditions of the happiness, and even the existence, of nations, it has been said, is physical strength—a statement applying with equal force to oilmen. Their folklore is filled with tales of physical prowess, like those told of J. P. (Bum) Gibbins, of Midland, a mountain of a man who in his younger days performed feats requiring the strength of a team of horses. "Even now, I bet Bum can whip anybody in town," a Midlander said a while ago. To be handy with the fists is an ability not scorned by oilmen. Most of the successful ones started out in the oil fields, where differences of opinion are seldom resolved according to the etiquette prevailing at Boy Scout encampments. When Glenn McCarthy was po'-boying his first wildcats and found himself unable to pay his men, he had a habit of announcing, "Anybody wants to walk off the job, I'll whip the hell out of him." He was able to maintain a remarkably steady level of employment.

Nor is it a game for anybody who does not possess the quality defined by Alva Johnston as legitimate nonchalance. The eager beaver and the counting-house man are equally distasteful to oilmen not because oilmen have a low regard for drive or money but because they consider it bad form to press, in the golfing sense, or to be pernickety. The oilman's approach to business is genuinely casual, as is indicated by, for instance, the opinion that Byars once rendered on the value of the legal contract. "A contract in the oil business," he declared, "isn't worth the paper it's printed on. All it's for is to remind you of the terms you agreed on." Much the same view of the basic instrument of commerce is held by Paul Raigorodsky. "You don't need lawyers to make deals," he has explained. "In oil game, you do things differently. Maybe like this: I meet somebody at Petroleum Club who says he has to drill well before first of next month. He asks me if I want piece of deal. That means I'm going in on ground floor. I ask how much it will cost, and he says sixty thousand. I ask him how much he has, and he says quarter of eighth. If it sounds all right, I say, 'O.K. Count me in.' Or

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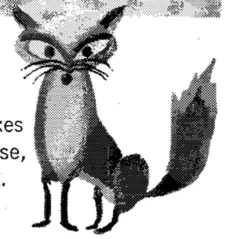

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I may take eighth, form syndicate, and offer it to five or ten other people, and they all go in because I say it's O.K. All you need is person's word. Legal business comes along later." This order of doing business, while second nature to oilmen, is apt to bewilder tradition-bound outlanders. "I remember a deal I made in New York with five investors, all new to the business," Weiner has recalled. "They agreed to put up a million and a half to drill five wells. I came back, and we'd drilled four of the wells and were just getting around to drawing up the papers on the deal when a lawyer who'd been hired by the New York investors called at my office. This fellow got to the point right away. 'You know,' he said, 'we don't have so much as a scratch of a pen to bind that deal. We haven't turned over any money to you, and you haven't signed any papers, and yet you've gone ahead with the drilling. Now, I'm here to find out just what you intend to do.' Well, I told him we were going to do just what we said we'd do. We had a deal, and we'd all share in it just as we'd planned. As it turned out, before all the papers were drawn up and signed we had oil in the pipeline and three million dollars in the bank." A typical New York investor might require a short indoctrination course in order to get used to the offhand manner in which Clint Murchison conducts the annual stockholders' meeting of the Delhi-Taylor Oil Corporation, his favorite commercial enterprise. "If you'll all come to order," he said in opening one meeting in Dallas, "I'll run through my annual reading lesson. First, let's have a motion to waive the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. Does anybody so waive?" Somebody waived, and Murchison proceeded to deliver an easygoing review of the year past ("Canadian Delhi is so conservative we kicked it out of Delhi"), a casual forecast of the year ahead ("Gas can't go anywhere but up"), and an announcement of a forthcoming stockholders' meeting of the Canadian subsidiary. "Clint," a stockholder asked from the floor, "how can you make the stockholders' meeting in Calgary and the Kentucky Derby, too?" "Afraid I can't, Roy," Murchison replied. "I'll have to pass up the stockholders' meeting." All present liked that, and after a few more informal questions and answers Murchison said, "I make a motion you make a motion we adjourn." The stockholders obliged, and then retired to Murchison's house for a garden party. While partaking of bourbon and choice Kansas City strip sirloins broiled on a battery of

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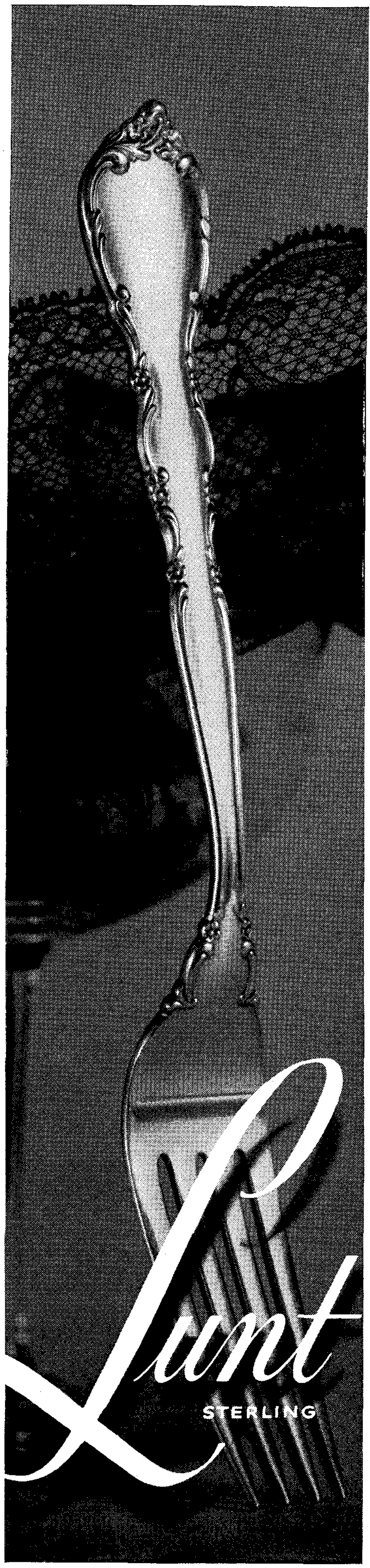

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charcoal braziers, the guests got Murchison to talking about some of his jauntier deals, including one he had made not long before with another prominent oilman, Toddie Lee Wynne. As partners over a period of years, Murchison and Wynne had expanded their joint holdings into a rather elaborate structure, which Wynne wanted to simplify. He accordingly proposed that he buy out Murchison's interest in the American Liberty Oil Company while Murchison, for his part, would buy out Wynne's interest in two life-insurance companies. Murchison agreed, and as they discussed the terms of the transaction, it developed that Murchison thought he should wind up with four hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars more than Wynne figured. "We flipped a coin for the difference," Murchison said. "Toddie Lee won." Although Murchison lost nearly half a million on the toss, he turned a profit amounting to several times that sum on the sale of the oil company. "After all," he said, "the original investment in American Liberty was exactly one hundred and seventy-five dollars, cash."

The nonchalance that distinguishes the oilmen's character is a luxury they can afford because of their scrupulous regard for fair dealing. A representative oilman would as soon rob his mother as cheat a partner. "I never made a trade where I couldn't go back and make a second trade easier than the first," Sid Richardson once said with pride. "All oilmen aren't roses," Sol Brachman, the equipment supplier, who has been trading with scores of big and little oilmen for many years, has observed. "Some of them don't realize there was a world here before they arrived. But one thing you can say about oilmen is that, generally speaking, they are very honest. And, with very few exceptions, they are good-hearted. As for honesty, I have many, many times charged off accounts, figuring there wasn't a chance in the world of collecting them, and five or six years later these fellows have come in and paid up." Oilmen do not necessarily adopt the foursquare approach to commerce out of an abiding belief in the chilly principle that virtue is its own reward; rather, they are in the position of not having a great deal of choice. "In this business, you've got to be honest with everybody or you don't get anywhere," Jim Clark has remarked. "That's why deals can be made over the phone, and wells drilled, before any papers are signed. The plain fact is that a crook doesn't last long in this

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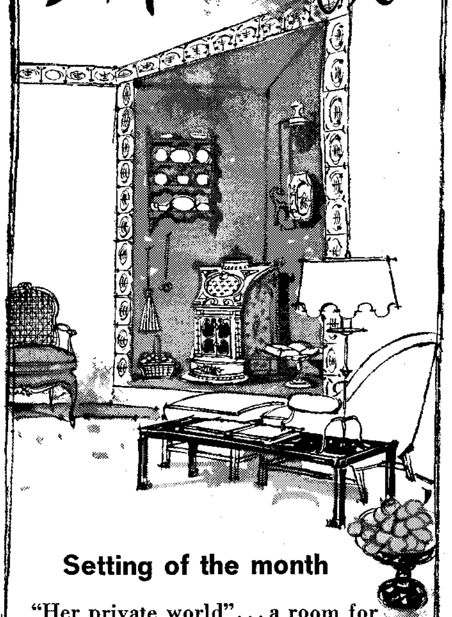

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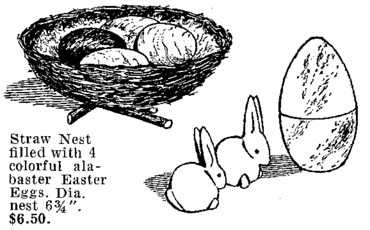

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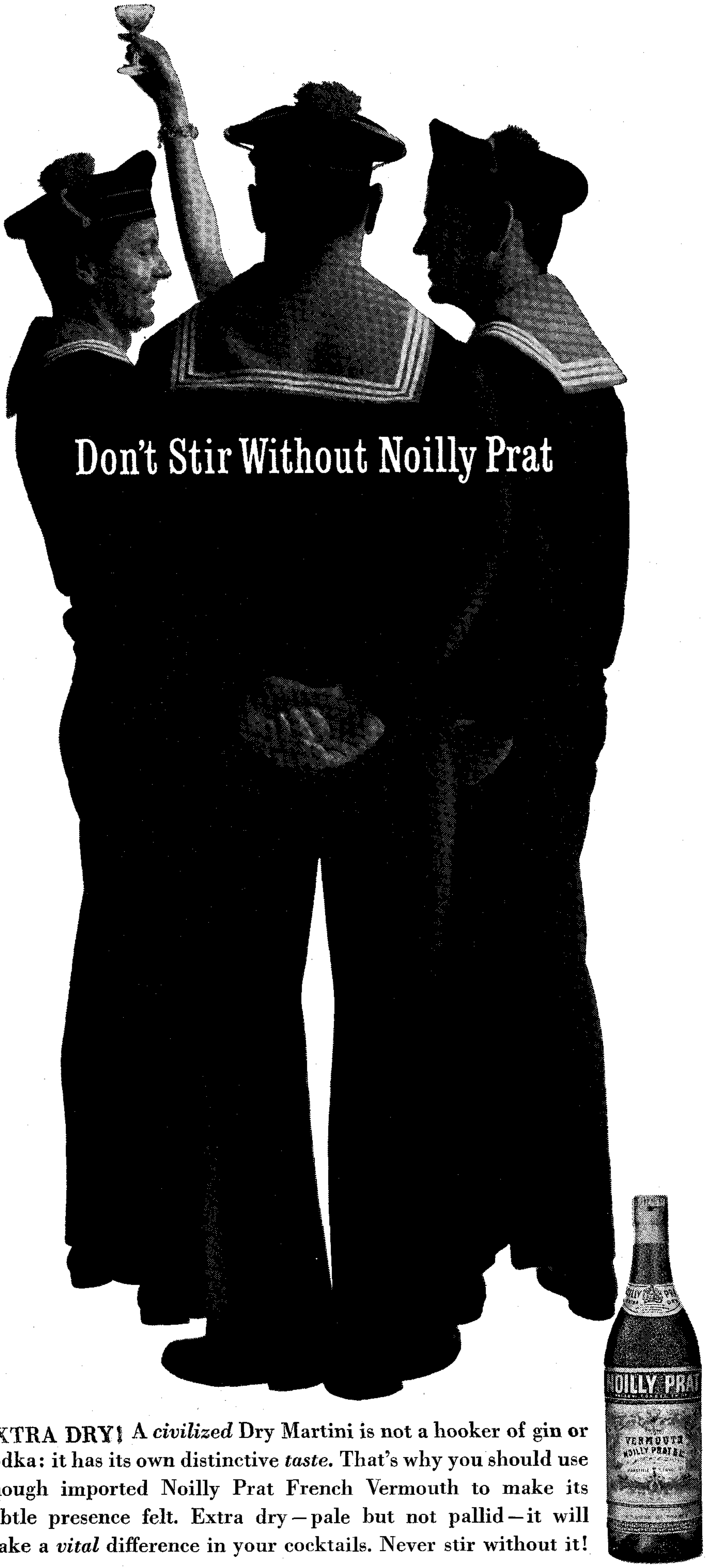
business." In the oil game, a handshake is considered as dependable as a contract. The principle is based on the old-fashioned notion, still in circulation on the frontier, that people can be trusted. "You put faith in a person," Byars has said, "and if he's halfway honest, he'll come through." In the oilman's world, a respect for the cardinal precept of the square deal is handed down from father to son. "I was tradin' out with one of my partners," Ray Hubbard has said in recalling how the word was transmitted to him. "This partner had got into some tax trouble, and he had to sell out. He'd rooked me once in times past, and I got an elephant's memory, so I was goin' to see he got a rookin' in return. Yes, sir, I decided to give him a rookin' he'd remember. So I told Tom Knight, the lawyer, what the deal was, so he could make out the papers. Tom said, 'What's the matter, Ray? I guess you and Arch had a fallin' out, but you know what time it is, and you know you're stealin' it.' I said, 'Sure I know I'm stealin' it. That's what I got in mind. So go ahead and draw up the papers.' Next mornin', I got to the office and there was my father. He was in his eighties. Not really active in the business but still keepin' an eye on things. 'What you doin'?' he said. 'What do you mean, what am I doin'?' I said. 'I mean that deal with Arch,' my father said. 'That's no good. I know you got the axe on him, but you can't do what you're aimin' to. You gotta pay him what it's worth. I've told you time and again you're the boss, but you're the boss only as long as you run this business to suit me. And it ain't gonna suit me unless you play fair with Arch.' Well, to make a long story short, we played fair with Arch." Once they have made their own fortunes, many oilmen go out of their way to help business associates and friends by cutting them in on promising deals. This practice, like the dedication to fair play, stems not only from altruism but also from enlightened self-interest, for, in the oilman's typically informal way, it provides the advantages of a profit-sharing plan. As Murchison once advised a friend, "If you've got a good man working for you, make certain he dies rich."

To enjoy the privilege of being independent without becoming arrogant is no easy task, as Europeans are in the habit of reminding us, and it is a particularly heavy burden for oilmen. Their special difficulty originates in the fact that they are, taken together, even more rootless than most Americans, and con-



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sequently less affected by the give-and-take influences that spring from group participation. "There's not an oilman alive who has any sense of belonging," Thomas Knight has remarked. "Not a man in Dallas in the oil business wouldn't move someplace else if he could get a better break on taxes. Oilmen have no sense of permanence. They're in an industry rather than in a locality. That's why oil people carry less than their proportionate load in civic affairs." A survey conducted last year by the Texas Mid-Continent Oil & Gas Association among more than five hundred oilmen in five Texas cities showed that less than one out of three even belonged to a local civic or service club. Though oilmen like Michel Halbouty, Ray Hubbard, R. E. (Bob) Smith, Jake Hamon—in fact, a majority of those one is aware of when living in the state—work conscientiously at community enterprises, they constitute the exceptions proving the rule that non-involvement is the oilman's preferred way of life. "I don't make my money in this town," a Fort Worth operator told an acquaintance. "I make it in West Texas and in New Mexico and Canada. Why should I worry what happens here?" The oilmen's tenuous relationship with the community influences their larger relationship with the country. Of those included in the Mid-Continent survey, one out of five didn't know the name of his Congressman, and less than half said they take any part in political affairs. Oilmen care very little about the public, because, unlike most people in business, they don't need to care very much. The fact that they sell their wares not to consumers but to the big oil companies means that, in a commercial sense, they exist in a world of their own. The public knows about them only vaguely, and this is to their liking, for they prefer to live in privacy.

Whatever else it takes to win in the oil game, the *sine qua non* is luck. Recently, H. L. Hunt was asked his formula for making money. "You have to be lucky," he began. Ted Weiner agrees. "Finding oil is ninety-five per cent luck," he has said. "In a way, it's like golf. All the pros make the green in par; it's the lucky players who putt out in one. In the oil game, the pros—the fellows who have a background of experience—are about evenly matched in the number of wells they find. It's the lucky ones who find the big wells. I suppose I've drilled about as many wells as Sid Richardson did in his lifetime, but where he had maybe a thousand million, I have—well, somewhat less." Richardson held the same opinion.

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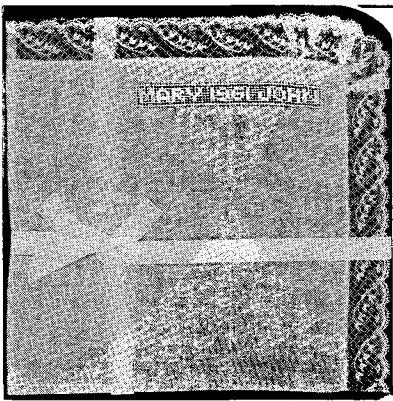

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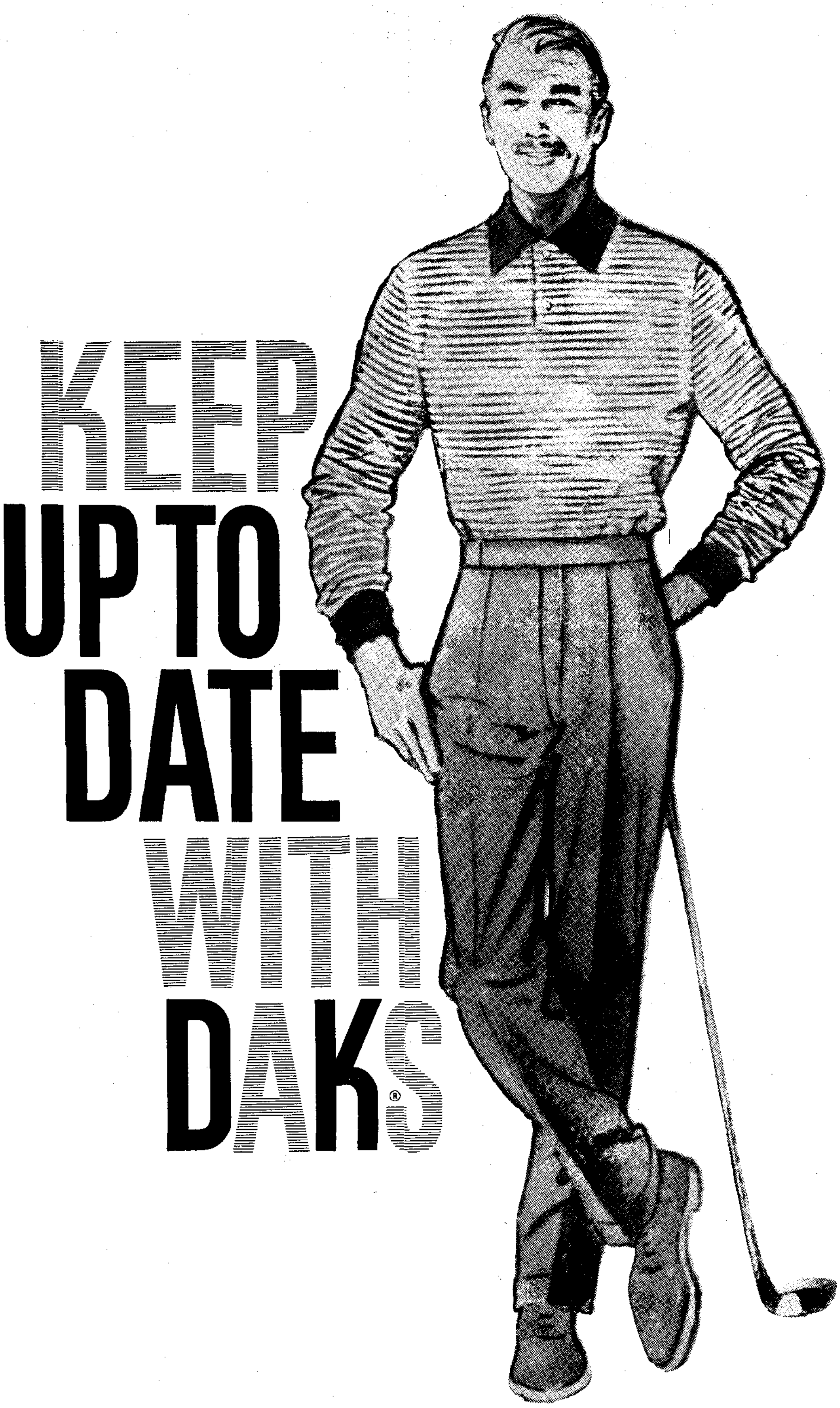
"Luck has helped me every day of my life," he once said. "And I'd rather be lucky than smart, 'cause a lot of smart people ain't eatin' regular. I may not be the smartest fellow in the world, but I sure am one of the luckiest. Some people get luck and brains mixed up, and that's when they get in trouble." A favorite story that oilmen tell, to show what they regard as the relative importance of intelligence and luck in the oil game, has to do with the exploits of the son of a very successful operator. "The boy," an oilman who was acquainted with him has recalled, "was a nice boy, but he wasn't quite right in the head. The trouble came on him gradually, after he'd got out of school and his daddy had set him up in the oil business. Folks began to notice something wrong when he started doing funny things, like when he went into a clothing store to buy a new suit of clothes. He looked at himself in one of those three-sided mirrors, and then he said, 'I like them. I'll take all three.' It got so bad they finally had to put him away in an institution, but by then he'd already had quite a time of it. He started out in the East Texas fields, and he really cleaned up. He didn't pay much attention to geologists' reports or anything else like that. He'd just look around and say, 'This looks like a good place.' And it didn't make any difference where he drilled—he couldn't miss. Then he moved on to Louisiana and began doing business in even more peculiar ways. Finally, he threw away the book completely. He went around giving those farmers fifty per cent override, instead of the usual one-eighth, and the wells just kept coming in, one after another. The boy and the farmers were both making out real good. Then he took to whipstocking some of his wells—that means, after you've dug a well to a certain distance vertically and haven't hit oil, you drill at an angle and hope to strike it, an expensive process—and, to everybody's surprise, practically every one of those wells made money, too. Why, the boy must have made twenty million while he was going crazy." Unlike most businessmen, who are inclined to credit their unwavering dedication to diligence, thrift, and honesty with boosting them to the top, oilmen, displaying a refreshing candor, take a positive pride in attributing their success to luck. "My West Texas oil field was solely luck," R. E. (Bob) Smith has said. "It has thirty-eight million barrels in reserve and cost me five dollars an acre. The lesson you learn as you get older is that it's luck." The lives of oilmen offer abundant proof of this. Early in his



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career, John Mecom had a choice between drilling in an area called South Mercy and an area called High Island. Partly on a hunch, he chose the latter, and brought in a well that gave him enough funds to start building his empire. He would have lost everything if he had chosen South Mercy, for when he got around to it later, he found nothing. With minor variations, that is the story of every man who succeeds in the oil game. It is a truism among the players that the indispensable quality for winning cannot be cultivated. "I have a friend who is an excellent geologist, an absolutely first-class man," Jake Hamon said a while ago. "I helped him get into several deals. There's every reason they should have paid off, and paid off well, but not one of them did. He never hit. There's no logical explanation, except that the man is simply not lucky. Every once in a while, young fellows come in to see me and ask my advice about going into the oil business. I never know just what to tell them, but I always get around to one thing: I ask them if they're lucky. Do they like to gamble? Are they good poker players? And how's their luck generally? If they like to gamble and if they're lucky, they'll probably do all right in the oil business." In the end, all hands happily agree, it is not the smartest or the strongest or the meekest or the poorest in spirit or the purest in heart but just the luckiest who wind up in the oil game's Hall of Fame. That is Super-America all over again.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

(*This is the second of a series of articles. The third will appear in an early issue.*)

•

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[*The following story, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

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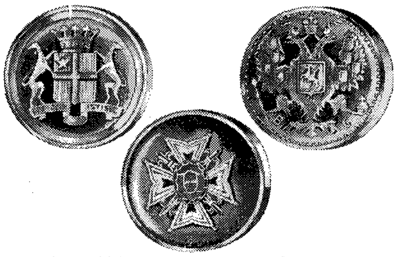

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◀ *Tea time in the tropical gardens of one of Nassau's many classic hotels. Photographed by David Preston.*

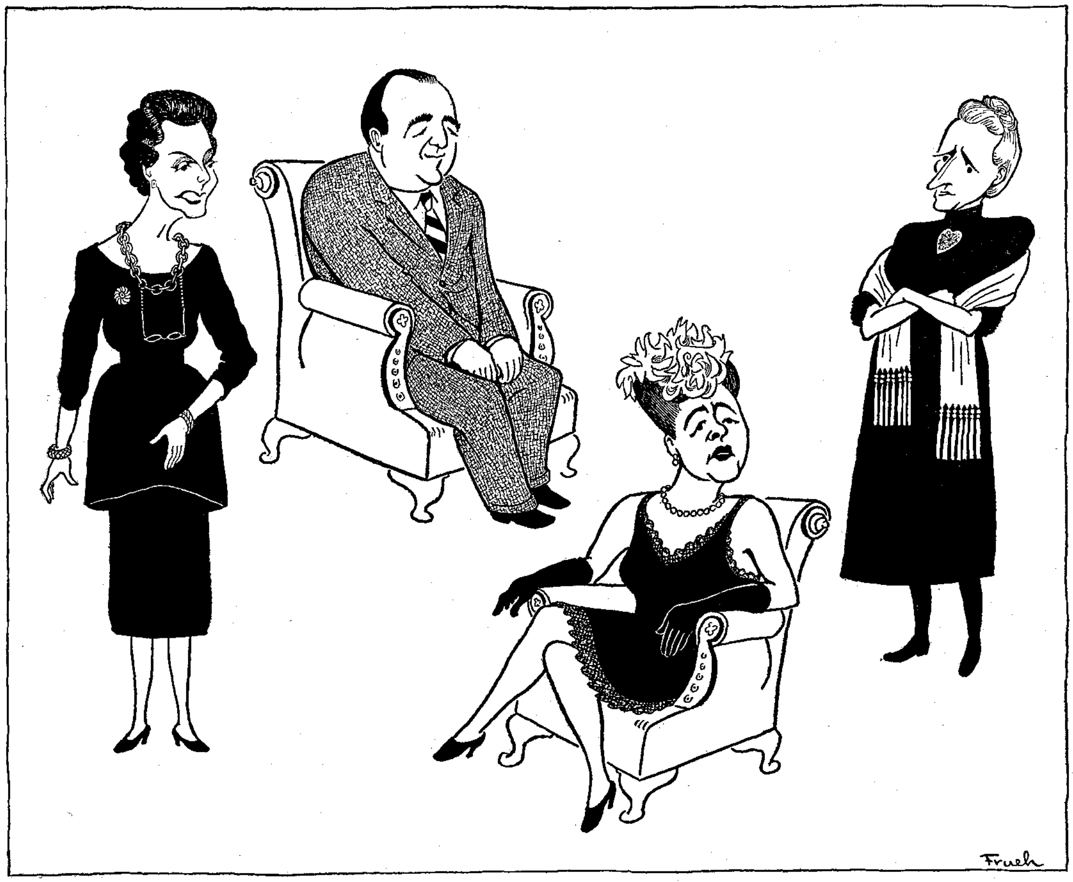
THE THEATRE

FINE FEATHERS ON AN OLD HAT

JEAN KERR is a witty woman, and the dialogue she has invented for "Mary, Mary," now at the Helen Hayes, is frequently fresh and funny. Admittedly, her jests are aimed at familiar targets—alimony, income taxes, food fads, Hollywood, sex, and beauty salons, for example—but she has a neat way with a phrase and her observations are usually astute. She also has the happy faculty of being able to turn off the drumfire of gags and let her characters display, without mawkishness, some very tender emotions. For all her skill, however, she has not been able to disguise entirely the fact that the central theme of her play is rather banal. "Mary, Mary" begins by introducing us to a moody young publisher, waiting for his divorce to become final, who plans to marry an heiress but has doubts about whether he can support her in the manner to which she is accustomed. Since his affairs are in a mess and the income-tax people are badgering him, he invites his lawyer to his apartment in an attempt to get things straightened out. The lawyer, in turn, invites the publisher's estranged wife, on the ground that she knows more about his affairs than the publisher does himself. She, it develops, is the contrary lady of the title—a forthright, ebullient, humorous girl. The publisher is still in love with Mary, but he refuses to admit it until an old Navy buddy, now a Hollywood star, happens by and immediately falls for her. Now the problem is: Will Mary and her husband become reconciled, or will they go through with the divorce, allowing her to run off with the Hollywood dream prince? Mrs. Kerr's solution is readily predictable.

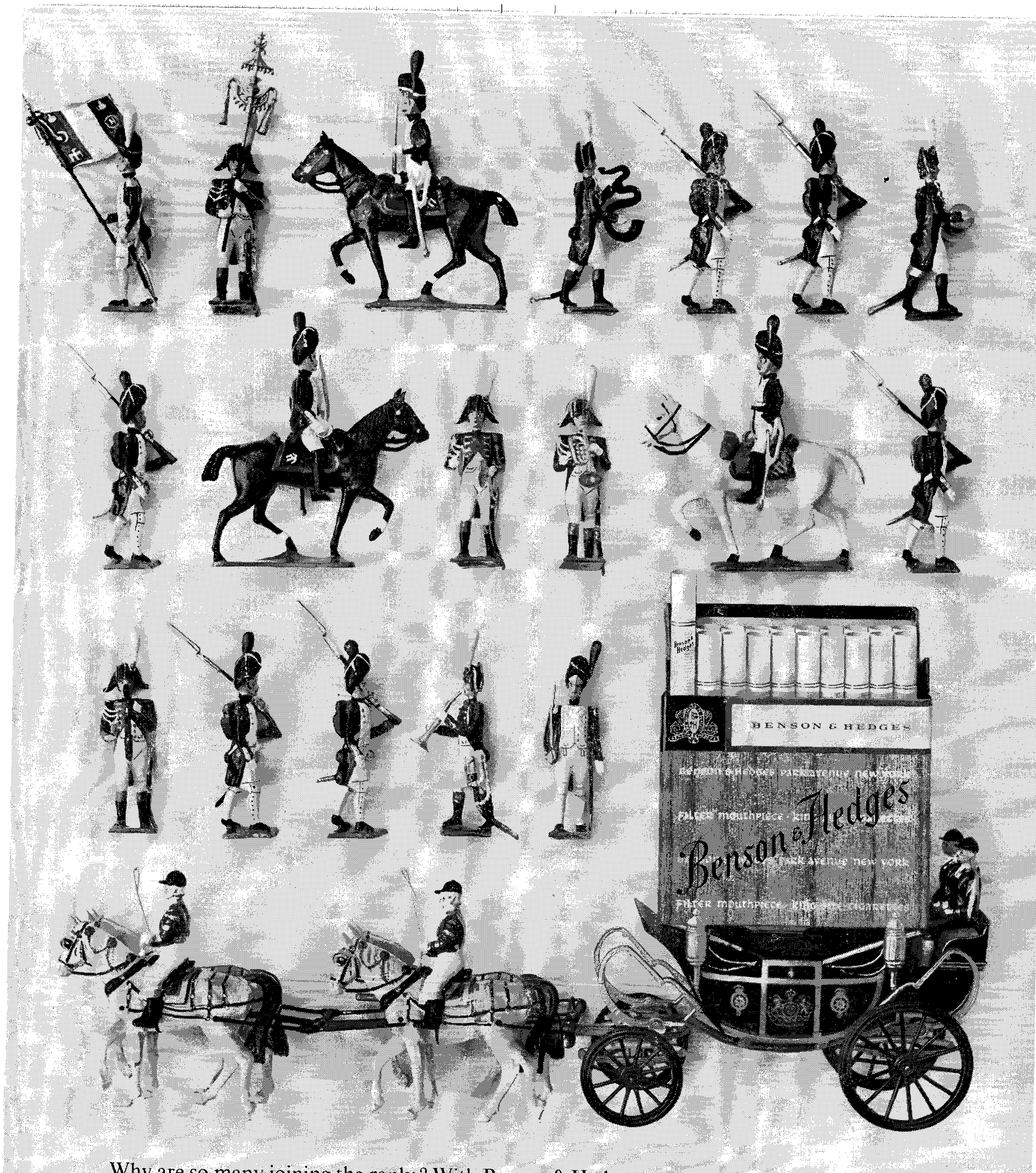
While there isn't much substance to "Mary, Mary," it has a high polish, and the actors, under the clever direction of Joseph Anthony, are altogether satisfactory. Barbara Bel Geddes makes an engaging sprite of the heroine, and Barry Nelson puts a lot of drollery into his portrayal of the publisher. The others—Michael Rennie, as a Hollywood star much more attractive than most of his kind; Betsy von Furstenberg, as the balmy heiress Mr. Nelson thinks he wants to marry; and John Cromwell, as an affable old lawyer—are also extremely diverting. The production was designed by Oliver Smith, and he has done a fine job of it.

THERE is absolutely nothing predictable about "Le Dindon," which the Comédie-Française presented at the City Center last week in the course of its final appearances in Manhattan. The farce, which Georges Feydeau wrote in 1896, and which entered the company's repertory in 1951, is as splendidly dishevelled as a Mack Sennett comedy, and from the time when Pontagnac (Jacques Charon), the *dindon*, or fool, of the play, is discovered making a pass at a fellow club member's wife (Micheline Boudet) until the farce winds up in a blaze of fake adultery, there is more bedroom hanky-panky than even a Frenchman might bargain for. But as Feydeau goes about coupling and uncoupling his characters, he contrives all kinds of hilarious scenes, and these were played with great enthusiasm by the members of the cast. It would be captious to single out any performer in "Le Dindon" as it was done last week. Everybody onstage was superb, and I think everybody in the audience was happy. It is fondly to be wished that the com-



"THE AMERICAN DREAM"

Down front, sitting in her slip but maintaining her middle-class aplomb, is Nancy Cushman; the vacant-looking man above her is John C. Becher; the sour party on the left is Jane Hoffman; and on the right, grandmotherly and resistant, is Sudie Bond. These four people are in Edward Albee's one-act comedy, which is being presented at the York Playhouse, along with another of Mr. Albee's one-act plays, "The Death of Bessie Smith."



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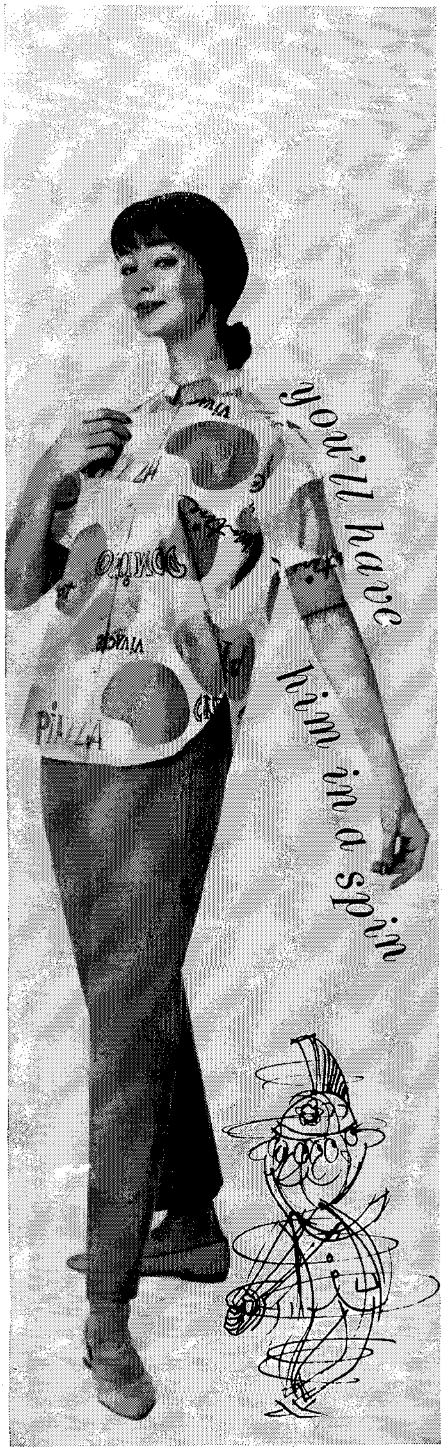
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pany will not be long about returning.

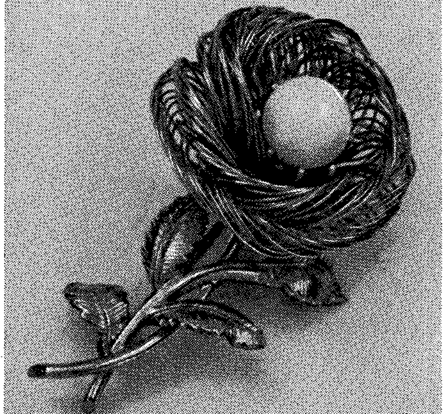
"THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE," at the Billy Rose, is an adaptation by Dore Schary (who also produced and directed the drama) of a novel by Morris L. West. It tells a Graham Greene-ish tale of an English monsignor who, although he is dying of cancer, is sent by the Vatican to a town called Valenta, in southern Italy, to check on whether a man named Giacomo Nerone, put to death by the Communists, is worthy of sainthood, as some of those who knew him have alleged. In the course of delving into Nerone's past, the monsignor encounters a large assortment of characters—a kindly, skeptical Jewish doctor; Nerone's mistress; his illegitimate son; a nymphomaniacal countess; a homosexual artist; the Bishop of Valenta; and various townsfolk—all of whom have in some way been connected with the deceased. While the pieces of Nerone's career are being fitted into place, "The Devil's Advocate" is broken up by innumerable flashbacks, Nerone himself appearing in one of them, in a Christlike beard. This sort of thing makes for heavy going, and the turntable sets are changed with disconcerting rapidity. The drama is further handicapped by a lack of any substantial philosophical base, and when the monsignor asks God for a miracle that will prevent Nerone's bastard from going away with the homosexual artist, it comes close to outright nonsense. Eventually, the monsignor completes his mission, strengthened in faith, and there ensues a lengthy death scene. Of the actors involved, Sam Levene stands out as the Jewish doctor, consistently believable and engaging. As the monsignor, Leo Genn is not always successful in convincing us of his melancholy introversion, and, as the candidate for sainthood, Edward Mulhare struck me as downright embarrassing.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Maybe

ARNOLD WESKER, the twenty-eight-year-old English author of "Roots," which is at the Mayfair, is an uncommonly brave man. For this play, the central piece of a trilogy called "Chicken Soup," is a static, fallen-arches attempt to record, through dialect speech and an endless series of pale, enlarged still-photograph scenes, the day-to-day life in Norfolk of a dull, poor, and ignorant family of laborers



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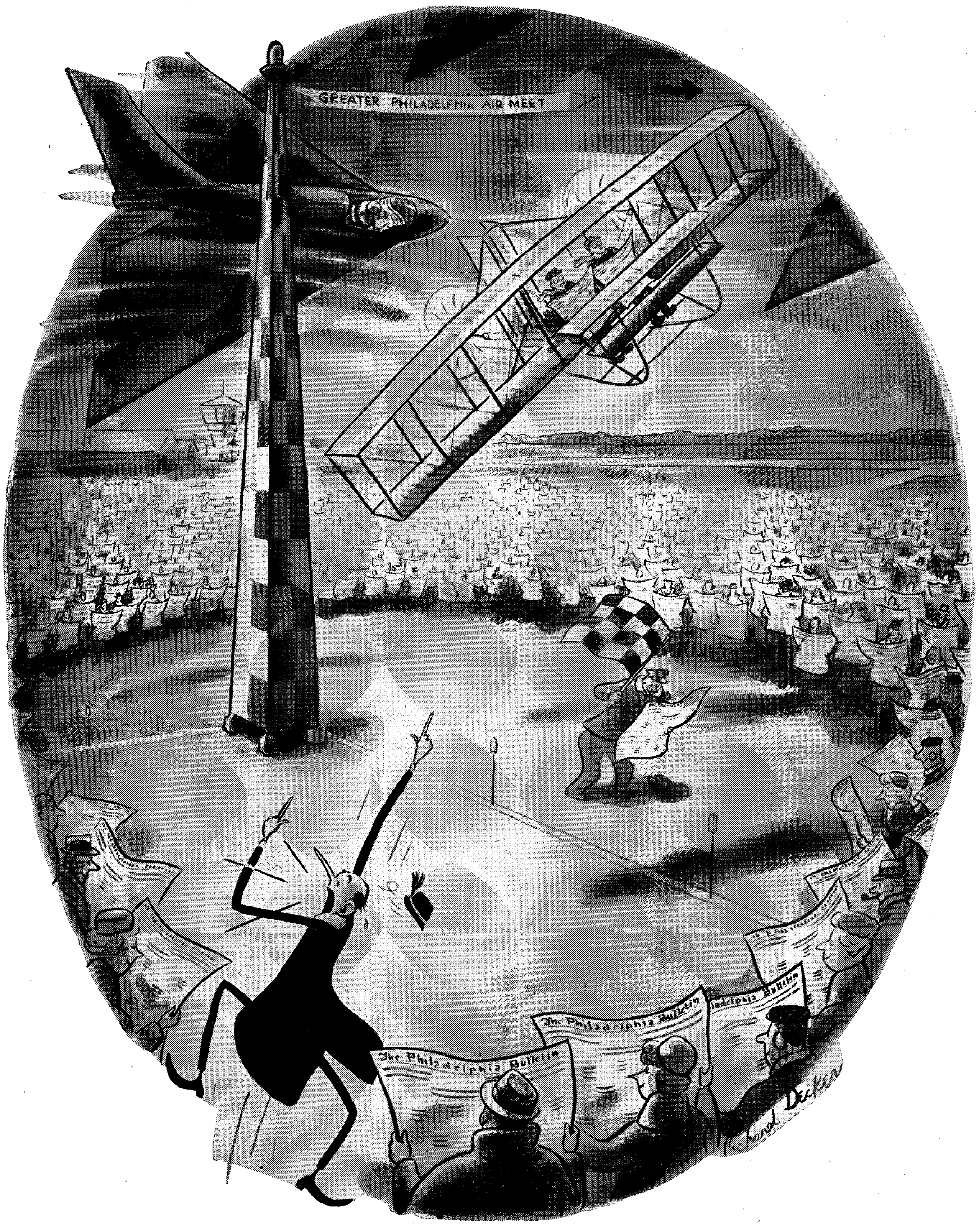
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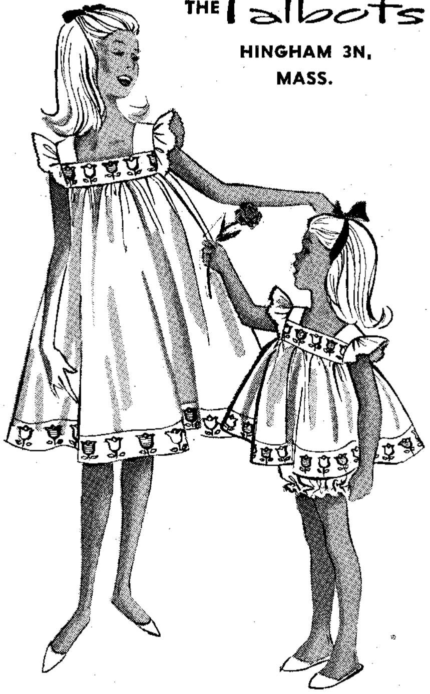
and farmers. Their speech is a gummy mixture of "hev" and "hed" (for "have" and "had"), "sin" (for "seen"), "yearp" (for "yes"), "blust" (for "blast"), "ent" (for "ain't"), "bor" (for "boy"), and so forth. There is a good deal of such talk, as well as a kind of action—characters enter and leave rooms, and get up and sit down—but there are also long, motionless silences, which, according to the author's stage directions, are meant to be as significant as the talk and movement. Add to this a lot of eating—a venerable stage device that can disguise inspirational lapses of any size while affording infinite pleasure to maternal types who relish watching other people munch. The story is not so much a story as a well-worked line of thought that goes like this: Countless uneducated and lazy people have chosen stupidity and sloth because it is safe and easy. However, they are never beyond hope. Pounded, kneaded, poked, and talked at, they can eventually be led, "Pygmalion" fashion, to the windows that command the limitless scapes of knowledge—and its concomitant pain and sorrow, which Wesker omits mentioning. Beatie Bryant, a twenty-two-year-old Norfolk girl home from London for a family visit, is Wesker's peg for this ameliorative program. Beatie has been carrying on for three years with a London intellectual named Ronnie, and she arrives among her people brimming with his homilies: "If wanting the best things in life means being a snob then glory hallelujah I'm a snob." She finds life in the country as usual. Father Bryant is rounding out his eighteenth year tending somebody else's pigs. Neighbor Stan Mann is still drinking himself to death. Mother Bryant hasn't stopped gossiping or retelling twenty-year-old stories. Illegitimacy and extramarital bliss continue to abound. All the men suffer pains in their "gut" from overeating. Tilting herself, Beatie pours out her—or, rather, Ronnie's—scorn on them, tries to make them think, harangues them, and curses them, all the while hiding the fact that she is only a vessel containing thoughts and opinions that she doesn't understand any better than her family. Ronnie has been asked to meet her family at the end of her visit, which is memorable mainly for Stan Mann's expected death and Father Bryant's sudden sacking. At the appointed hour, there is a thunderous knock at the Bryants' parlor door, and— But best not spoil Wesker's sole dramatic surprise. The play closes after Beatie has delivered a final mono-



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logue—a monologue, she is astonished to find, of her own and not Ronnie's manufacture. She has made a "beginning."

Much of the stale and vacuous bucolic grumbling and bumbling in "Roots" is first-rate eavesdropping; indeed, Wesker, like most of the new crop of English playwrights and novelists, has an admirable ear. But so do Hardy and T. F. Powys and A. E. Coppard and Paddy Chayefsky, all of whom are pursuing pretty much the same ends as Wesker. However, Hardy, Powys, et al. use oblique essentials that Wesker largely ignores—selectivity, humor, atmosphere, mystery, even weather. (There is no sense of weather or soil or rot or even of night and day in Wesker's Norfolk, despite a tinny third-act thunderstorm.) The results are a heightening of the diurnal sprawl into a relevant form that teaches *and* stimulates. Art, in other words. The cast of "Roots" have a thankless task, which, for the most part, they unintentionally remind us of. Their attempts at dialect sometimes suggest Katharine Hepburn and sometimes a mouthful of cornflakes, while the monolithic silences become quicksands. In short, they are often caught between acting and caricature acting. Perhaps the best moment involves Katherine Squire, who, as Mrs. Bryant, sits in her kitchen peeling potatoes while Beatie roars on about this and that. Her shoulders hunched, her head thrust forward, and her feet flat as pancakes on the floor, she looks for a long moment as if she *hadn't* had a new thought or made an extra motion for half a century.

NOTA BENE: The new Mayfair, though on Broadway, is technically an Off Broadway house (lower wage scale, cheaper tickets, smaller seating capacity, etc.), and represents the first attempt by Little Brother to beard Big Brother in his den. Placed side by side with its corpulent and overdressed elders, perhaps this compact-car venture indicates the start of a sorely needed Broadway trend.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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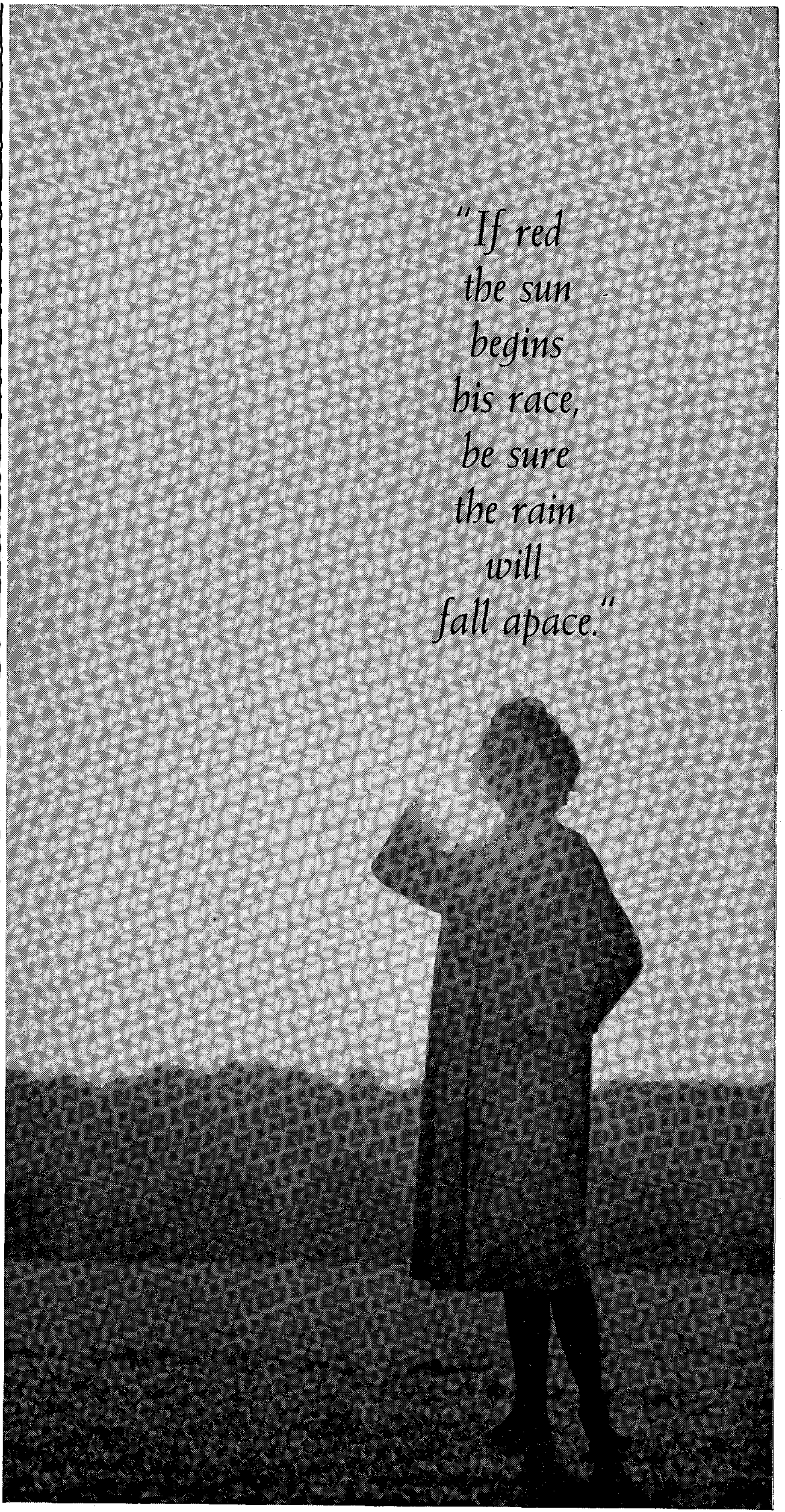

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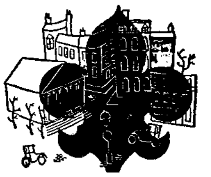
LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 8



THERE are probably not more than eight or ten men of highest importance on both sides of the Mediterranean who know right now at exactly what point the peace negotiations for closing the Algerian war are balanced, and why. The millions of other Frenchmen and Algerians, to whom the war has been an unavoidable, brutal public fact for more than six years, are left sheltered from the mysteries that they hope are leading to its official end. On this side of the water, it is naturally taken for granted that President de Gaulle knows all that can be known, in a kind of privately received echo of all that is said or denied in the secret conversations, wherever they are being held, as does certainly his trusted, long-devoted friend Louis Joxe, the Minister for Algeria. And it is equally supposed that Premier Debré knows nearly nothing, to judge by what he recently said in the provinces at La Rochelle: "Algeria? The events we await demand silence"—he not ordinarily being a silent politician. The subtleties of semantics, especially when mouthed through necessary translations (certain of the Arab leaders, among them Ferhat Abbas, reportedly prefer to think things out in Arabic, as against the Gothic idioms and convolutions of de Gaulle's thinking), are now held responsible for some of the present impasse and delay. Obviously, the leaders on both sides have been operating on the same basis of virile pride and national obstinacy, eschewing concessions with the natural dignity of men determined to make peace difficult—as if an easy, quick peace, which is what the millions of ordinary Frenchmen and Algerians want, would look cheap to the world.

Months ago, the French had demanded a truce before opening official negotiations with the rebels, while the rebels themselves demanded just the opposite—a truce after the negotiations got under way. Last Thursday came an official communiqué from Rabat issued by Hassan II, the new young King of Morocco; Habib Bourguiba, the Tunisian President; and Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian rebel premier (the last two of whom must certainly be among the omniscient few in North Africa), declaring, as a trio jointly

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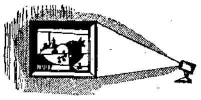

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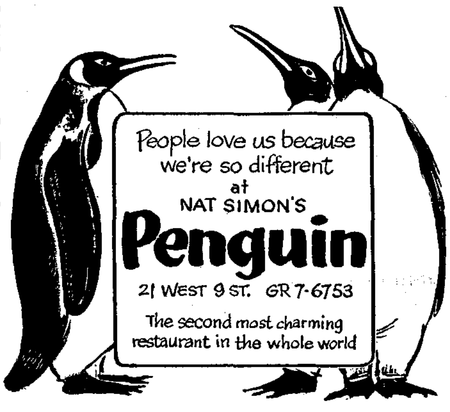

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(Jot-down notes by Rail Borne)

CAMBRIDGE . . . Living here would almost spoil one for any other place on earth, it is so serenely beautiful! Newton, Darwin and Wordsworth studied here, among many others of England's great. *I* almost got run down by a bicycle! Those English college boys can pedal! Was lucky to catch the exciting May Races, when racing eights bump each other on the waters of the Cam. "May" Races are held in *June*, by the way, but then this is England . . .

STIRLING . . . The great rock-perched castle is my most vivid memory of this ancient town on the banks of the Forth. Roman soldiers pitched camp here in 81 A.D., and Picts and Danes left their mark over the centuries. Mary, Queen of Scots, spent her childhood here. Covered a great deal of ground thanks to British Railways "Car Sleeper" service to Perth. Imagine having your own car riding along with you in the next car . . . railway *carriage*, I mean! Such a pleasure to step down from the train and drive off.

PEMBROKESHIRE . . . So English has this "land's end" of Wales remained since the 12th Century that it's nicknamed "Little England beyond Wales". I shall never forget my first sight of those towering cliffs, with the sea battering endlessly against them. Visited Pembroke Castle, of course, where Henry VII was born. Also St. David's, centre of Welsh Christianity since the 6th Century. What a beautiful cathedral. In the middle ages, English kings journeyed here on pilgrimages.

ALNWICK . . . *Now* they tell me! For years I've been mispronouncing "Alnwick Road" back home in Long Island. And I live there! The British are so whimsical about consonants. Just "Annick", they say. Hope all my snapshots came out. Particularly the one of me in front of the famous old castle. Best backdrop I ever had! So fascinating. Like all of Britain.

ISLE OF WIGHT. . . It's hard to believe what a tremendous variety of typical English scenery is crowded onto just 147 square miles. A hiker's paradise! I never tired of wandering among the "chines", those rugged hills famed for a history of smuggling. Lord Tennyson lived here, and Queen Victoria had her favorite residence, Osborne House, where she died. Arranged to be here for Cowes Week, the great yachting regatta. Cowes is Britain's premier yachting port. What a thrill to see all those white sails skimming the gleaming waters!

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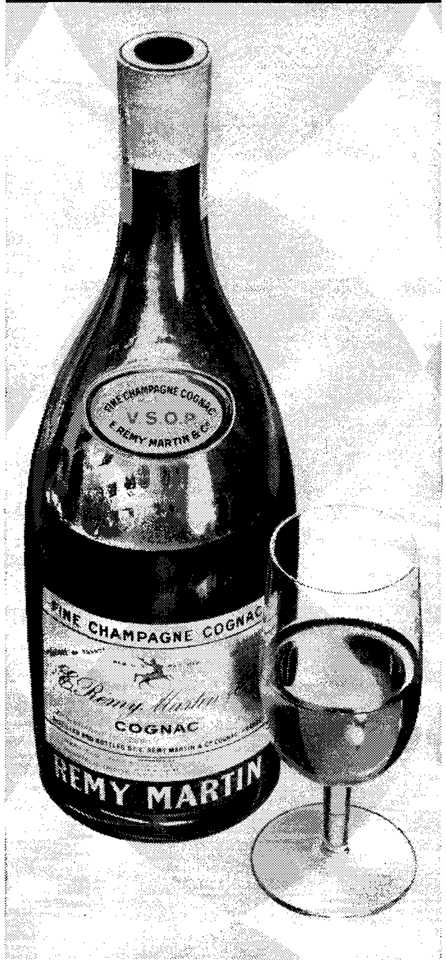

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engaged in obtaining the peace, that "there should no longer be any obstacles to direct negotiations within the framework of total decolonization"—which is welcome news if they stick to it. They also "reaffirmed their determination to build the Great Maghreb," which is Arabic for the Arab West, the land of the setting sun—a very important, desirable, and even logical decision indeed, and one of the major results that might follow the peace in which these three became intimates owing to their pacific efforts. The Great Maghreb would consist of a drawing together of their three states, with possibly Libya and Mauritania, so as to avoid dependence on Nasser's United Arab Republic or on Moscow or on Peking, and could—with luck, if they did not start squabbling jealously among themselves in the relaxations of peace—lead to a Maghreb Federation as a new, pro-Western North African state. This was not a possible idea during the lifetime of King Mohammed, with his strong dynastic and nationalist sense as a descendant of the Alaouite shereefs, who have been reigning in Morocco for three hundred years, but his death last week changed the tableau. It is thought that the green young King Hassan may have trouble with the leftist members of the powerful Istiqlal Party and hold his throne only with difficulty.

It is to be noted that much too little has yet been said overtly by anybody about the Sahara oil. Ten days ago, Premier Debré, on a Sahara tour, said, as if to the desert air, "Take note that France is present here and that she will stay." At once, the Algerian rebel government reaffirmed its earlier stand that the Sahara "forms an integral part of Algeria" and that "sovereignty must be exercised over the desert as over the rest of the national territory." To that western part of North Africa, the Sahara oil is almost what the Katanga mines have been to the Congo.

ON Mardi Gras last month, the most austere Paris paper, *Le Monde*, privately published a funny parody of itself, for the delectation of its house members only, to celebrate the publication that day of the five-thousandth regular edition it has brought out since its founding, late in 1944, at the request of General de Gaulle. The pastiche edition was dated "Mardi Gras of the year 2001," and carried a front-page editorial that portentously began, "General de Gaulle has spoken"—indicating that, at the

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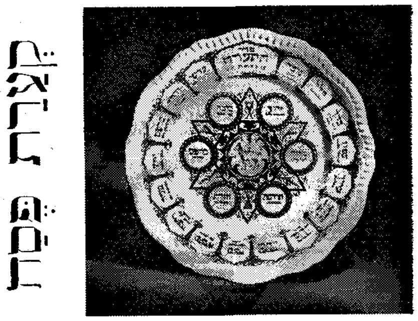

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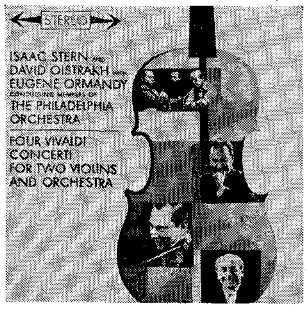
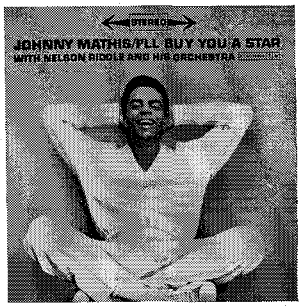
STRAVINSKY—A SELF-PORTRAIT Igor Stravinsky—a self-portait in 3 (Lp) s and a 14-page portfolio. Stravinsky conducts: x-ray sharp, newly-recorded performances of his masterpieces—"Le Sacre du Printemps" and "Petroushka." Stravinsky writes: about the creation of these epochal works, about places seen and cherished in a much-traveled life. As personal as his guiding hand on an orchestra is the sound of Stravinsky's voice as he speaks about "Le Sacre." Illustrations include snapshots taken by Stravinsky and his own hand-drawn map of old St. Petersburg./D3S 614/D3L 300*


STEREO
ISAAC STERN and DAVID OISTRAKH with EUGENE ORMANDY conducting members of THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
FOUR VIVALDI CONCERTI FOR TWO VIOLINS AND ORCHESTRA

VIOLINS AT THE SUMMIT A musical Summit conference—master violin virtuosi Isaac Stern (American) and David Oistrakh (Russian) meet with members of The Philadelphia Orchestra and conductor Eugene Ormandy in brilliant new recordings of four Vivaldi double violin concerti./MS 6204/ML 5604*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THE STRINGS OF THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
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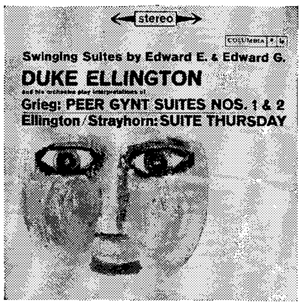
SERENADE BY 66 A wondrous bloom of sound is The Philadelphia Orchestra's 66-piece string section, led by Eugene Ormandy in works by Tchaikovsky, Barber, Borodin and Vaughan Williams. /MS 6224/ML 5624*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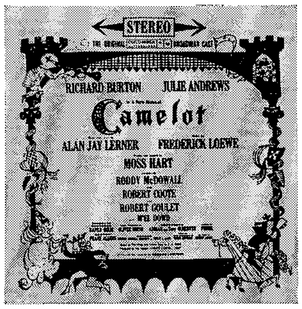
STEREO
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Camelot
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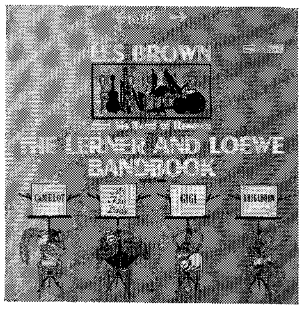
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age of nearly a hundred and eleven, he was still alive, still head of France, still talking on TV to his French people, and still asking for another referendum. Two other countries' governments had considerably changed by then, however, the United States being a feminist, Communist autocracy run by Caroline Kennedy, while in Moscow His Majesty Nikita I was imposing his rollicking imperial power on Russia. Altogether, it was a lampoon edition of first-rate political and literary take-offs. For the past month in Paris political circles, there has been serious, if premature, questioning about what kind of France the French will have, and how republican its instincts will be, after President de Gaulle has terminated his necessarily semi-monarchical regime. The odd and sometimes melodramatic past struggles of this particular paper that he summoned into existence—the most purely and rigorously republican of all the French press—together with its present security in dignified power and its calculable continuing influence on French opinion, all make *Le Monde* of special interest right now.

Its history is not dull. It was founded in the excitements of mid-December, 1944, and of de Gaulle's early provisional government, which chose for its editor M. Hubert Beuve-Méry, before the war a French professor at the Institut de France in Prague, where he was a disabused foreign correspondent for the semi-governmental Paris paper *Le Temps* and a political analyst increasingly known for his bold, noble views. What de Gaulle thought the new, euphoric, confused France needed was a Paris journal with a high authoritative voice and complete independence of mind and pocketbook. Starting a new newspaper was one of the few easy French procedures at that time; the Liberation Press Committee had the power to decide which prewar papers did not deserve to be published any more (among them *Le Temps*), and it also decided which new newspapers should take over the banned journals' presses and offices. Through this transfer system, *Le Monde* was economically installed where *Le Temps* had been, at the bend of the crooked, short Rue des Italiens. There Beuve-Méry collected a staff from the defunct paper's superior non-Nazi writers; two hundred thousand francs, representing two hundred shares of *Le Monde* stock, were scraped together by all concerned with the venture; and *Le Monde* started off on half a shoestring to give its readers "news that was clear, true."

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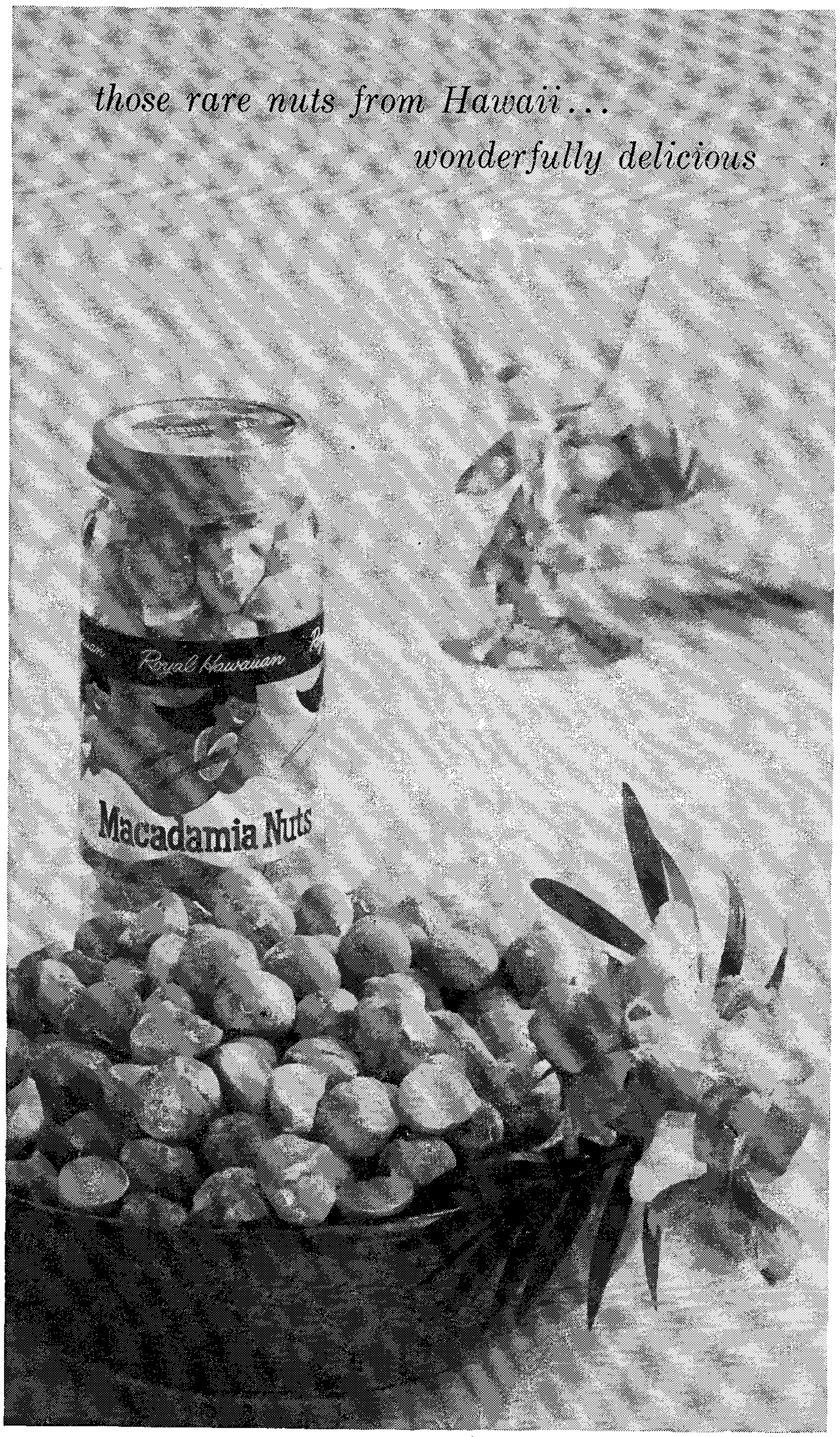
A year later, its circulation was a hundred and fifty thousand—a third more than *Le Temps* had enjoyed even when richly backed by the French steel and coal trusts. Clearly, de Gaulle had been correct in supposing that such an extensively informed, high-toned, and independent paper as *Le Monde* was exactly what the new France needed. Part of its independence was manifested by its lofty political criticism of de Gaulle himself, which, by and large, has never ceased.

Today, *Le Monde* is legendary in the European press and diplomatic worlds as an eccentric, moral French institution, a compass for public opinion, and a precision instrument for showing which way the political winds all over the globe are blowing—or ought to be blowing, according to Beuve-Méry. At fifty-nine, he is a biggish, imposing Frenchman with a domed head and an unemotional blond face; underneath and behind them are a known lucidity of mind and a cold genius for integrity. He is a natural dominant chief, aided by a perforce ill-paid staff that has been selected for its brains, expertise, loyalty, and critical faculties, and for its French culture and its French gift for the language. The result is that the shabby, crowded two floors of *Le Monde* seem like an academy. At eight-thirty sharp in the morning, standing behind his desk in his large directors' room (sparsely furnished except for *Le Temps*' Second Empire clock, decorated with an incongruous Cupid), he formally receives his ten or more *chefs de service*, who also stand up like capital letters to discuss briefly what news and views will figure in the afternoon paper. "If it were absolutely necessary to die at *Le Monde*, it would be preferable if one died standing up," Mme. Françoise Giroud wrote of him in admiration when she was still co-editor of *L'Express*. "Beuve-Méry is in love with humanity but is distant with all men. He is as gracious as a cactus." For its first thirteen years, the paper managed to break even but never made a sou of profit. Its recent profits are now going to be spent on replacing *Le Temps*' fifty-year-old presses. The members of the staff, though lately given a raise, are paid about three-fourths of what writers get on other papers or magazines—on which most of them take supplementary jobs to make both ends meet. Beuve-Méry thinks that the honor of working on a paper such as his is part of their remuneration. The staff thinks so, too. Recently, one writer, domestically



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desperate for more money, received a handsome offer from the richest picture weekly in town; he reported his facts, with hopes of at least a small salary increase, to Beuve-Méry, who first congratulated him and then said goodbye. Beuve-Méry despises the corrupting power of money, was a poor boy, was later influenced by the Dominican monks' socialized Christianity. In his editorials, he has castigated "the impotence, foolishness, and blindness of men, the malfunctioning of institutions," as well as men's tendency to cheat rather than to govern. For years, he walked to his office as an economy and travelled third-class with his four sons and his wife (also a former professor), and even now lives but little better than his staff. Every franc he spends today he spends with wisdom and unwillingly.

As reflected in *Le Monde*, Beuve-Méry's political views—which usually later prove correct but which often have predated Fourth or Fifth Republic official ideas, thus offending the governments and stimulating public opinion—have led to several bouts of trouble for him and his paper. Increasingly powerful efforts have been made to destroy them both. In 1949, he wrote against the Atlantic Pact, which, he said, "contained the rearmament of Germany, just as the egg contains the germ;" for this he was denounced in Parliament by the angered Minister of Foreign Affairs, who unprophetically declared, "Germany has no arms and never will have." In 1951, *Le Monde's* Third Force neutralism, with its doubts about American moral or mental fitness to save or lead Europe, made the paper anathema to the American Embassy here, and also brought protests from some of the paper's original stockholders. Beuve-Méry resigned. There was talk of asking the President of the Republic to urge his reinstatement. More effectively, his staff demanded, and obtained, more than a quarter of the paper's shares as "moral property rights," by which they could vote against the replacement of an editor in whom they had invested their intellectual interests, and Beuve-Méry returned. In 1956 came the final and most costly attempt to destroy *Le Monde* and its liberalizing influence on French public opinion—an attack by right-wing big business in an unpalatable combination that included the rubber, gasoline, and milk trusts and the Worms Bank, which together chipped in a billion and a half Old Francs to found a rival evening paper, significantly called *Temps de Paris*, to be edited largely by former

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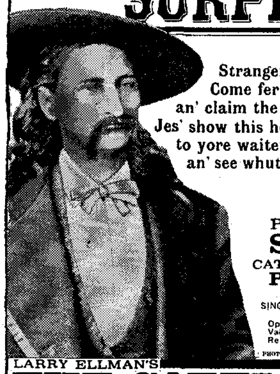

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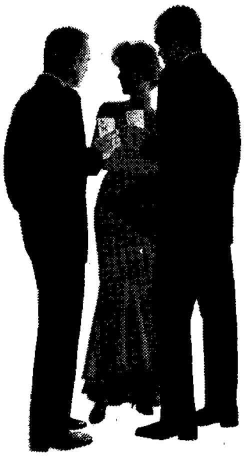
Pétainists plus one ex-collaborator with Pierre Laval. All these details were made public in the Paris papers as disquieting pro-Fascist political news. The plan to bankrupt *Le Monde* was simple and stupid—to try to steal its readers in a circulation war, funded to last a full year, in which *Temps de Paris* risked the loss of millions of Old Francs a week if it failed to sell three hundred thousand copies a day. It never got anywhere near that. Even the old newspaper-kiosk women said that it was a poor sheet, that it didn't and couldn't sell. It folded up after seventy days. Today *Le Monde's* circulation is around a quarter of a million—the largest it has ever had.

Since de Gaulle's return to power two years ago, under conditions that Beuve-Méry sternly considered made his reëntry into French affairs "an adventure" and "a retrogression from republican practices," *Le Monde's* frequent political criticism of him has been precise but elegant—eloquent disapprobation, written with a golden pen. On the famous September yes-or-no referendum that led to the General's becoming President on quasi-monarchical terms, Beuve-Méry finally chose to vote "Yes Unwillingly," explaining in his editorial, "The hope is too fragile, the menace too precise, the wager carrying with it risks too heavy for this word 'Yes,' which one would prefer to have been enthusiastic and definite, not conditional and provisional." Nor has he sympathized with de Gaulle's themes of revivified French glory and new grandeur, as in the recent explosion of France's own bomb in the Sahara, asking, "Will France be greater when it has exploded a Hiroshima-type bomb, or will it, rather, only cease to be innocent?" His *Le Monde* published the first study of the French Army's systematic use of torture in Algeria, and has repeatedly jogged de Gaulle's grandiloquent, if comprehensible, ambivalence on the solution of the Algerian-independence question and of the war. Of the present unsettled details of the deeply hoped-for negotiated peace, *Le Monde* has just written, with appreciation, "The taste that General de Gaulle has for the philosophy of history, the little attraction he feels, and even the little propensity he possesses, for negotiation . . . have incited him to seek to clarify the perspectives of the future, instead of loitering over present difficulties." In spite of its criticisms of de Gaulle, *Le Monde* has more than provisionally supported the ineluctable President of his own personal Fifth Republic.

—GENÊT



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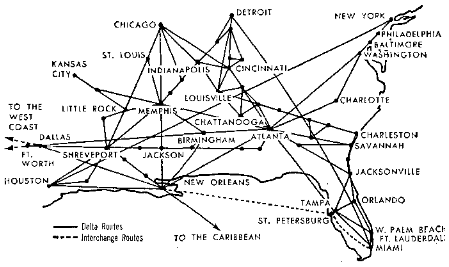
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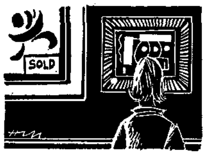
THE ART GALLERIES

Max Ernst



ONE test of an artist's real worth is the number of paintings he has done that are immediately memorable. These are the paintings like Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," Cézanne's "Card Players," Seurat's "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of the Grande Jatte," Chirico's "Melancholy and Mystery of a Street"—to name only a few at random—which, despite their relatively recent origin, have acquired a kind of classic quality. In some cases, it's because they summarize an epoch; in others it's because they mark a stylistic turning point; in still others it's because of the essential, unalterable "rightness" of the composition. But whatever the reason, one has only to recall the title to see the whole canvas before one's eyes.

As his current retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art suggests, Max Ernst has produced a fair share of pieces that are candidates for this distinction. These range from the early "Elephant of the Celebes" (remember that huge, rotund, strutting, puffing mechanical monster, moving relentlessly across a flat, bleak landscape?), painted in 1921, through "Two Children Are Threatened by a Nightingale," of only a few years later (and which so perfectly sums up the mixture of playfulness, shock, and offhand extravaganza that was Dadaism at its best), to such more recent items as the moonstruck "The Phases of the Night" and the haunting imaginary portrait called "Euclid," with its blank pyramidal face set against a voluminous velvet cap and robe. There were others that I came upon as I went through the show—most particularly among the small, delicately done Arizona landscapes—that I found almost equally memorable, and the whole show, in fact, is a remarkably interesting and stimulating performance. It's a big one, too, with some hundred and forty-five paintings, in addition to twenty-eight sculptures, mostly bronzes, as well as a large group of water colors, drawings, collages, and so on. Both the selection and the arrangement have been wisely handled, and for all its considerable size the show never sprawls, but instead gives an unusually consistent and coherent

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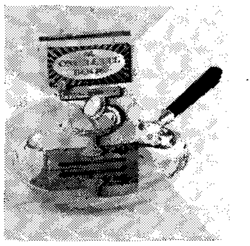

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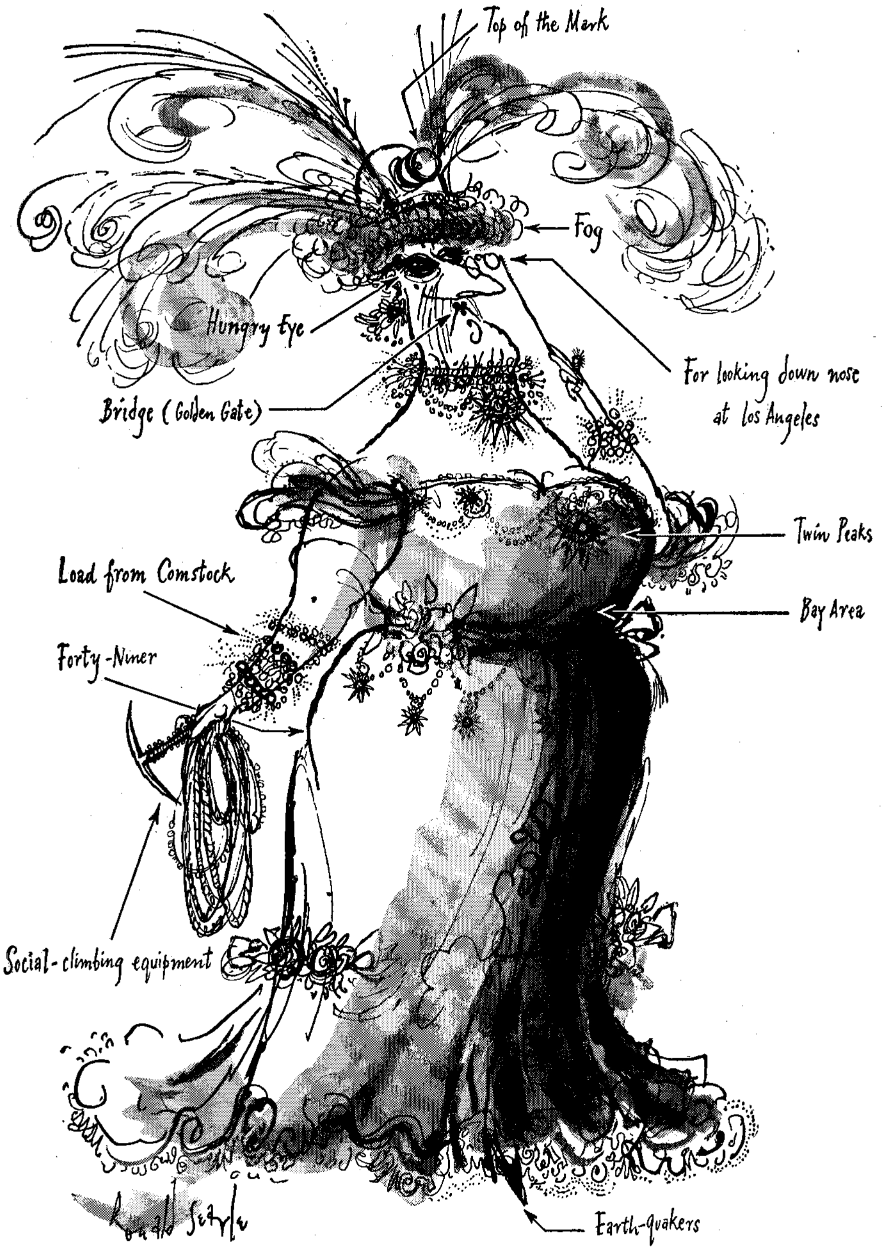
survey of the man's career, which, in spite of variations here and there, has been remarkably consistent in its development.

Though his age—he was born in 1891, in a suburb of Cologne, and spent his student years in that city—makes him a fairly close contemporary of many of the Cubists, Ernst seems to have been little affected by that school, even in its reverberations in Germany. To be sure, the earliest painting in the collection, a still-life called "Flowers and Fish," has some abstract tendencies (as, in different fashion, do some of his very recent ones). But this phase, if it can even be called that, was short-lived; Dadaism and then Surrealism seem to have attracted him more, and as he was one of the first practitioners of both these styles (he discovered Dada while he was still in Germany, and met André Breton, the founder of Surrealism, on his first visit to Paris, in 1920), he was also surely one of the most active and inventive. Indeed, it might be said that Ernst was a born Dada Surrealist. The two movements merged, both chronologically and in their emphasis on intellectuality, and Ernst fitted in perfectly in the latter regard, being one of the most intellectual of artists—and among the fondest, too, of the paradoxical and the fantastic, on which both schools are based. Though, I understand, he later broke with Breton and the rest of the group, then made up with them, then broke away again (or became a member emeritus or something; few things are harder for the outsider to follow than the inner workings of the Surrealists), he has stuck with them ideologically from the start. Ernst is also one of the most intelligent of artists. Intelligence is a quality that unfortunately does not always go with intellectuality, especially among the Surrealists, and Ernst has done more than any of the others to bring order out of its sometimes chaotic doctrine and to find a rationale for the deliberately irrational—in a word, to make the hallucinatory comprehensible.

The process begins as far back as the "Elephant of the Celebes," which is an excellent example of his uncanny ability to use nightmare imagery evocatively. Lord knows what the picture means, really. In the first place, the elephant isn't an elephant but a two-legged object carrying a steer's skull in one hand, and what has Celebes, an island off Borneo, to do with it? There's a headless woman gesticulating in one corner, to complicate things further. But it does mean something, no doubt about it—something all the more disturbing be-



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cause of its uniqueness—and the same thing is true of a number of his other paintings, like the feathery, pale "To the 100,000 Doves," the complex, enigmatic "Woman, Old Man and Flower," and the truly horrific series of raging, wind-blown figures he did around 1927, of which "The Horde" and "Young People Trampling Their Mother" are typical.

This nightmare phase of Ernst's production reached its climax in the early nineteen-forties. He had been experimenting for some time with unusual means of applying paint, mostly centering on various types of *frottage*—dabbing, rubbing, even sponging it on to get more or less accidental textural effects. He was in New York by then, one of the refugees of the war, and because of his German birth and his French background he had been bedevilled more than most by the hostilities. In Europe, both sides tended to treat him as an enemy alien, and the suspicion pursued him here. If he was bitter about this, that may have had something to do with the pictures. At any rate, his main production of this period was a series of weird, swamplike landscapes, largely developed by *frottage*, in which human figures stand like eroded stone stalagmites, while the rocks and vegetation are alive with barely hinted-at peering eyes, skulls, breasts, and other fragments of human or animal anatomy. Ernst's temper, as projected artistically, has never been particularly benign—one reason, perhaps, that his popular success is still less than he deserves. His point of view ranges from the mischievous to the savagely sardonic, and these paintings ("Europe After the Rain," a real wasteland; "The Eye of Silence;" and so on) are among his most malevolent—some, indeed, saved from sheer grotesquerie solely by their technical excellence and delicacy.

Latterly, though, Ernst has grown gentler. He has always, nevertheless, been a self-sufficient artist. He was affected by Klee, one would say, in the construction of his early fantasies, and also owes something to Chirico for their atmosphere. But even these seem more on the order of deliberate borrowings adopted for the purposes of the moment than anything else. Otherwise, there are few overt influences, and it is only in his sculptures (see "Moonmad" and "Are You Niniche?," for example, in this section) that his debts, in these cases to the African Negro, seem important. In the later work, however, Klee appears again, especially in the small desert nocturnes Ernst did while he was living

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in Arizona. But it is not to the work's detriment. Actually, the tenderer, more playful tone they embody is welcome after the savagery of the work before, and the occasional return to angularity of design—as in "Day and Night" and the big, compartmented "Vox Angelica"—gives new firmness to the compositional factors. I liked, too, the shimmering, pale "The Cry of the Gull," the darker, concentrically patterned "The Obscure Gods," and the cryptic, shadowy "The Good-Natured Crows," while the study of owlish-looking, prowling figures called "Princes Do Not Sleep Well" shows that Ernst, when he wants, can still be as witty, cheerful, and irreverent as he was in his Dada days. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A PRESS AGENT

[*Press release from James T. Mangan, Evergreen Park, Ill.*]

The first space suit for civilian space travelers, designed by Carmen Duro of the House of Duro, will be unveiled for the press and broadcast media Wednesday, January 25th, at 1.00 P.M. Scene: The Tailoring Workrooms of Carmen Duro, famous Michigan Ave. tailor to the elite of Chicago, 172 N. Michigan Ave.

The suit has been made to the order of James Thomas Mangan, sometimes known as the Daniel Boone of Outer Space, who founded the space nation, Celestia, 12 years ago, claiming all space in the skies as its sovereign territory, and recorded his charter with the Cook County Recorder after a brisk legal battle. Mangan's claim to space is the only legally recorded, and continuously published space claim in history.

The suit is of blue wool, the coat and vest of latest style, the button hole on left front lapel being a brand new touch, being a real hole with nothing in it, thus allowing the well dressed man to tell the world he is space-minded without wearing a button or pin of any kind. The vest is replete with pockets and quite startling with its pocket flaps, and detachable hood. In fact the whole suit is a mine of pockets having forty in all. Cost of the suit: $350.00.

Says Mangan: "I'll wear it on the first space-craft travelling into outer space PROVIDED the ship is operating with CELESTIAL ENERGY, the only sensible motor power for such travel." Says Duro: "This is the strangest order for a custom-made suit I have ever received but many years of the tailoring art have gone into its creation."

•

Joe Fisher said, last week, he had sold 17 sleds this winter, compared to an average of three or four in the past several winters. He was asked if he thought the snow had anything to do with the sudden rise in sled sales.—*Timber Lake* (*S.D.*) *Topic*.

There you go again, putting two and two together!

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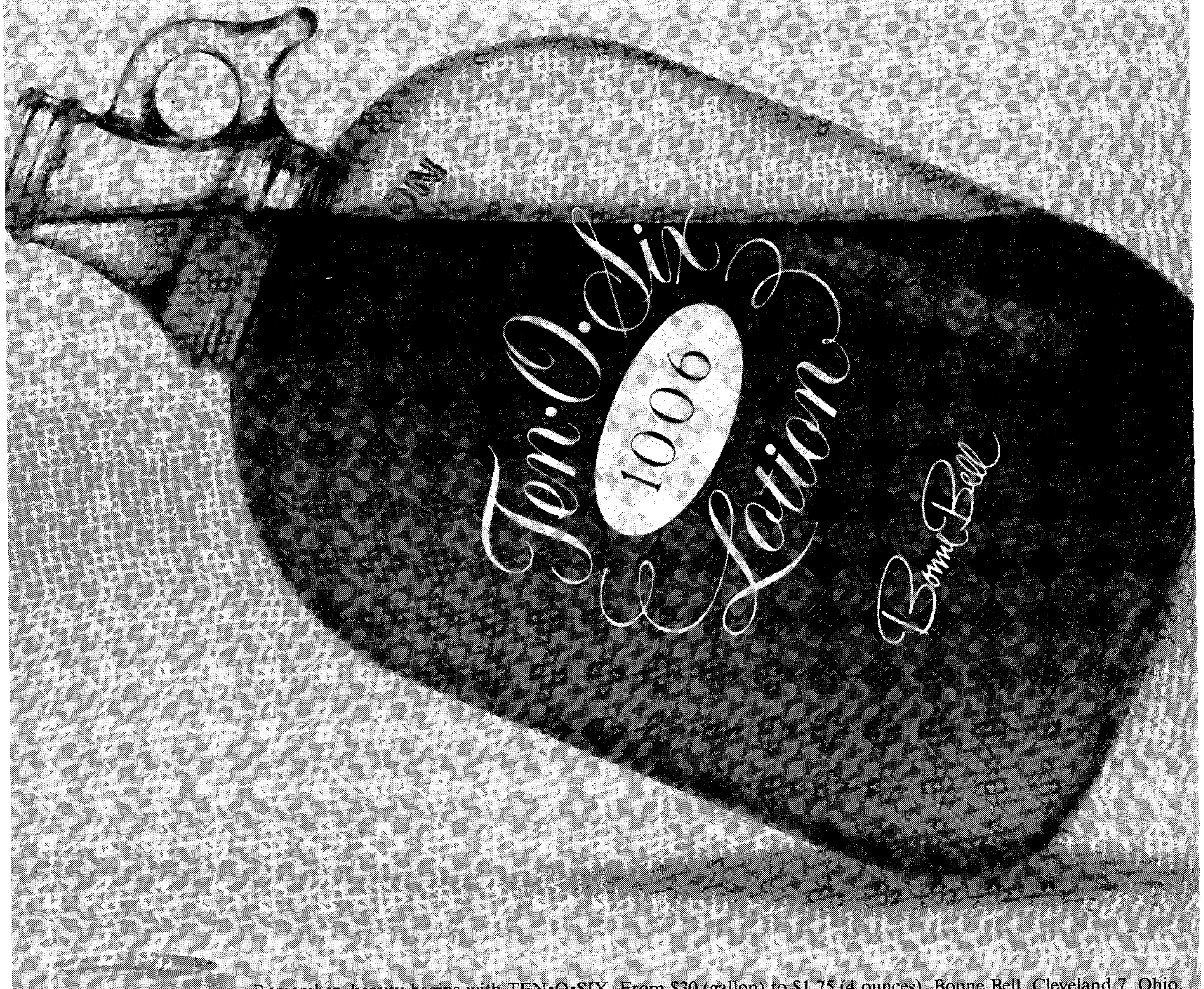
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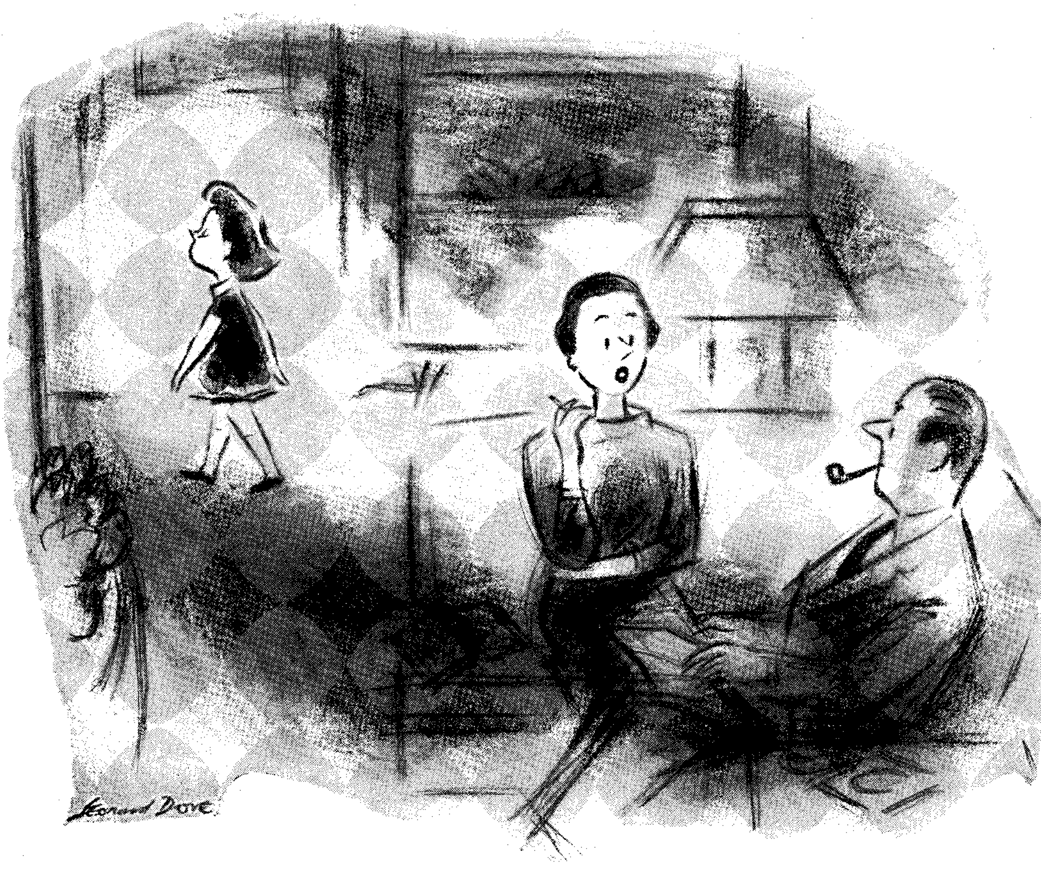
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

SOME of the more regal leaders in the battle for women's minds have been making a great hubbub recently about the beauty of being "dissonant" (i.e., nothing matches), possibly on the theory that dissonance lends enchantment, but I'm one who likes a certain consistency—at least until it becomes monotonous and contrived, like a room decorated sternly in one period, even to the coasters. When that happens, sharp contrast (but not dissonance) is indicated, and, being a romantic about hats, I feel that it should be accomplished through millinery. The new clothes are likely to be pared down to a bare stem, and it seems to me that, as I was saying last week, either the head should be consistent and carry out this underplayed feeling completely or the feeling should be counteracted by a cockeyed adornment on top.

In seeming concurrence with this idea, we have, at the moment, many beautiful custom hats that make—with the dress below them—an ensemble because of their unadorned love of Line, but also many that give the clothes a lift, as if the head knew not what the body was doing and cared less. Mr. John is a master of hats that have a masculine origin but manage to look as feminine as a girl wearing a man's pajama top. Lots of them have big, big crowns and impressive brims. (It is interesting to note that Mr. John's pet mannequin is small, with a small face and head, but that his bulbous crowns and deep brims look appealing on her, such is the power of proportion.) William J.'s crowns also approach the mammoth, but they look all right, too, though they need Nerve, no matter what the height of the wearer. Equally simple but more underplayed masterpieces come from Emmé—all manner of medium-brimmed hats in felt or straw that derive their inspiration from old-fashioned panama hats for men, with brims that can be curled upward any which way, and simple, striped hatbands, and a look of infinite aplomb. In contrast to the severe new clothes, filminess and flowers flourish among the new hats. Sheer tulles break into giant toques or semi-transparent bulbs (Toby Coppock does splendid things with finely pleated net in every imaginable shape) or flowers (Don Marshall plucks some out of French Impressionist gardens to float on net or veiling grounds). There is the bizarre, too; Vincent-Harmik, a fairly new firm, has black jet fringe dipping down on the forehead in the manner of the vamps of old, and great loops of black horsehair rising above. (Prima donnas must be a specialty at Vincent-Harmik.)

MR. JOHN triumphs, as always, with, for one, a group of hats in what he calls Picot Straw—soft and spongy, something like crash, and as supple as towelling. This makes bumptious beauties, among them one in his Savannah brown, with a really oversized crown and a four-inch brim curled up at the very edge, not to mention one, shown to me in a putty color, with a fat crown (seventeen inches across) and a deep bumper brim. A cloche of Mexican ancestry also comes in this special straw, hot pink this time. The crown is deep and conical and the brim slants downward. This, like most of Mr. John's creations, has a wide, vividly striped scarf to go with it—in this instance, in color combinations like pink, pale yellow, and dull chartreuse. There is definite dash to this stuff, but my favorites here have the deceptive demureness of the twenties—hats of Mr. J.'s hand-blocked prints on polished cotton or dull silk (it's hard to tell the difference) in prim Mount Vernon patterns that suggest antique bedspreads. They appear in a sort of Williamsburg blue and white, in tobacco with tiny, sedate black-and-white medallions, in bright yellow with small rosebuds. They are all a delight, particularly in view of the simple cotton and linen dresses the summer will bring. Some have little stitched brims to be turned up at the side or back; some have brims, quilted and padded, that can be turned up all around, like Bretons, if you wish. The crowns are likely to be



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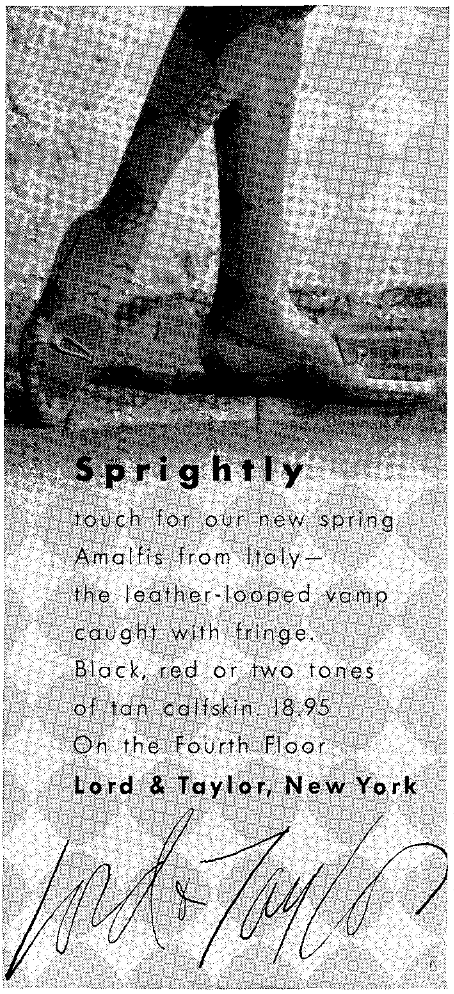
medium-deep and head-hugging. In a country vein comes a very coarse beige cotton with a Paisley pattern on it. Self balls hung on tinsel thread dot this material. It makes, among other things, deep caps and unlined handbags to match. As the cocktail hour approaches, Mr. John goes for color at a great rate. His tiny draped pillboxes, ducked down on the forehead and called, appropriately, Bikinis, may be cotton in hot pink at the top, with gray-and-white striped cotton around it. (Scarf to match, of course.) He can go massive, though, with a bulbous turban of hot pink, hot orange, and American Beauty peau de soie twisted together. Striped ribbon does another turban—moderately high but wide, this time—in magenta, yellow, green, and gold. For late afternoon or the theatre, the most lovable hat I've seen in many a long day is here—a deep, snug cap of red lace, with a cuff around the head and more lace over the forehead, sort of 1914. But I was not averse to a towering toque of white lace embroidered with medallions of the finest possible black horsehair. And—where would you wear them except in the Royal Enclosure?—there are quantities of huge lingerie picture hats, and, in the same genre, a Lillian Russell beauty of white batavia cloth, the mobcap crown covered with a layer of black lace in diagonal folds, and scallops of the lace along the edge of the brim. Whatever your temperament, the Little Corporal has gone and done it again.

THE way Emmé's Mr. Adolfo has reverted to the most basic of shapes for spring is as startling as a cold shower. First of all, there are medium pillboxes, only moderately bumpy, in red, white, or navy Milan. (Emmé and the Señor are on an Americana kick.) The old-fashioned panama hat, often with a little bump across the deep crown from front to back, is made of fine straw in neutral colors or in pale limes, pinks, chocolates, and the like, and many examples are decorated solely with matching grosgrain bands. Slouch hats of felt with deep, close-fitting crowns have stitched brims, two and a half inches wide, that can turn up at the side, the back, or whatever. Plenty of them get two-inch headbands of striped ribbon in color minglings like orange and yellow, pink and red. These hats suggest the twenties, without, however, being as brow-shadowing as the dearly beloved inverted flowerpots of yesteryear. There are other versions, in white stitched organdie, with a big self butterfly up one side



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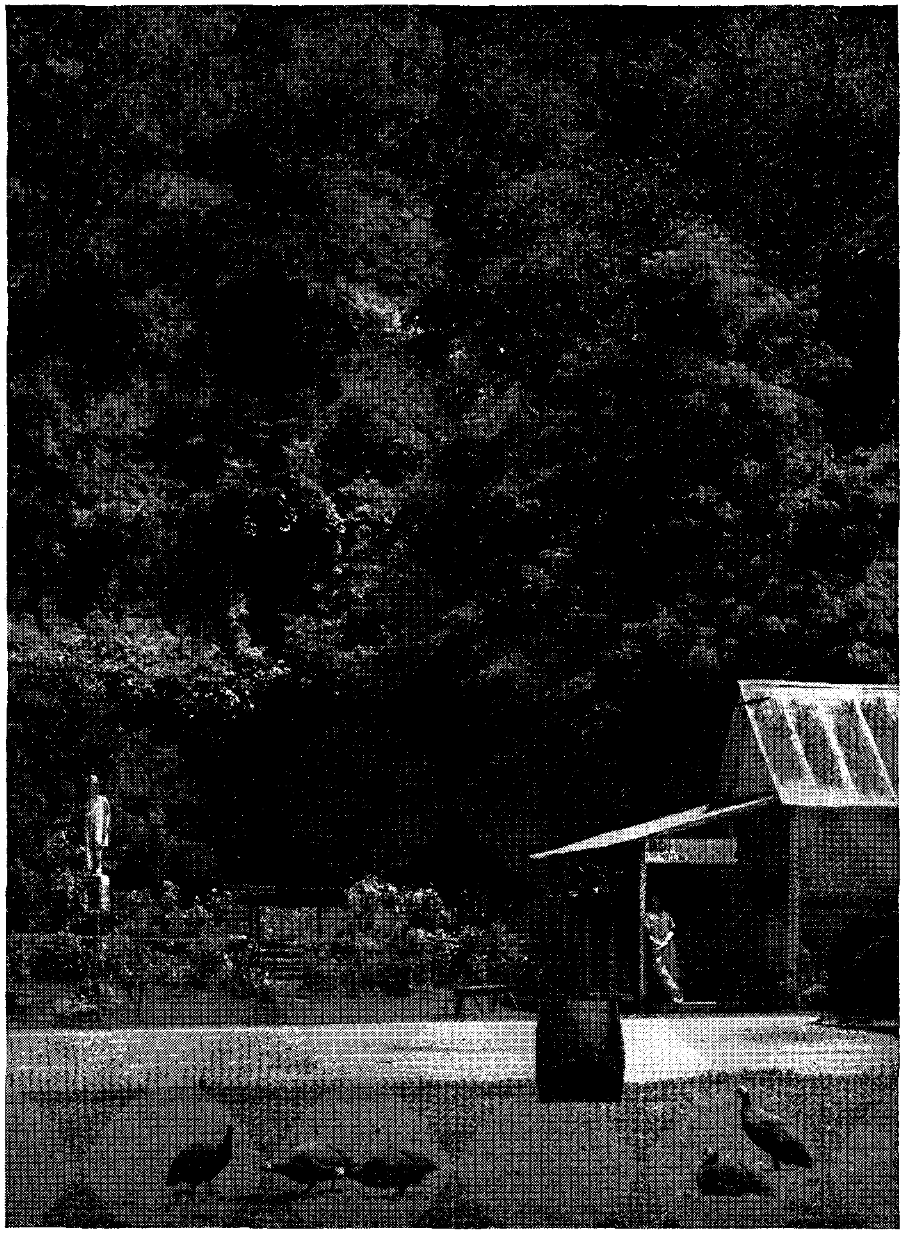
in lieu of a band. Next come incisive *canotier* sailors, with straight brims from three to six inches wide. One of burnt Milan has red grosgrain piping, and a red hatband emerges through the hat in back and is elasticized to anchor it on the hair below, so that the hat can be worn at a rakish forward or sidewise tilt. Other straight sailors, of Spanish persuasion, may be of black patent leather, with medium-high small crowns; patent leather also does doll pillboxes, less than an inch high, with a rose of black patent leather up the front. But lest it be thought that everything here has a classic derivation, there are hats in every shape made of curly-edged lettuce leaves—silk ones, that is, but so lifelike that nobody would dare take them off for fear the hostess would toss them into a salad bowl with capers and olive oil and vinegar. The most extreme example wears a lettuce-head sort of blob on top, and from it leaves descend all around to accomplish a deep brim.

ANY woman who yearns to shed her inhibitions (and, possibly, her husband) should hie her at once to the little salon of William J., who a while ago moved into 56 West 57th Street, and who tries valiantly to hide a glowing talent under an outwardly wacky bushel. He, like Mr. John, approves of outsize crowns for tailored hats, many of them in a new fabric of his—an almost sheenless alpaca with shiny straw threads forming a checkerboard of one-inch squares all over it. Tinted sand beige, this fabric goes into a hat with a mammoth square crown and a thick, rolled-up brim, or into a sombrero shape; black (there is a lot of feeling for black around here), it goes into a baker's beret, flat and long down the back and mounting in high, irregular folds in the front above the plain grosgrain band at the hairline. A note of insecurity is contributed by a number of hats of what you would swear is black patent leather, as fragile as tissue paper, that crunches and crackles like breakfast food—and is probably better for the morale than Wheaties. How Wm. J. manages to drape it nobody knows, and whether it would survive a violent shower is possibly moot. Nevertheless, he does an enchanting deep draped pillbox of it, and a pastry swirl to be worn back on the crown of the head. Then, because everyone expects the ultimate in inventiveness from this extrovert, he responds with (a) another new fabric and (b) a new shape for fellow-adventurers. The first is fake grass (he has real grass, too, sprayed



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with lacquer, but it's himself that says it sheds like a sheepdog) that is specially dyed for him in soft, offbeat colors—combining, say, reseda greens and muted golds and mustard—and is used for shaggy little-grass-shack offerings. One tall toque has the multicolored grass swirled in a sort of medallion at the center front. For shape, the latest Wm. J. fantasy is a large sunbonnet—the brim cut off in back but coming forward to shield the forehead and the cheeks. (Occasionally only the tip of the nose shows in profile.) Some brims dip nearly to the shoulders, and the hats they belong to are concocted of straw or taffeta. There is good, honest daring in this Old Frontier approach.

Incidentally, custom prices here range now from $28 to $59, and the workroom usually needs no more than twenty-four hours.

DON MARSHALL made his name a while back, both here and in Paris, with ingratiating veils that allowed flowers or other doodads to nestle in the coif without disturbing it at all and that thereby wooed many matrons away from going around bareheaded. These veils he is still doing, but along with many things that, though they are often still mounted on veils and are no more than gossamer weight, have a hattier look. Organza in reseda green makes tiers of double ruffles that come forward over the brows and on the cheeks. A red poppy is perched at the back of the hat (which is also, as is the case with a number of the Marshall bijous, right at the top of the head). On another hat, large pale silvery-green leaves cover most of the undulating picture brim, of pale-green tulle, and there is a magnolia blossom at the front. Net foundations, usually with a straw edge, are part of some hats that are flat across the top and narrow front-to-back there, but big ovals swerve down at the sides. One is copied from a Manet floral masterpiece that involves lilacs and roses. In another vein is Marshall's Botticelli, composed of three delicate roses, plus lacquered leaves, and rising like a tiara in front but spraying delicately outward at the sides. This, like most of the Marshall hats, is placed well down on the forehead. It's particularly effective on women who look well with their hair worn short and/or slick at the sides. For more tailored moods, Marshall takes off-white string and coils it round and round into small place mats. A pillbox uses one of these mats for a top. Black lacquered leaves go around its edge, and a bow of frayed string sits on

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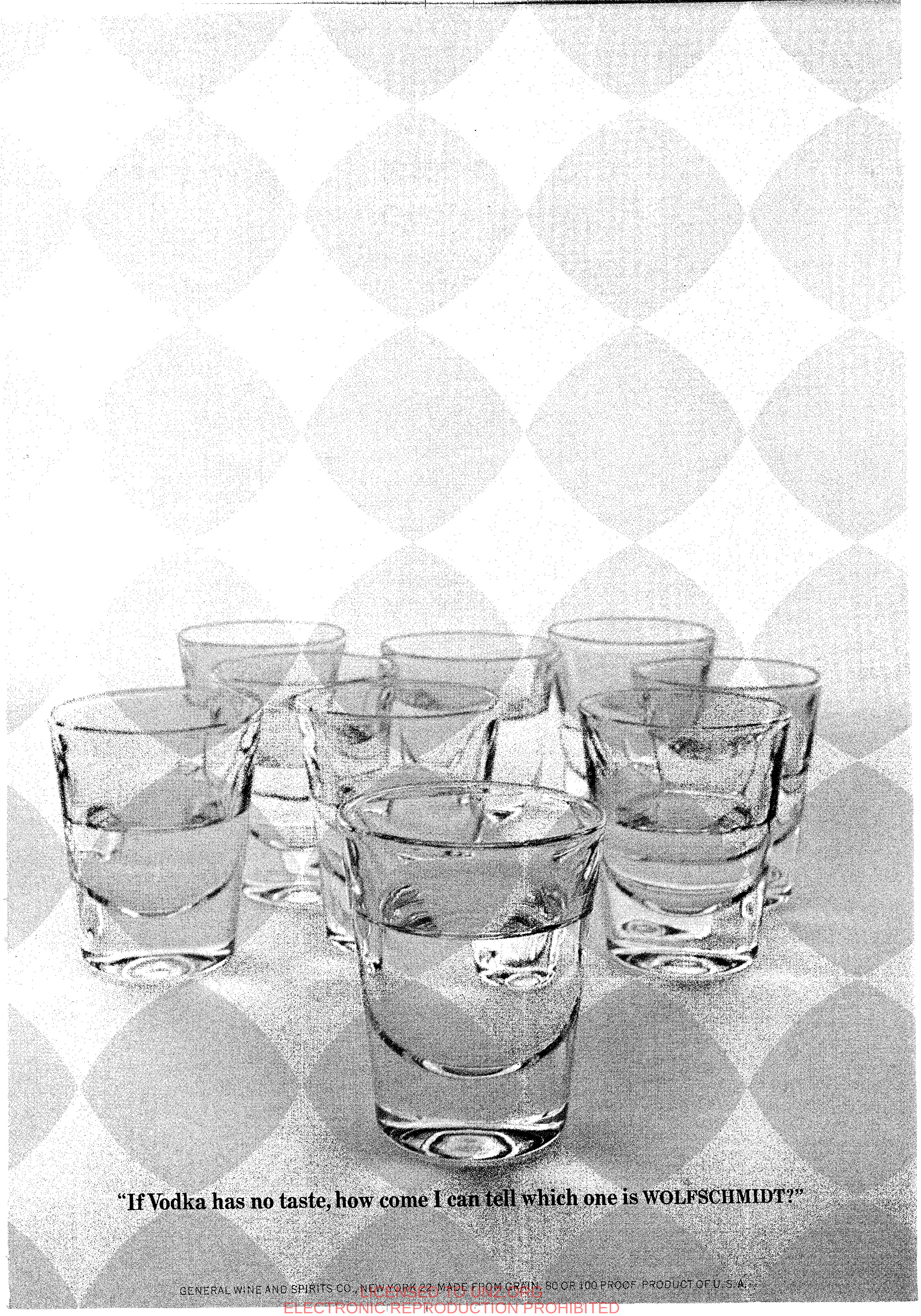

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AFFILIATE, FIRST NATIONAL CITY TRUST COMPANY • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION the summit of the tip-tilted back. But the real enchantress in this collection is Renoir, a plate of white straw ducked down on the forehead, with pleated black taffeta ribbon going down from the edge all around and a black cocarde under the lift of the plate in back; more of the ribbon makes streamers that tie in a bow beside one cheek. Well, that's how it is—the whole place is fun for both the coquettish minx and the conservative woman who needs a little impetus.

TOBY COPPOCK, too, loves a sheer, light look this spring (straws are in a slight recession in his establishment), and his newest pet is net in solid colors. I've referred already to the finely pleated net of his that has a nice texture and is semi-transparent. It does anything from bulb shapes to little profile turbans that should be worn off the hairline (most of his hats are placed this way) and that end in a self rosette next to one eye. Iridescent net, which I especially love in a rusty bronze, makes a fez turban that is all diagonal folds; he also does this hat in print or in a white dotted straw that resembles dotted Swiss. Cotton net striped with a matching narrow braid of Visca straw makes draped pillboxes and the small-woman turbans at which he excels, swirled into a conical, mildly comical shape. Lots of beautiful French prints, including a field-flower design on surah, are employed for these nestling turbans, too. As for really little hats, there is high comedy in a nursemaid's cap of white organdie that starts with a draped pillbox. A band of navy grosgrain makes a circle above it, and irregular, jagged folds of white organdie rise above *that*, with a tiny bow of red grosgrain nestling up among the folds. For really tall hats, tan Mexican onion sacking is maneuvered into a sort of pagoda turban, wide over the ears and rising to a point; tiny green grosgrain knots are interspersed through the folds. A cap fez of white toyo has white Visca tassels all over it to make it bristly. There are always unusual flowers in this shop, such as the very pale pink and lavender morning glories that make a French coif to perch on top of the head, or the orange bouvardia and orange berries with green thistle leaves that cover one of Toby's plateaus of orange hair braid.

I AM a bit bearish on French millinery in general, but the French stuff in Bergdorf Goodman's custom department invariably has a sure touch. B. G.'s Odna Brandeis has brought

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back from overseas some beauties, as usual, in which sheerness and lightness are emphasized. Some are from Claude Saint-Cyr of Paris and London (the Royal Family thinks well of her), one example being a turban toque of turquoise and white veiling dotted by tiny silver ornaments with jewelled leaves. This, like many another imported bit of fluff (Mme. Saint-Cyr is French *au fond*), has sheer veiling slanting down one side of the forehead to achieve a faintly asymmetrical look. From Dior comes a hat of white organza with a down-in-back look—a wide and flat cuff in front, some height behind this, and flat beret fullness to the rear. Dior is also responsible for the divers attitudes expressed in (a) a turban toque of casually interlaced bamboo straw in a Dior blue or a deep raspberry, and (b) an unlined pillbox turban, as relaxed as the bamboo offering is severe, of red chiffon and red jersey in a soft, large basketweave. From Orcel arrives a toque, or practically a wig, that's all ruffles of red China silk; from Svend arrives a towering, transparent affair involving very coarse veiling and straw, with tiny black pompons and black loops of veiling contributing to a wig look. A crisp white knockout is supplied by Jean Barthet, of *broderie Anglaise*, with a fat medium crown and a small brim turned up at one side, and another is supplied by Givenchy, of cotton with bumpy embroidered white dots, in the form of a sailor with a brim so small as to be little more than a thick cord; maybe I should label it a pillbox. These are just a few samples of a large and variegated collection.

ESPERANCE, at 26 East 55th Street, is, despite the name, about as French as the Virginia Reel. It is specializing at the moment in exaggerated basic shapes (one has a moderately curved cloche brim, but the crown towers, stovepipe fashion) made of neutral straw that at first glance is truly rustic but that, in spite of its bulk, is cobweb in weight. The straw is handmade in Italy, and I haven't seen the like elsewhere. Being a redhead, Hope Hendler, the proprietor, uses bits of curry grosgrain for trimming; like her straw, it goes with everything, or so she says. The straw makes, for one, big Bretons with deep, curled brims. Shiny black straw, in the casual basketweave everyone is using this time around, goes into the construction of hats with big round crowns and moderate mushroom brims; crown and

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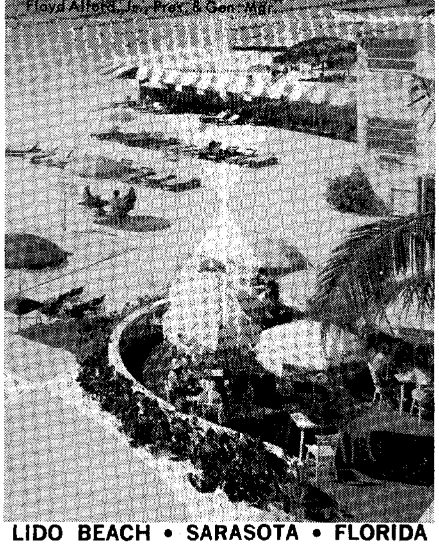

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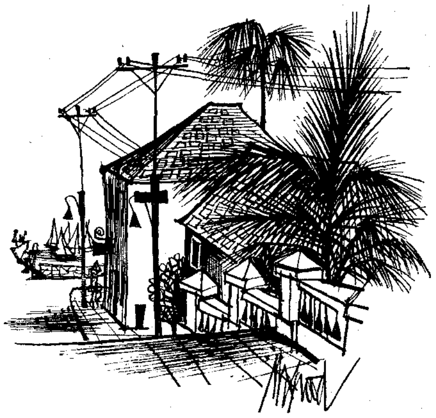
brim are separated from one another by an inserted headband of curry satin. White Italian straw that looks for all the world like crushed tissue paper results in a meringue of a toque with an open top. Another toque, beehive in design, is of natural rickrack straw worked round and round, and an impudent Sis Hopkins white daisy zooms up one side. All in all, an informal little place to find that perfect-with-everything hat for town-or-country simple linens and cottons.

THE hats at Vincent-Harmik go with nothing but Entrances. The adventure starts when you climb stairs (just like Paris, my dear) to the shop's tiny and temporary quarters at 203 East 62nd Street. (Better make an appointment; three's a crowd here. The phone number is Murray Hill 8-1487.) Ice-cream-cone shapes are in favor (some, though, are four inches across at the bottom), placed where a unicorn wears his horn. An outstanding one is shown in white silk covered with iridescent sequins; white chiffon descends the cheeks and makes a snood that entirely covers the hair all around, medieval fashion. Another cone, of black velvet, has black Chantilly-type lace veiling the forehead and, appliquéd on tulle, a veil that dangles in back and ends in a flounce. And *another* cone is all up-and-down alternating black and white petals, with two black quills ascending from the top. Vincent-Harmik is fond of tearing up artificial roses and putting the petals together again into blooms that are easily eight inches across. These can produce truly impressive wigs. Tulle, loosely braided, is worked into enormous toques in three-color or three-shade combinations (brown, beige, and off-white, or pinks from Shocking to very pale) that devour a good sixteen yards of the stuff before they are content. A dome of black silk violets and black horsehair is equally greedy; the finished produc-



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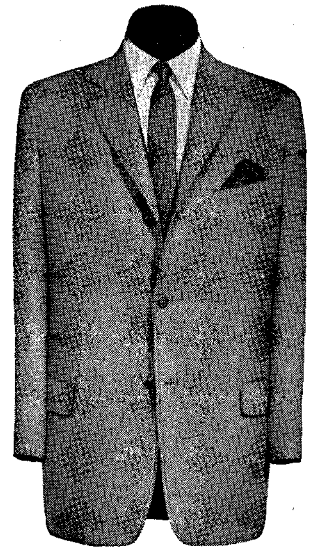

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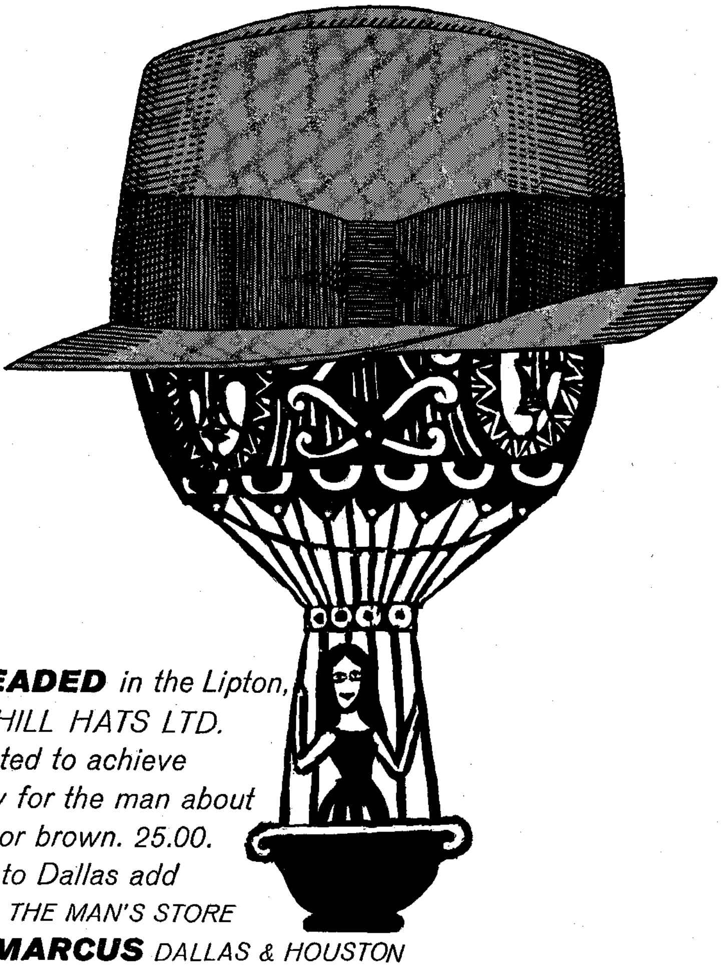

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tion looms a foot high. As I have hinted, this is not for the timorous; only the brave deserve such fare.

WELL, after all this glory, breathes there a woman with soul so dead that she can murmur, even to herself, anything as forlorn as "Babushkas, anyone?" —LOIS LONG

THIS AND THAT

Bride and Joy

AS we all knew it finally would, East is meeting West, but few of us guessed that the place would be the bridal salon of Rosette Pennington, at 20 East 56th Street. Among the wedding dresses from Hong Kong is a short sheath of white satin whose sole decoration is two rows of self cording at the boat neck and six rows at the waist of the long overskirt, which terminates in a short train. The sheath, by the way, can be a perfectly good dinner-party addition to the trousseau. Another, a long but trainless dress with a slim bodice and a modified bell skirt, is of white organdie banquet cloth with appliqués of organdie butterflies and long-stemmed flowers above the hem. Its organdie stole could be draped into a kerchief veil. Among the home-grown products is a long, slim column of white silk organza on which horizontal rows of multiple tucking alternate with single rows of Swiss cotton-lace insertions. The separate organza train is slung from a matching contour belt that fastens beneath a bowknot adorned with the lace. On a floor-length dress of ivory peau de soie with a sweetheart neck, three little bows go down one side of the bodice. The slender skirt is draped up at the left side of the waist, and the bouffant overskirt, which ends in a short train, is slashed to one knee at the side front. "Victorian" best describes a dress of ivory silk organza into which drop-stitch stripes are woven. Its high collar, of Brussels lace, dips into a point just above the chest, and bits of the lace catch up the short sleeves at the elbow. Yellow daisy-chain embroidery drifts from the Empire waist to the hem of a princesse dress made of thin white taffeta. Finally, a wreath of the embroidered flowers is attached to an elbow-length veil, which is white-over-yellow silk illusion. The dresses from Hong Kong take eight weeks, but everything else arrives in half the time. Sizes are 6 to 16, and the prices run from $125 to $295. The veils are $35 to $125.

Pennington's bridesmaid dresses, which are in the same sizes, range from

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$30 to $50 and require three to four weeks. Some of them, such as the scoop-neck ones that are embroidered with sprays of orange-and-white flowers and foliage from the top of the cummerbund to below the left hip, are done in orange-ice rayon linen. Sheaths of orange silk organza are covered by lemon-and-orange overskirts that have been slashed into deep, sort of Vionnet points at the full hem. Dresses of white silk organza over yellow rayon taffeta are girded up by sashes of crushed lemon, orange, and sage-green ribbon tied in loops at the back of the waist, where they are anchored with nosegays of chrysanthemums in the same hues; dresses of plain white organza are embroidered from knee to hem with red and pink clover.

JAY THORPE's bridal shop is wedded to peau de soie. An eighteenth-century dress in écru is banded at the sweetheart neck and the base of the polonaise drapery by hand-run Alençon-type lace. The same silk reappears in a melodramatic short sheath with a high bateau neck and long, tight sleeves. Its button-on bubble overskirt, which is thigh-length in front, where it's caught up by three enormous cabbage roses, plunges below the hem of the skirt in back. Guipure lace goes around the scoop neck of a short white peau-de-soie sheath, then broadens into a wide, stitched-down panel as it wanders all the way down the front; a broad insert of hand-run Alençon-type lace goes down the front of the bouffant skirt of a creamy peau-de-soie dress in a pattern of wild roses. Cutouts of the roses, whose centers are of draped tea-rose silk, show up on it hither and yon, and the wide, unpressed box pleats at the sides suggest panniers. The most arresting attribute of a white peau de soie is its puffed Henry VIII sleeves. Small cartridge pleats top the leg-of-mutton sleeves of a simple yet stately dress of ivory peau de soie. Sizes are 10 to 20, and orders take six weeks. The rock-bottom price is $125, the sky-high one is $700. This department will also supply wedding veils of Brussels, rose-point, or duchesse lace at from $75 to $1,200.

IRENE HAYES, WADLEY & SMYTHE, at 420 Park Avenue (55th), is the result of a recent joining in matrimony, so it is proper that the new firm is interested in flowers for weddings. For brides are its long-drawn-out crescent bouquets of bits and pieces of white lilacs plus a cluster of open white tulips, and its round bouquets of daisies interspersed with ivy. The perishable lilacs and

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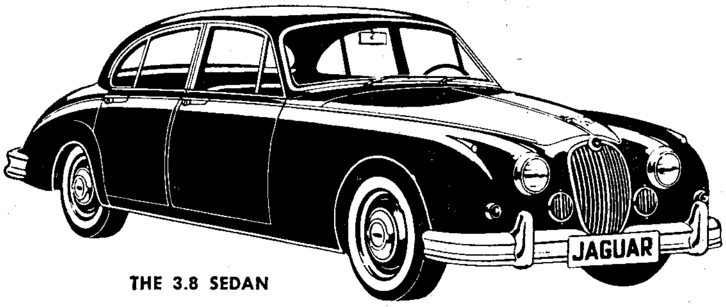

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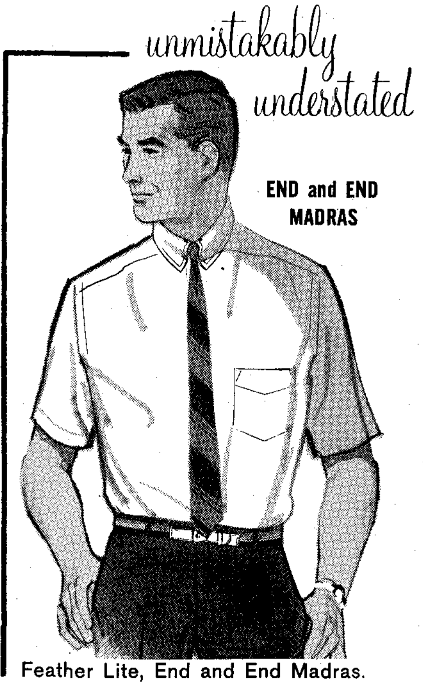

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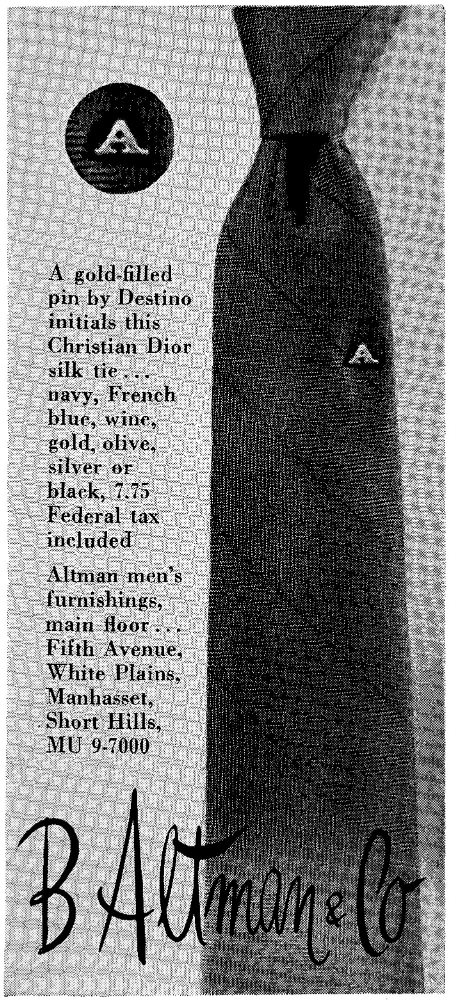

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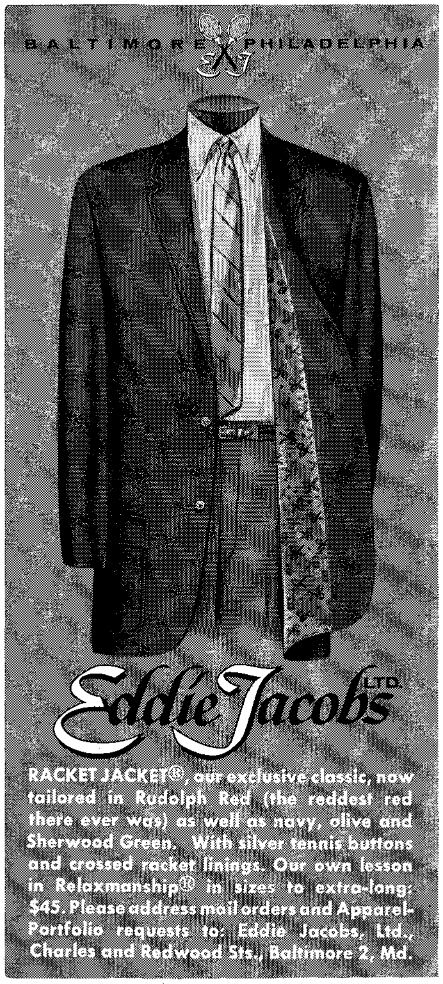
daisies are kept fresh by sealing in a bit of moisture at the base. Pendants, two feet long (these are for prayer books), of stephanotis or lilies of the valley suspended from a spray of white butterfly orchids are $30; when the whole deal is orchids, it's $50. Sometimes the establishment likes to tuck into the bridal bouquet a posy or two of the bouquets carried by the attendants. If two-tone pink carnations are the idea, the paler shade will find its way into the bride's white flowers. A bridesmaid's bouquet that is especially successful with white or green dresses is three rosettes of variegated peperomia leaves (which resemble large green-and-white flowers) surrounded by loops of gladiolus fronds (which resemble green ribbons) and a cascade of grape ivy. Bridal bouquets begin around $25, bridesmaids' bouquets around $17.50. The new telephone number is Plaza 2-3535.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE's recent Park Avenue Room, a salon sort of place, can provide understated, and unsurpassed, clothes, for daytime through dinner, at from $55 to $125. Many of them are valid any month of the year. Some of the suits involve semifitted jackets with standaway necks, dropped shoulders, and seven-eighth sleeves, over sleeveless sheaths with high, square necks. These appear in a choice of tussah silks, such as tropical sea blue and green and coral and coffee. Sleeveless sheaths of black crêpe with scoop necks that slope into wide Vs in back are just right for dancing anywhere, any time, or for shopping in town on warm days, this last when the short capes of beige-black-and-greige plaid linen that belong to them have been added. These have fence collars, and their flared sides give the illusion of sleeves. Surah with a cable-stitch design in white and light and dark gray could and probably would pass as a knit. The high-necked sheaths this makes are nipped in by self sashes; the cardigan jackets are edged by the silk in a ribbed pattern. The shirtwaist dresses do tricks. The billowy skirt of a cotton in a beige-black-and-white check is provided with a wide, gathered panel in front, and deep patch pockets appear low at the sides. Another, of black crêpe and tying in a bow at the throat, ends in gathered culottes. Both of these have broad belts of black calf. Two-piece black crêpe dresses you might easily want to live in the rest of your life are below-the-waist, button-in-back, short-sleeved overblouses, high and round at the neck and scalloped at the hem, plus slender skirts on camisole tops. More



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elaborate counterparts, for cocktails and later, are sheaths that are décolleté and overblouses that have pushup sleeves. The fabric this time is surah printed with myriad splashy roses and oversized daisies in Shocking pink, fuchsia, orange, mauve, gold, rust, and green.

Bonwit Teller's millinery sections are all set for Easter. The hats I like in the Mr. John's Boutique collection ($25 to $35 a throw, and in the sixth-floor hat salon) come in twin but not identical editions—twin in material though not in design. For instance, there are both toques and turbans of navy or banana malines trimmed on the sides and the top with matching straw leaves and miniature acorns. Silk leaves shading from off-white to beige droop over twin toques and cloches; small turbans and deep cloches of purple malines are dotted with violets; bushels of red carnations, red roses, apple blossoms, white bouvardia, and pink pearl-bead berries are arranged around the bases of small or high turbans of draped moss-green malines; turbans and pixie hats of white or red popcorn straw are bedded down in matching mesh veiling.

Down on the first floor, in the Miss Bonwit millinery department, are Sally V hats at from $16.95 to $28.95. Suit hats of smooth white straw have bands of black grosgrain, tied in long, slim bows, at the base of the pincushion crowns, and black mesh veils cover the accompanying nose. Shiny and dull yellow straw braid makes sewing-basket cloches with miniature pleated and ruffled brims. Sage-green straw rollers are swathed around their medium crowns with star-of-Bethlehem flowers that are spiked with bowknots of coral velvet baby ribbon at one side; rollers of burnt straw are anointed with big poppies of red silk. High, peaked turbans set on airy green net bases are buried under star-of-Bethlehem flowers, pink-and-rust roses, red-and-pink chrysanthemums, and apple and cherry blossoms; square toques mounted on navy net are knee-deep in bachelor's-buttons, asters, pansies, violets, and the necessary leaves. For contrast (or for Lent?), a single white rose towers above the brows of small sailors of lemon straw.

Edith Lances, who has lately set up shop at 15 East 51st Street, is turning out her competent brassières and foundations on the premises. Some of the ready-to-wear bandeaus and brassières are of nylon satin with a cotton backing; nylon Alençon lace is the adornment. These are $7.95 and

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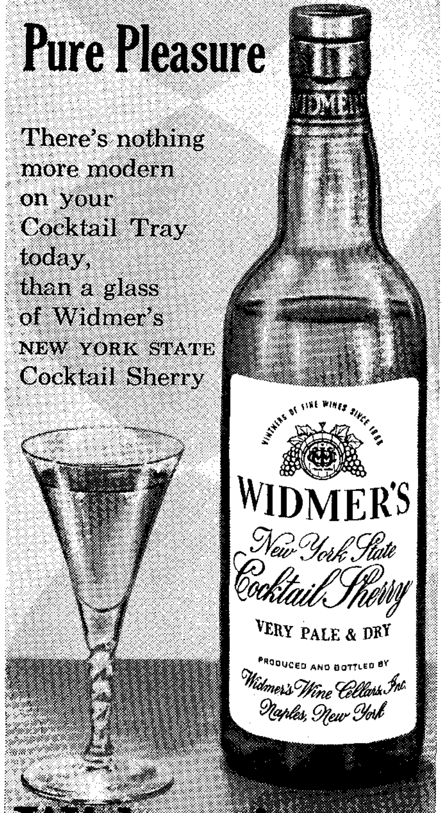

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$12.50, respectively, and the colors are black, navy, light blue, nude, beige, and white. Wired bandeaus and brassières with plunging necklines, for cocktail and evening frocks, appear in white or black embroidered nylon sheer with linings of silver nylon tricot, and they're more subdued than they may sound; from $15 to $22.50. Girdles of cotton-backed nylon satin with cotton power net down the sides, in sizes 26 to 34, come in five lengths—fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen inches; $20. Lances' demi-shepherdess cincher (her words for it, not mine) is a below-the-waist all-in-one of nylon sheer in front and cotton power net everywhere else; $29.50, in a variety of shades.

In the custom department, brassières begin at $12.50 and cease at $55, and foundations ascend from $95 to $185. Frivolous but effective slips with built-in brassières are of eyelet-embroidered cotton bordered along the décolletage and hem with embroidered beading and nylon ribbon; strapless ones with straight or bouffant skirts are here in cotton, nylon taffeta, or nylon chiffon, decorated with embroidered nylon net or Alençon lace. White, navy, and black is the choice in either case; other colors are to order.

BIRTHDAY SUIT (and someone had to come up with *that* name) is Warner's addition to Altman's corset department. This almost backless all-in-one, fastening between the legs like an envelope chemise, is superb under anything, including knitted bathing suits. It's of white or beige Lycra, it clings like your skin, it weighs less than four ounces, and it's flexible and compact enough to fold into a purse. Its built-in brassière is of nylon marquisette over stiffened nylon net. The price of this item is $18.50, and the sizes are 32 to 38 (B cup only). —M. M.

•

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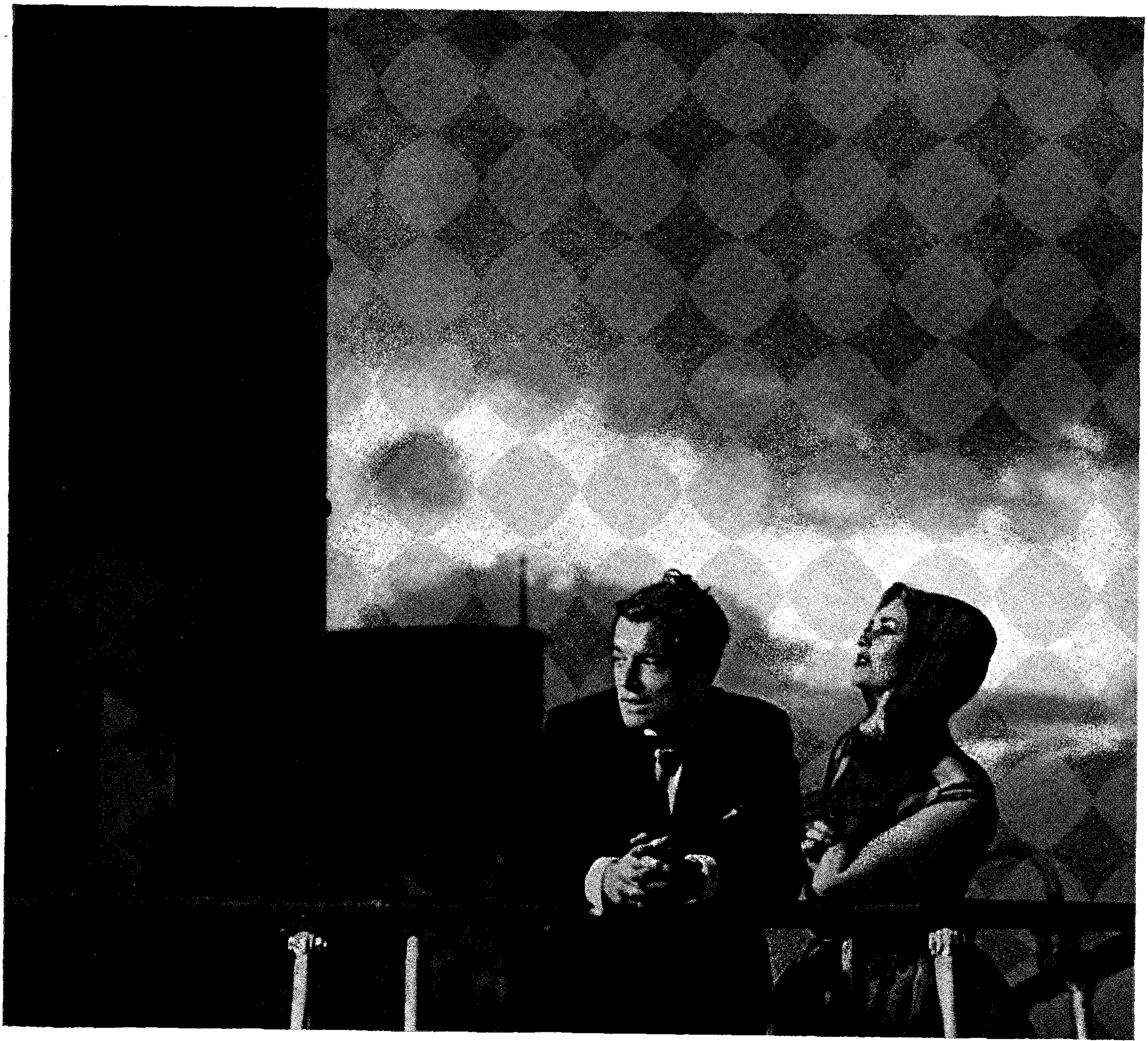

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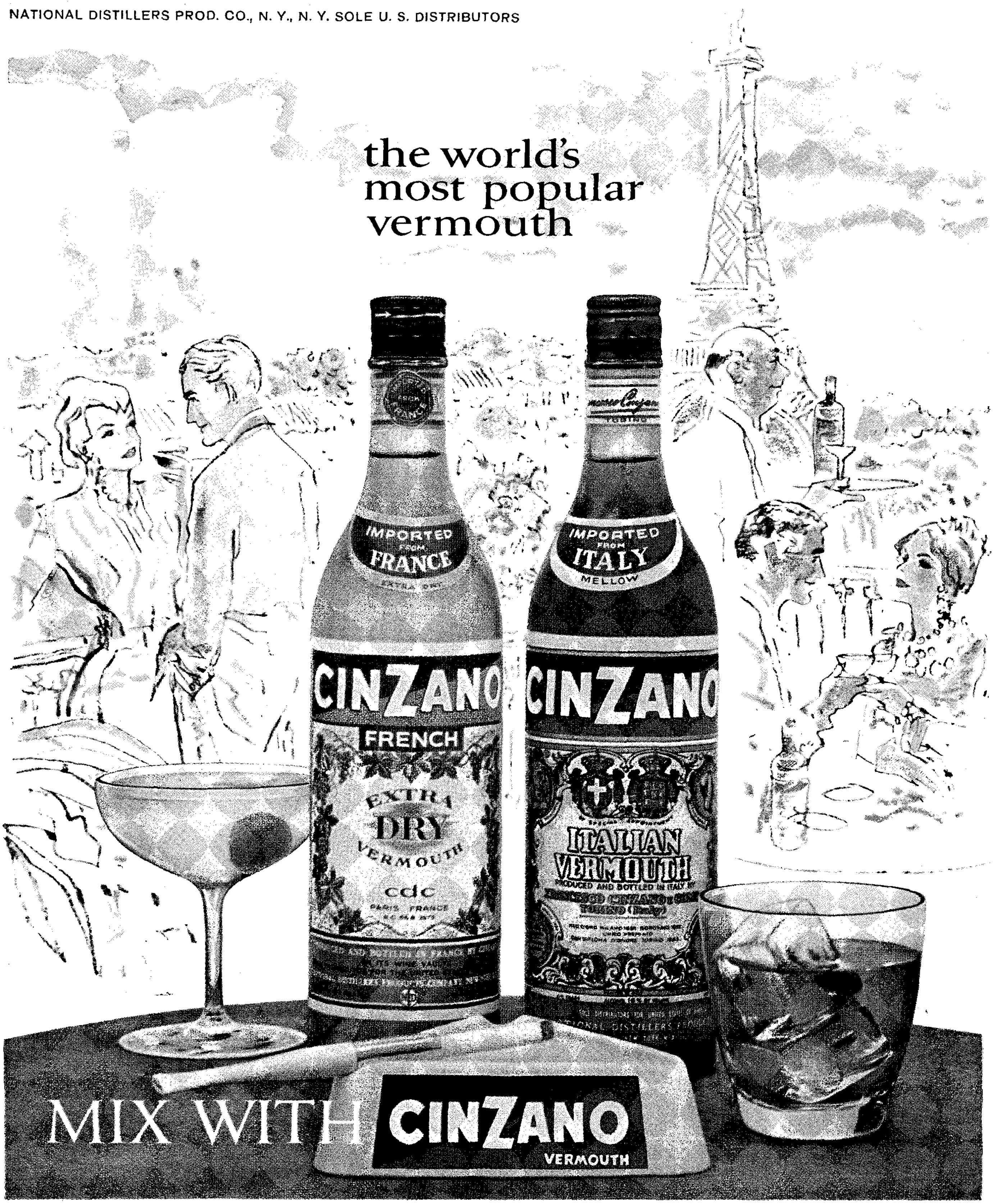
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ALPHONSE PEINTRE

(AN INTERVIEW NOT UTTERLY UNLIKE THOSE IN "THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO," TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER LIBERMAN)

THE squalid hut, near Rouen, whence issue the cryptically dabbled bits of canvas that have soothed five generations of art dealers is approached by an unspeakable dirt road winding among depressingly dusty lime trees and appallingly tawdry livestock. How true it is, I reflected, that artists are slovenly about their environments! So deeply rutted was the road that as I bounced to a stop in front of the master's residence a stack of *Vogues*, which I had brought as my recommendation to the reputedly inaccessible sage, leaped from the back seat of my convertible and flew into the air like assaulted chickens. Or perhaps they were real chickens; I was amused to discover that several lice-infested fowl had become fatally entangled with the grille of my Mercedes.

I had been prepared by my Paris friends for the fact that Peintre's living quarters were not commensurate with the elegance of his productions; but I had not been warned that the shack was mounted on ten-foot stilts. The only access to the hovel was by means of a movable ladder which, to judge from the sounds of altercation within, someone was reluctant to put down. At last, however, after I had nearly exhausted my battery in beeping the horn, a cheery red female face appeared at one of the windows, and a diaphanous old derelict clad in baggy blue coveralls, grumbling in a language I could not understand, lowered the rickety steps into place. This grim wraith was Alphonse Peintre.

I had an excellent opportunity to study his face when, as I carried my cameras up the ladder, a rung snapped and to preserve my balance I seized his Orientally long, silken beard. His face was eroded by wrinkles as if by some never-ceasing geological process. His lips were thin and hard with peasant cunning. His ochre cheekbones suggested a possible Mongol strain in his blood. He wore a drab puce beanie on his abundant but unkempt locks, clotted with snaffles and burrs. But it was his eyes that held my attention. They were round with astonishment, their blue bleached as if by a sudden infusion of pain, and an indignant glint flashed deep in their lucid, oddly youthful depths.

His wife rushed forward to lift us

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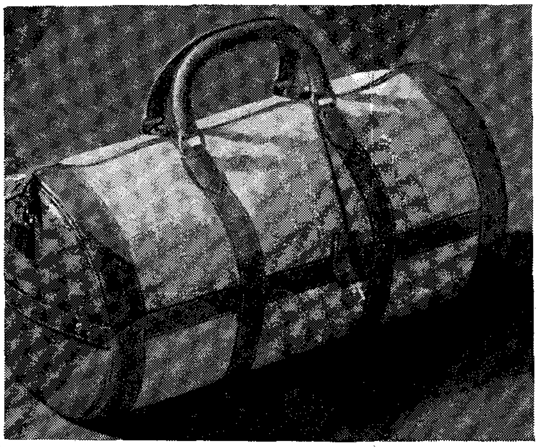

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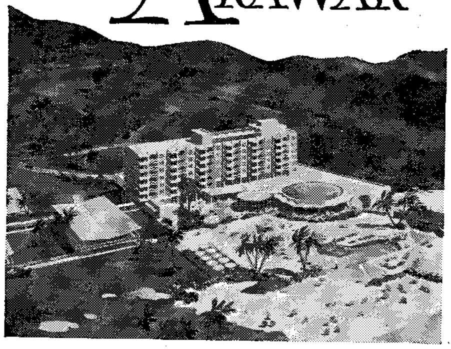

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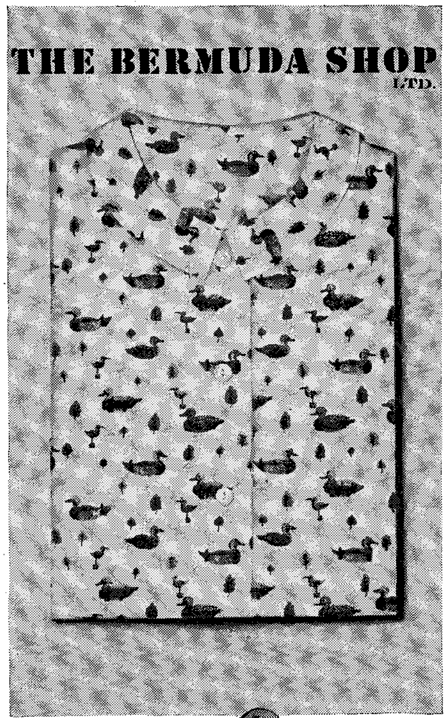
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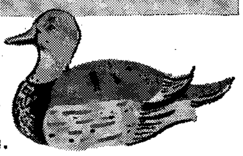

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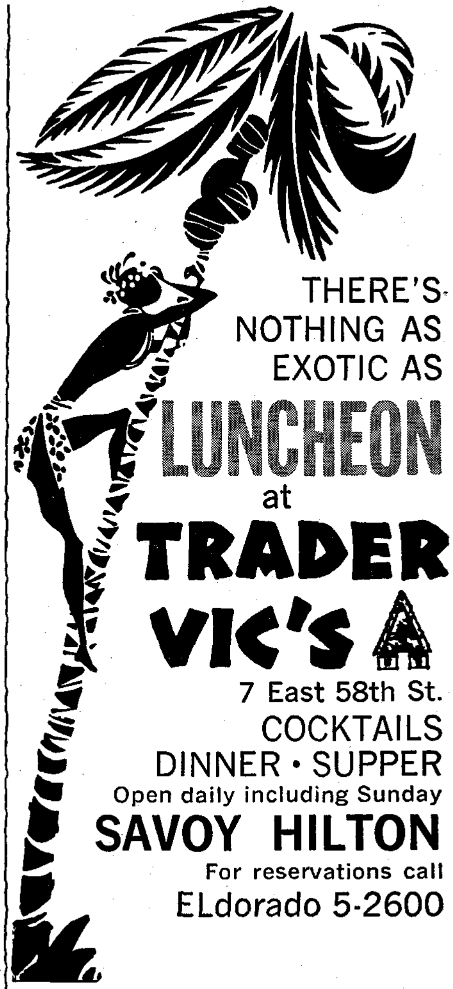
both into the cottage. As I felt her broad crimson hands, roughened by homely labor, tighten around my abdomen, I realized who of the couple provided the physical strength. This faithful helpmate was *de la terre.* I perceived a paradox in so airy an art loyally sheltered by such powerful, earthy muscles. Mme. Peintre cradled her husband like a child and set him in the room's one furnishing, a worm-riddled rocking chair. "You have brought us luck," she confided to me. "You will pay for the chickens?"

It was a sad room. A little wan light dribbled in across the thatched window sills. Pots, peanut-butter jars, dried tubes, twisted coat hangers littered the floor. An icon hung cockeyed in one corner. The walls were entirely of canvas, punctured here and there where the good wife had snipped out pieces to sell to the American museums. Through these rents I saw a landscape from which all color had been drained by the vivid fancies of the artist's remorseless imagination. Some sections of the shabby wall writhed with superimposed scribbles, like the magic caves near Lascaux.

The venerable eremite slowly allowed a few words to escape his canny reserve. Though he had been a contemporary of Balzac, his words were not those of a senile man. How remarkably old these visual sorcerers live to be! It must be the relaxed work hours. "Giotto . . . blotto," he said, in response to a question of mine. "Michel Agnolo . . . a little dude." He called him "Agnolo," as you would a childhood friend. "Monet . . . *nada.* Poor Cézanne . . . a grind. He seemed always to be preparing for an examination that was never scheduled. Art is not like that. Art is like baby shoes. When you coat them with gold, they can no longer be worn. Do not take down my words," he protested with a sudden sly wave of his beautifully withered hand, encrusted with Byzantine rings, the ancient ascetic's one luxury. "They are foolish. Art is foolish. Since Watteau, *nada.* And myself. I try. The moon is coming closer. I am not afraid. It is no bigger than a pie plate. Do you have enough?"

We ate peanut-butter sandwiches—a typical meal of this *pays de Caux.* Mme. Peintre, a girlish grace imprisoned in her heavy body, adroitly usurped the rocking chair and fell asleep. Peintre scowled and squatted on the floor and began to twist coat hangers into unique and exquisite shapes. Absent-mindedly he spat on my tripod. I assured him



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it was an accident. In the mysterious way of genius, he seemed to have retreated into himself. My conversational gambits fell unanswered, as if into an inscrutable primeval pool. Reluctantly, I took my leave; in going out the door, I forgot—so charming and intense was the atmosphere of this consecrated interior—about the ladder, and fell ten feet with all my equipment. Looking up from my position on the foul ground, I saw Peintre's remarkable countenance framed in the crude portal, and was rewarded in a most unexpected way. The Olympian *hauteur* of his visage cracked, and the master smiled.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

SNOWDROP

In the year's
earliest days,
when snow
lies in patches
on meadow and copse,
a pair
of solitary,
narrow,
long, straight-sided
leaves,
of a glaucous or
sea-green
color, slightly
keeled
on the outer surface,
appears.
Somewhat later
there comes,
direct from the bulb,
an unbranched
scape or stem,
bearing
a large bract
or spathe,
from which issues—
on a thin,
bending stalk—
a single
white flower.
This flower
nods, dead-
white,
in shrinking fields
of snow,
dies before
spring,
and withers in the last
frosts,
with the new sun.
Green
touches the edges
of its three
smaller petals.

—GENE BARO

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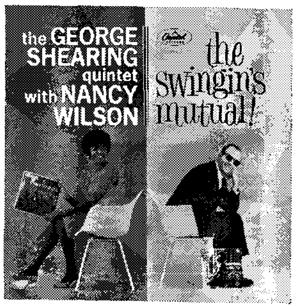
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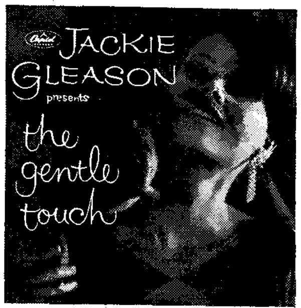

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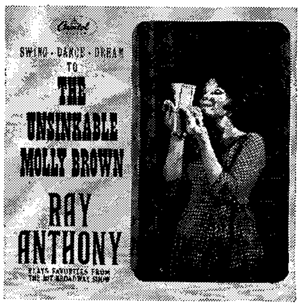
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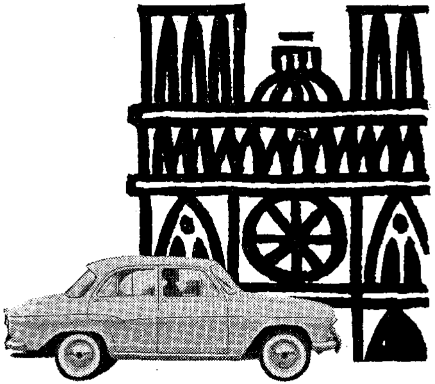

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Half Step

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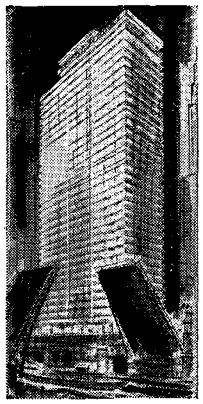
THE hero of "Take a Giant Step" is a spunky, bright young Negro of seventeen, at odds, when we meet him (and quite justifiably so), with his history teacher, who, he feels, is inadequately briefed on the Civil War; with his stuffy suburban parents; and with his white classmates, who, though they want him to go on pitching for their baseball team, have dropped him socially. He has just been expelled from school for calling the teacher a jerk and then smoking a cigar in the men's washroom. Shortly afterward, he tells off the classmates, borrows five dollars from his sympathetic grandmother, heads for the honky-tonk colored section of town, and embarks on the series of first encounters with beer, whiskey, comic prostitutes, death, and sex (in that order, and in something under a week) that presumably are the steps leading up to the giant one of the title. At the end, he makes his peace with his furious, worried parents and everyone else he has offended, and (the giant step) resolves to mend his ways and continue his education. (What is there left to learn?)

This summary may be too flippant. The taming of the spirited boy is sad indeed, particularly since he is convincingly drawn, and most persuasively played by a very good young actor named Johnny Nash. What is also sad, though, is that the script, which Louis S. Peterson and Julius J. Epstein have adapted from Mr. Peterson's play, is a frail and awkward structure in which many of the characters and situations seem second-hand. Awkwardness is surely the most forgivable of flaws. What is not so forgivable is that the story doesn't deliver its own message. (Quite often, of course, the theme of a movie is not important at all, but this time it is.) The boy finally comes to realize that to get ahead in the world one must accept what cannot be changed and control one's feelings—a valuable, practical lesson. He also learns that he will have to put up with some unfairness. Maybe, maybe not. The trouble is that the instances the authors have picked to demonstrate the lesson just aren't strong enough. Why *not* call down a teacher whose information about Negroes



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is slighting and sketchy? (Although "jerk" is not ideal, it must be admitted.) The boy, of course, must accept the color of his skin, but why shouldn't he make a fuss about the snobbery of his friends or their lack of support when he gets in trouble? The authors may be right in both instances, but they haven't convinced me.

Theme aside, there are many lines that ring true, and some touching and funny moments ("Excuse me, but are you girls prostitutes or something?" the boy asks three ladies who obviously are, and then—an unforgettable moment—opens a copy of Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams" that he has with him, and proceeds to look them up before their very eyes), and although much of the acting is only so-so, there are a few remarkable performances. Estelle Hemsley, a wonderful-looking old actress, gives distinction and style to the part of the grandmother—a rather routine wisdom-dispenser as written—and Ruby Dee and Ellen Holly, the first as the family's maid, the second as a young woman waiting for a pickup at a bar, are moving and charming.

THERE are any number of ingenious ideas in "101 Dalmatians," Walt Disney's full-length cartoon, and, as usual, more of them go bad than don't because of Mr. Disney's unfortunate double vision—one eye on the kids, the other on the box office. It is a fairy tale about a dreadful, bony witch named Cruella, with a skull face (but with full Hollywood makeup and a Hollywood social voice), who kidnaps ninety-nine Dalmatian puppies in order to make a fur coat (the two that bring the total to a hundred and one are full-grown) and is finally foiled by brave, clever dogs who send signals of long and short barks across the length of England. The afternoon I saw it, the children in the audience shouted and clapped, but their laughter sounded as uncomfortable as my own.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Prime Minister Fidel Castro and members of his cabinet returned to Havana from the sugar cane fields where they led cane-cutting brigands during the weekend to cope with a labor shortage.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

Thank God there's no labor shortage in *this* country!

•

The poet that said "What is so rare as a day in May" must have been in love.
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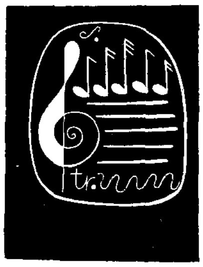
MUSICAL EVENTS

Schoenberg and After



ON Tuesday evening of last week, the indomitable Leopold Stokowski, who is still recovering from the recent injury to his hip, made his way on crutches to the podium of Carnegie Hall and conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Temple University Choirs, and a large group of vocal soloists in Arnold Schoenberg's early, seldom performed, and extremely taxing song cycle "Gurrelieder." The performance was a faithful and sensitive one, full of the hypnotic fire that the aging maestro has always been famous for, and it undoubtedly conveyed all the subtleties that this lengthy score contains. I have heard quite a few "Gurrelieder"s, and have always found the work moderately pleasing, despite a certain thinness of inspiration and the composer's tendency to trot out a lot of second-hand ideas derived from the quieter music of Richard Wagner. To me, it represents Schoenberg at his best, before he submerged himself in the dry mathematics of the atonal system—a Schoenberg who was not afraid of poetic evocation and was capable of writing with some eloquence, even though that eloquence was largely borrowed. The other night, as before, I thought "Gurrelieder" a bit tedious in its totality, the tedium arising from a lack of genuinely affirmative musical ideas and the ubiquity of Wagnerian formulas in harmony and orchestration. But, considered as a somewhat ambitious work by one of Wagner's lesser followers, it has, I think, its points.

In reading the reviews of the concert the following day, I discovered that most of my colleagues of the daily press were even more struck by "Gurrelieder's" tedium than I was. But the reason adduced by several of them was that the idiom in which it is written is outmoded, by which I assume they meant that it was written in the style of an earlier day. I will not argue that it is not. The work dates from the first decade of the century and employs a musical language that was then very popular—a chromatic language used with tremendous effect by such masters as Richard Strauss and Gustav Mahler. We do not dismiss Strauss and Mahler

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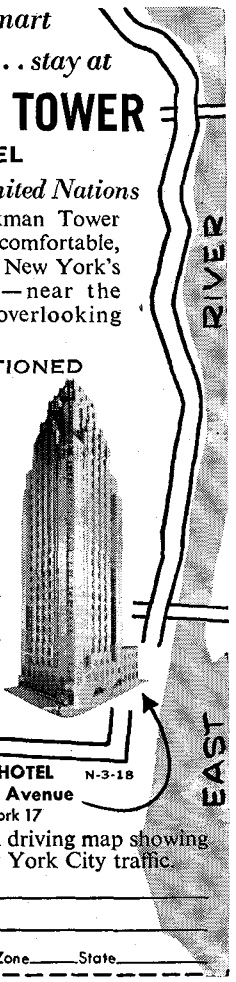

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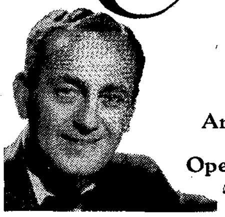
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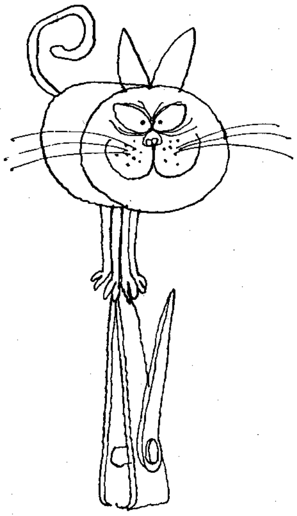
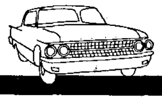
as outmoded today simply because they used this rich language. Nor, for that matter, are Beethoven and Mozart usually described as outmoded because they wrote in the language of their periods. In short, "outmoded" is simply not a word that one uses in connection with any musical masterpiece. "Gurrelieder" is tedious not because it is written in the style of its time but because its composer was a man of very little originality and very slight creative gifts. Later on, of course, Schoenberg developed a tremendous reputation as a musical revolutionary. Even while he was at work on "Gurrelieder," he was casting aside tonality in his other efforts, and he ultimately wound up as the first exponent of the twelve-tone system, from which the compositions of all the subsequent atonal and serialist composers derive. I have never found his later work of much interest, either emotionally or technically. His twelve-tone system seems to me to represent a withdrawal from competition with the masters of the past, and also a repudiation of musical meaning—in short, a sort of artistic suicide. In pursuing it, he entered a realm so impersonal and devoid of the possibility of human communication that originality—always a vital element in musical composition—could scarcely be expected to find a place in it. "Gurrelieder" was written during a notably rich period of music. It was contemporary with some of Mahler's greatest symphonies and with such Strauss masterpieces as "Elektra," "Der Rosenkavalier," and "Arabella." In it one can, I think, discern the real Schoenberg, striving for expression and as yet unfettered by doctrinaire theories. Still, this real Schoenberg was no master when compared with Mahler or Strauss. His music (including "Verklärte Nacht" and "Pelléas et Mélisande," both written at about the same time as "Gurrelieder") lacks the authoritative profile that characterizes theirs. The early Schoenberg was a restless, frustrated, often imitative composer, and, to my mind, a distinctly minor one.

ON Friday evening, the Metropolitan Opera paid its respects to Schoenberg's most interesting disciple, Alban Berg, by reviving "Wozzeck," an opera that returns periodically to the repertoire and has always had both its fervent champions and its violent detractors. I have had my say about "Wozzeck" before. It shows, in spots, a smoldering talent that I regard as far greater than Schoenberg's. Its orchestration is highly original, and its





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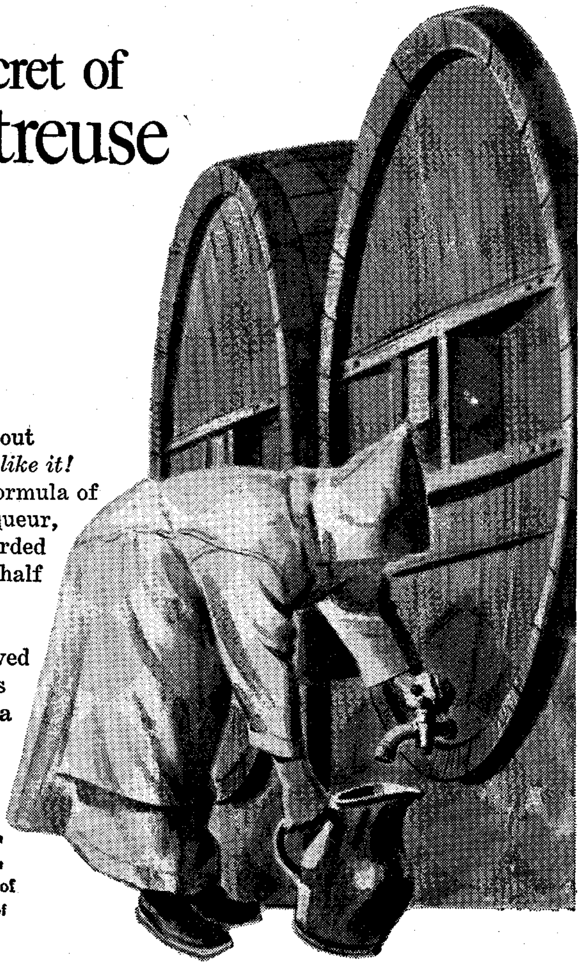

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music has a certain appropriateness to the grisly drama set forth on the stage. The drama itself, which was written by the precocious and prophetic playwright Georg Büchner in 1836, is historically remarkable in that it prefigures a sort of nihilistic despair that did not become fashionable in the theatre until the time—around the First World War—when Berg resuscitated the play and set it to music. The opera is a deeply sincere work. Its principal weakness lies in the fact that Büchner's characters are so brutally depicted, and so close to the edge of insanity, that they fail to arouse any sympathy whatever—in me, at least. I have often been more or less fascinated by "Wozzeck" but I have never been moved by it. True, there are moments in it (Marie's Bible-reading scene, Wozzeck's ambivalent desperation just before he murders her) that rise close to understandable human feeling, and there are other moments (the dance-hall and barroom scenes) that re full of wonderfully eerie atmosphere. On the whole, however, I am beginning to regard attendance at performances of "Wozzeck" in somewhat the same light as trips to the dentist, and I am always much relieved when they are over.

The Metropolitan's production the other night was superb. Karl Boehm's conducting did not have quite the driving intensity that Dimitri Mitropoulos used to bring to the score, but it was gratifyingly efficient. Caspar Neher's scenery had just the right concentration-camp atmosphere. Hermann Uhde and Eleanor Steber, who are both magnificent actors, went through their grim duties with hair-raising realism, and Paul Franke, Ralph Herbert, and Kurt Baum were suitably grotesque as the Captain, the Doctor, and the Drum Major, respectively. If you like "Wozzeck," I can recommend this well-rehearsed version of it very highly.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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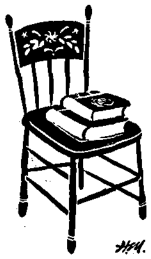
BOOKS

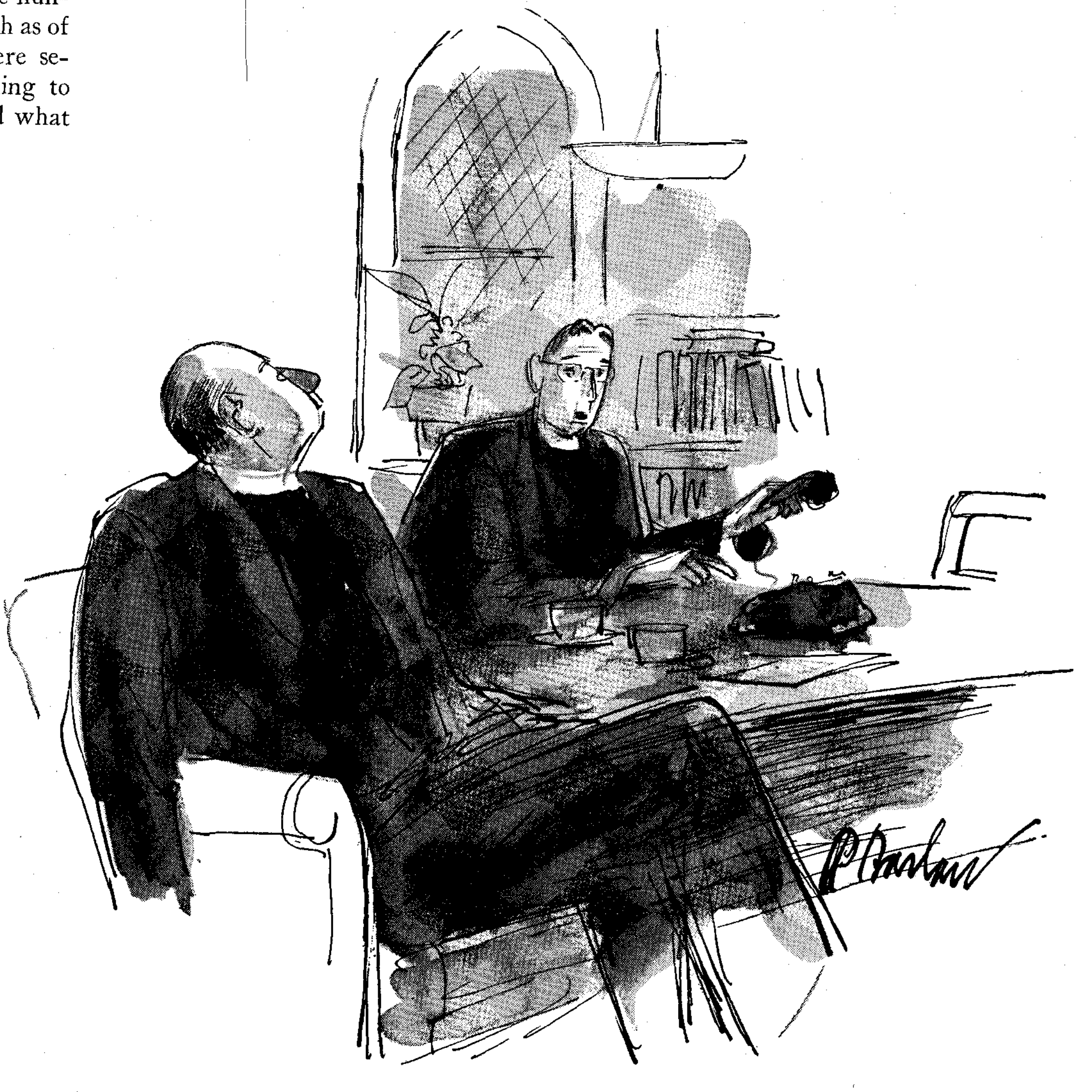
Lost in the Stars



Antoine de Saint-Exupéry belonged to the heroic age of aviation, and in "Night Flight" he created its legend. In doing this he became, very willingly, a legend himself. A new life by Marcel Migeo, "Saint-Exupéry" (McGraw-Hill), sets out to separate fact from fantasy and to expound his character. The author is well placed for the task. He was a friend of Saint-Exupéry from the time they did their flight training at Neudorf, near Strasbourg, two years after the First World War. The gladiatorial period of flying was over; the first dangerous attempts to civilize flying, which began with carrying the mails, were being made. Saint-Exupéry took to the air when planes were flown by compass, map, and eye, without radio; when the top speed was a hundred miles an hour and the range no more than three hundred. Engines stalled "with a crash as of broken crockery." Casualties were severe. When Saint-Exupéry, failing to get into the Ecole Navale, joined what became known, almost religiously, as "the Line," a forerunner of Air France that essayed to fly mail from Toulouse to Dakar and ultimately extended its route to South America, he faced another hazard. Pilots forced down in Africa were set upon by Moorish tribes and either tortured and killed or else held for ransom. This happened so frequently that pilots hopefully preferred to take with them an interpreter instead of a mechanic. After a year of routine flying in this service, Saint-Exupéry was stationed at a lonely desert refuelling outpost that had to deal with this hazard, and for this reason the French were later on to compare him with T. E. Lawrence.

What sort of a man was Saint-Exupéry? The first legend to go in M. Migeo's book is that he was one of the great pilots and a man for whom flying was a vocation. It is an illusion easily brought about by the overtones of mission and dedication in "Night Flight" and "Flight to Arras." He was, this experienced friend says, an adroit pilot but too absent-minded and eccentric to be great. He had no sense of time. He was careless. Once he left the door of his plane open and it was torn off by the wind. His attempts at long-distance records, like his flight from Paris to Saigon or from New York to Patagonia, were badly prepared and disastrous. In the cockpit his mind wandered. He was, before anything else, a writer, and he sought in flying a liberation from the boredom of city life and its worries (he was always in debt and entangled with women) as well as a spiritual liberation.

Saint-Exupéry was a very tall and eventually rather hulking man, and very plain, with a small, round head, a comically tipped-up nose, and a fixed, upward look to his eyes. (At school they called him Pique-la-Lune.) He came of a poor but aristocratic family. His father died when Saint-Exupéry was a child, and he became its dominant, restless, quarrelling, and cajoling leader, full of ideas and conversation. There is nothing, M. Migeo says, in the legend of early struggle and hardship. There were distinguished relatives to help him. He wheedled money out of his gifted mother for years. He liked to live in style. He was a gourmet. Some of his flying friends thought him a snob in the early days; if he was, snobbery was knocked out of him when he went to work for "the Line," because men of all classes had to knuckle under to the hard work and the severe discipline of that organization. His greatest friend was a fellow-pilot, Henri Guillaumet, a peasant by origin, and a prudent, courageous, plain chap whom Saint-Exupéry pretty well worshipped. "The Line" settled his character; his devotion to the group diminished his eccentric isolation and created in him the profound sense of the overwhelming value



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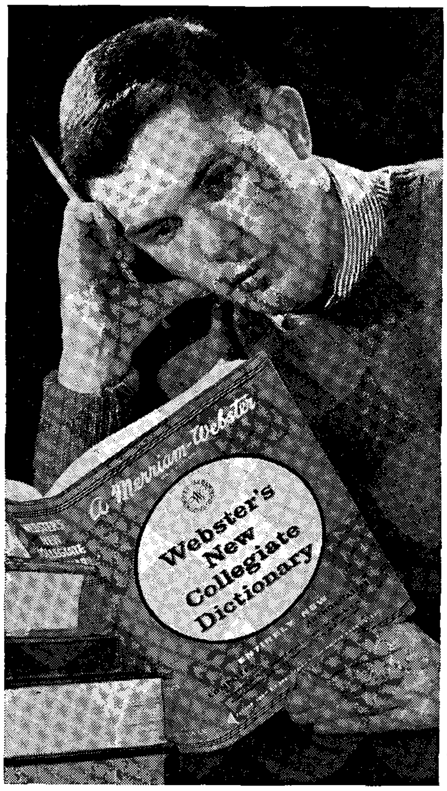

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Saint-Exupéry's fame as a writer and his success in organizing airfields in South America for his company were not of great help to him when, in the early thirties, "the Line" was reorganized. The honeymoon with adventure was over. He entered what he called his "blue epoch," in which he lived by journalism and film-making. His long flights failed. Saint-Exupéry the solitary lived sometimes in a blaze of publicity; occasionally he might be seen sitting at Lipp's or Les Deux Magots, pudgy and dejected, scribbling notes on bits of paper and feeling that at thirty he was finished. These notes and random articles were eventually put together, and after enormous labor they became "Wind, Sand and Stars." This often brilliant but contrived work got the Académie award, and in America it made his fortune—a meaningless word to a man so hopelessly extravagant. Saint-Exupéry had meanwhile married a vivid, birdlike, and tempestuous Argentine widow who turned out to be a mixture of the unmanageable, the uneconomical, and (after bouts of violence) *the pathetic. They frequently* separated. He was a difficult man, but M. Migeo points out that this marriage at any rate satisfied the writer's need for "*inquiétude*."

When the Second World War came, Saint-Exupéry was nearly forty. Courageously, he flew reconnaissance planes over the advancing Germans. After the fall of France, he went to New York, unluckily stopping on the way in Vichy and meeting the reputed collaborator Drieu La Rochelle. He was soon involved in those dismal slanders that affected so many Frenchmen at the time. He was at odds with de Gaulle, who he felt was asking the French to fight "a fratricidal war," and was accused of being a Pétainiste. M. Migeo disposes convincingly of this accusation. When de Gaulle refused him any assignment during the North African campaign, he went with the American forces into Africa and, after some high-level wirepulling, was charitably allowed to fly on photographic reconnaissance over Occupied France. His eccentricities continued; many times he forgot to lower or take up his landing gear. On what was to have been his last operational flight, he disappeared. He was, it is assumed, shot down between Nice and Corsica. A German Intelligence officer who was a great admirer of him has provided evidence that his death occurred off Corsica, but M. Mi-

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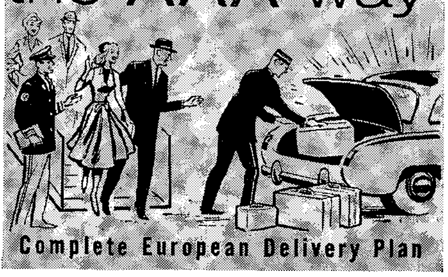

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geo suspects that a woman who saw two planes in combat near Nice is the true witness of his death. He was forty-four.

M. Migeo is a patient and readable biographer. He has drawn a detailed account of a brilliant, charming, ruthless egocentric who made exhausting demands on his friends, who kept them up all night while he read them his latest pages, and who was always the last customer to be tactfully edged, still talking at the top of his voice, out of *brasseries* and restaurants. Women made a set at him; he had not the art of shaking them off. M. Migeo thinks that he was not much interested in them; a writer, he was much more interested in himself. The austere, ascetic man of action, the servant of fidelity and duty, whom we picture from his writings is very different from the ebullient, self-dispensing, sensual man of real life.

When M. Migeo considers Saint-Exupéry's writings, he is less rewarding. He echoes all the contemporary praise and rejects all criticism, especially the idea that there is anything derived in his work. He makes one important but, I think, disputable reflection on "The Wisdom of the Sands," arguing that the crucial experience of Saint-Exupéry's life was the loss of his faith in Catholicism when he was seventeen. One catches a note of regret, but the loss was permanent. Yet M. Migeo sees in Saint-Exupéry's religion of Man and his mystical humanism the line of a quest for a lost faith. I do not believe that the loss of faith had this importance. The vital event occurred, surely, much earlier, in his early boyhood: it was the death of his father. Saint-Exupéry felt deeply the need of male authority and the ruling of self and others. In "Night Flight," Rivière, the stern builder of "the Line," who never forgives a pilot a mistake, puts the claims of duty against the claims of love and ordinary human happiness. He is a father figure. Rivière is a portrait drawn from life, and the original saw no resemblance and did not much care for it. He was no poet and no metaphysician. He was embarrassed. Good chiefs and good pilots were not like that.

Saint-Exupéry was a poet and a man of contradictions. He has, in fact, two styles. One is plain and noble, breaking into often superb and original imagery. It is seen in "Night Flight," in "Flight to Arras," and in the fragments of actual experience—the crash in the desert, Madrid under bombardment—that appear in "Wind, Sand and Stars." The other is his stained-glass-window

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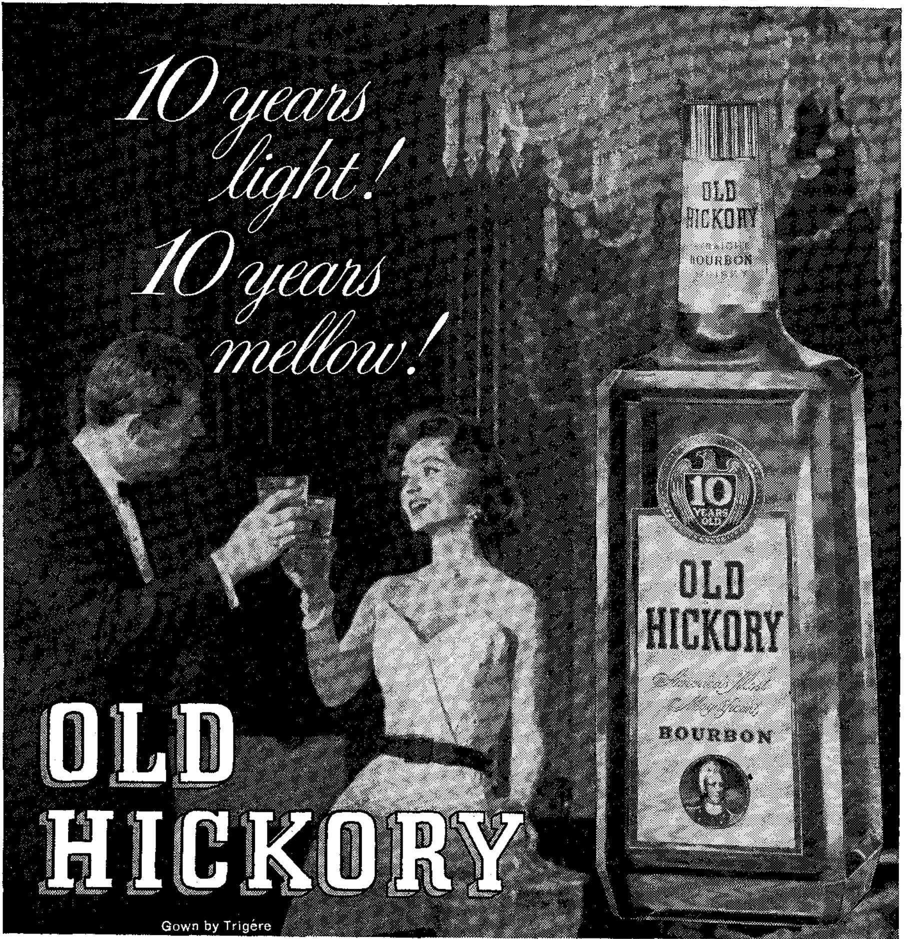

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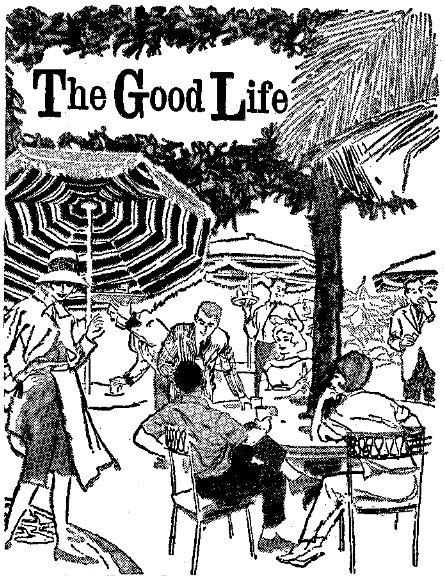

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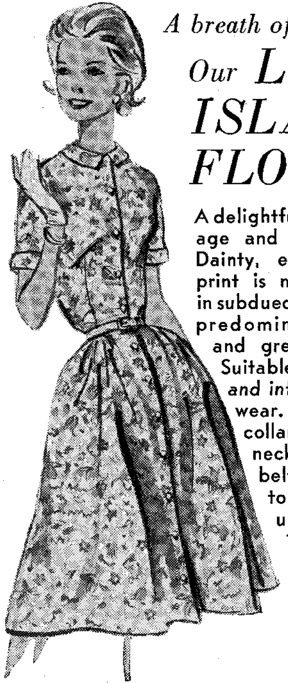

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style. Here rhetoric and mysticism conjoin. One even hears echoes of Kipling and the jingles of the Law, and one loses the traditional, singeing psychological sensibility of the French moralists. The stained-glass Saint-Exupéry is a proverb-maker writing in tiresomely archaic language (in his last book) and a conjurer of truisms. It is a curious fact that in life he was an irresistible diplomat and a mystifying adept at card tricks.

The French, when they are looking for a myth, compare Saint-Exupéry with T. E. Lawrence. As a writer, the Frenchman is by far the superior. Both men were seized upon as possible blueprints for a contemporary hero, the technician-leader. Both were romantics. And it can be said that Saint-Exupéry got as much out of the Moroccan desert as Lawrence got out of Arabia. But Lawrence was a man of action who was able to act out his Hamlet part. He was alone. Saint-Exupéry, though he wrote much of the solitude of the airman, was not really alone. He had the group. He was—it is his favorite statement about human beings—"a knot of relationships." Lawrence flattered the undisciplined instincts of his horde and their love of being hypnotized by a leader. Saint-Exupéry comes closer to the contemporary man who depends on the intricately worked-out technical order. Lawrence was conscious of guilt; one finds no trace of it in Saint-Exupéry. Both men had to consider the ineluctable, but where Lawrence, in his vanity, assumed guilty introspection, Saint-Exupéry had a far more humane insight into tragedy. But both may have been said, in Saint-Exupéry's phrase, to have "bartered" themselves for an idea. Yet Saint-Exupéry's idea was not really to submerge himself in "the service." One has the impression that he was bored by it and that his mysticism was an evasion. His fundamental idea was aristocratic and French. "What I value," he said, "is a certain arrangement of things. Civilization is an invisible boon; it concerns not things we see, but the unseen bonds linking these together in one special way and not otherwise."

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HERO, by Derek Monsey (Knopf). A nightmare novel, set in Italy just before the Allied landings at Anzio, about a young English officer who escapes from a Nazi prison camp, makes his terrified way into the

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southern Apennines, and, wholly dependent on the half-fawning, half-contemptuous hospitality of a starving, pigsty peasantry, survives a winter there. The book is quite obviously based on the author's experience; indeed, it could not possibly be the product of imagination alone. But, let it be quickly said, nothing could be further removed from experience merely transcribed. It is experience recalled and distilled, evaluated and defined, and transformed by craftsmanship and intelligence and sensibility into art. It is not too much to say that this is one of the very few really fine novels to come out of the war. It is perhaps not too much to say that it is a really fine novel.

MIDCENTURY, by John Dos Passos (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Dos Passos' panoramic study of life in America during the last thirty years or so would undoubtedly be more effective if it could be read aloud by different voices, rather than simply read. There is hardly a page that does not evoke the picture of an actor listening seriously as Mr. Dos Passos informs him of the family and social background of the character he is to play before going on to direct him in detail in the performance he must give. The book needs actors, and it reads as though it had been written for actors, so that a member of the ordinary reading public, going through it, feels that he has been allowed behind the scenes of a big stage production and is watching the performance from an angle that is unfamiliar and sometimes startling, and that may be the true angle or may not be. The book is written in a variety of forms, creating a dissonance of style that increases its inherent quality of confusion and frustration, as though what had to be said could not be said but must be said somehow. One begins to wonder what exactly is being said. There is no single dominant human character, although crowds of human beings are mentioned by name, but there is a villain who overshadows the book and who is pursued throughout. The villain is power, all power—military power, labor-union power, big-business power, every kind of power. There can be no notable human character on this scene, because the colossus of power envisioned by Mr. Dos Passos, against which he directs all his strength and all his inventiveness, is so monstrous and unreachable that its presence would transform even the most brilliant and admirable of mortals into

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a cipher. The message offered is that this colossus endures, renewing itself in various deceitful but always lethal forms; that man has no chance of simple happiness or of eventual triumph; and that the most anyone can do is to *try* (and the most that anyone can hope for is the *chance* to try) to improve the condition of mankind by flinging himself against the monster. It is a despairing book, exhausting to read and fruitless to consider, and one cannot help wondering why the writer who only three years ago gave us such a generously human book as "The Great Days" should now choose to plunge himself and his many readers into this unprofitable morass of bitterness and old grief.

A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH, by Hans Koningsberger (Simon & Schuster). A sad, youthful tale of medieval life. The young lovers, who are both as beautiful and as romantic and as passionately loving as any reader could wish them to be, find each other in a France torn with rebellion and intrigue, and they manage to be completely happy together in the short time that is allowed them before their day of doom arrives. The boy, a penniless student who is trying to save his life by escaping from France to England, turns from his course to rescue a beautiful young noblewoman whose home and family have been destroyed, making her a wanderer. The boy's name is Heron, and the girl's Claudia. Mr. Koningsberger writes in a minor key, and with facility.

SEIZE A NETTLE, by Ann Ritner (Lippincott). A diverting novel about a family of good-tempered women and their adventures in living through the depression. The Abernathys—Grandmother, Mother, and daughters Eugenia, Maggie, and Jessica—are all well practiced in the admirable habit of keeping their spirits up, and in addition they all have good looks, good brains, and, each in her own way, undeniable charm. They live in a large, comfortable house in Denver, and Mrs. Ritner, a naturally cheerful writer, makes a very good story out of this particular period in their lives.

GENERAL

THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT, by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan). Mr. Koestler, never a man to back away from a hasty and sweeping conclusion, has now concluded that the West has nothing to learn from Asia. In the field of politics, this conclusion

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is so obvious that it hardly needs demonstration. (All the political ideas now sweeping the East, including parliamentary democracy, Communism, and even the tradition of anticolonialist revolution, are concepts of Western origin.) But in other fields—literature, aesthetics, morals, and the disciplines of the spirit—his thesis demands much more demonstration than the combination of superficial tourist observation and amateur anthropology that he applies to it. Having talked to a few Yogis, a few Japanese Zen dignitaries, and a few people in various other walks of life, he reaches the belief that most Asians are either frauds or deeply troubled neurotics. His book is neither a contribution to scholarship nor a particularly sensitive popular résumé of the differences between Eastern and Western thinking.

Night, by Elie Wiesel, translated from the French by Stella Rodway, with a foreword by François Mauriac (Hill & Wang). A short, impressive account of the author's experiences in a German concentration camp. Mr. Wiesel was a God-intoxicated adolescent when the Nazis shipped him, along with all the other Jews in a small Hungarian country town, to Auschwitz. His mother and sister were killed immediately, and his father was slowly worked to death before his eyes. The author's style is precise and brief; he catches a person or a scene in a sentence. He lacks self-pity but not self-awareness; he remembers, for instance, the moment he stopped believing in God. This reaction was not unique; one of his most affecting passages describes a group of Orthodox Jewish prisoners formally deciding to eat during the great Jewish fast of Atonement to demonstrate their loss of faith. The concentration camp appears to be one of the distinctive institutions of the twentieth century; Mr. Wiesel's book has conveyed its essence, and M. Mauriac's foreword succinctly states the appalling metaphysical question it poses to the Christian.

Shadows on the Grass, by Isak Dinesen (Random House). The author spent the years 1914-31 running a coffee plantation in British East Africa—an experience she has described in an earlier book, "Out of Africa." In this, her second handful of memories, she recalls the countryside and the wild animals that ranged it, but for the most part she remembers Africans she knew—house servants, agricultural workers, children, and tribes-

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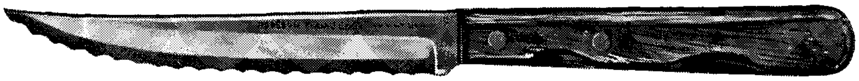

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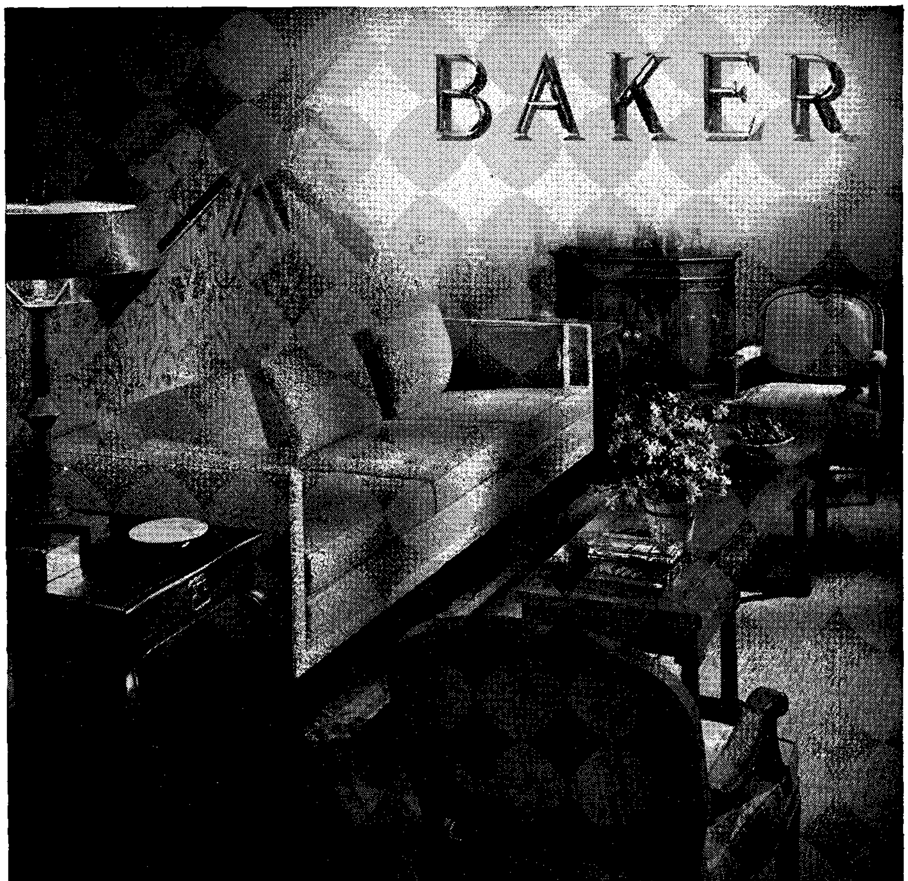

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Research means investigating before you invest — and after you invest; deciding where to put your money to work on the basis of facts and figures rather than tips and fancies; and then watching the performance of your holdings regularly.

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men. In private life, Miss Dinesen is the Danish Baroness Blixen, and, as perhaps befits a noblewoman, her relations with the natives might best be described as feudal; she was their liege lord and they were her men. Her East Africa, populated by undemanding natives and a few white settlers, who constituted a small caste of hunting landowners, seems to have as little to do with 1961 as "Fifty-four-forty or fight!" That doesn't matter. The Baroness was a good liege lord, and, more to the point, she is an artist. Her affection for the people in her book is palpable, and her prose, both elegant and epic, brings them before us alive and larger than life. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE FIFTY-YEAR DECLINE AND FALL OF HOLLYWOOD, by Ezra Goodman (Simon & Schuster). A book as plump and chatty as Louella Parsons, and just about as good-natured. The author, a former movie publicity man, Hollywood reporter, and film critic, has acquired—and imparts—some twenty years' worth of information about the world of stars and moguls, most of it unflattering. Yet it would be unfair to describe his book as simply an extensive, unkind gossip, for he is a dedicated film fan who cares about good, as opposed to merely profitable, pictures. His aesthetic—that films are a pictorial, not a verbal, art, and that they lost some of their power when they began to talk—is familiar, but by using pertinent examples he puts his case with cogency.

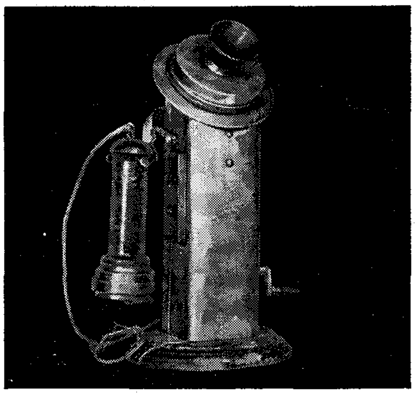
NOTE: "An Only Child," a book of reminiscences by Frank O'Connor of his youth in Ireland, has been published by Knopf. A large portion of it first appeared in *The New Yorker.* . . . Atheneum has issued, under the title "Curtains," a collection of Kenneth Tynan's theatre reviews and reports, some of which were printed originally in this magazine.

•

The presentation was in two parts, like Mr. Bernstein's work. It was given at Carnegie Hall last night by the orchestra he directs, the New York Philharmonic, as a benefit for the orchestra's pension fund.

Every bit of music in both parts was composed by the maestro—the Carnegie Hall Bernstein and the Broadway Bernstein. He sat with his family in Box 61.
for once.—*The Journal-American.*

Just give the news, please.



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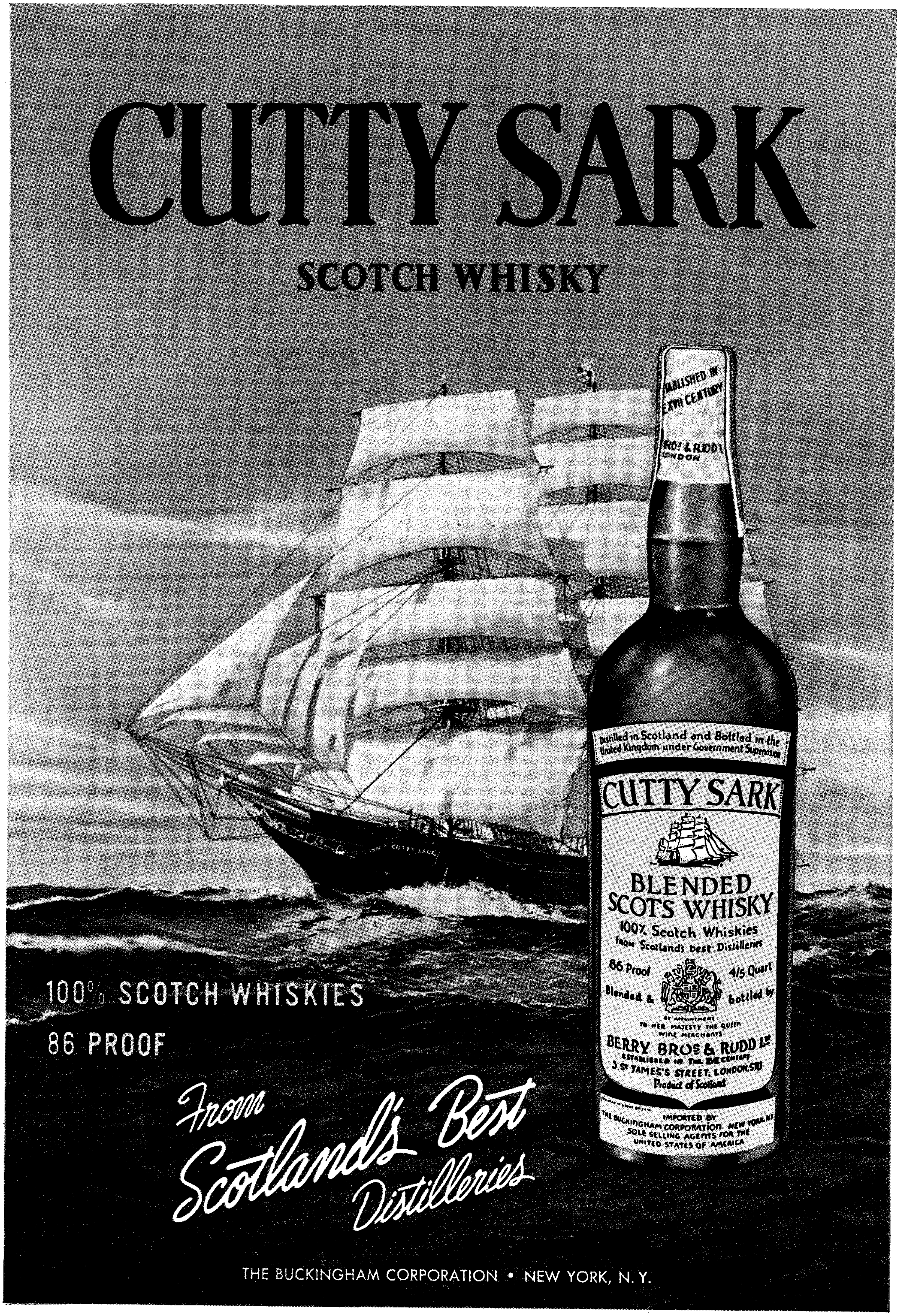
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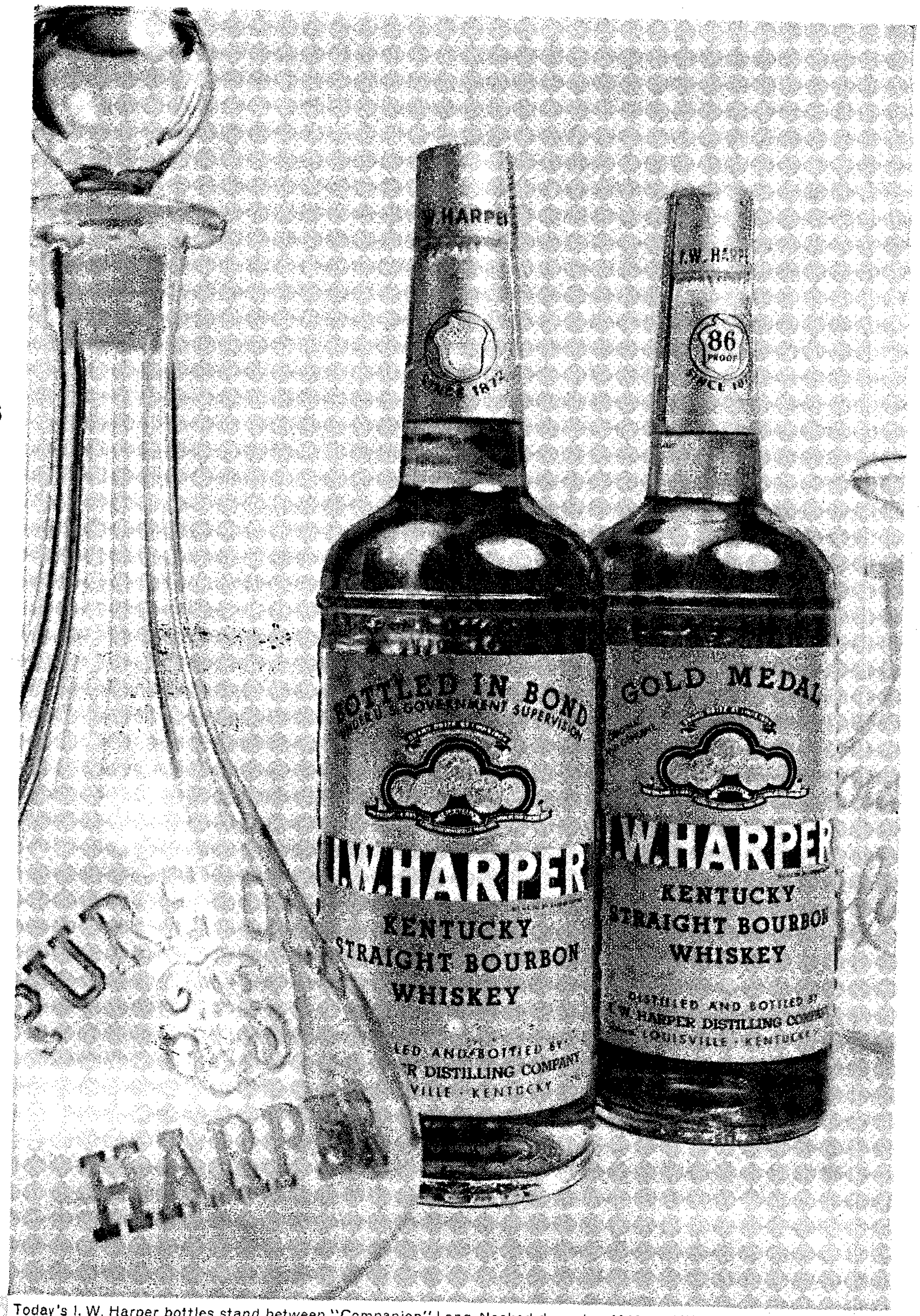
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